00063763

759·05
Phy IFif
63763

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from
Observer Research Foundation
on 17 May, 2019

FIFTY YEARS OF MODERN PAINTING

PORTRAIT OF MRS. MATHIAS JOHN S. SARGENT

FIFTY YEARS
OF
MODERN PAINTING

COROT TO SARGENT

BY

J. E. PHYTHIAN

AUTHOR OF "G. F. WATTS: A BIOGRAPHY AND AN ESTIMATE"
"TREES IN NATURE, MYTH AND ART," ETC.

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR AND
THIRTY-TWO IN HALF-TONE

LIBRARY
OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

LONDON
GRANT RICHARDS
1908

00063763

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	INTRODUCTORY	1
II.	THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD . .	16
III.	THE IMPRESSIONISTS AND THEIR ALLIES .	52
IV.	THE COURSE OF PRE-RAPHAELITISM . .	129
V.	PAINTING IN FRANCE . . .	190
VI.	PAINTING IN OTHER COUNTRIES . .	236
VII.	PAINTING IN GREAT BRITAIN . . .	278
VIII.	PAINTING IN GREAT BRITAIN (*continued*) .	355
	INDEX	385

ERRATUM.—Page 71, line 19, for *The Rainbow* read *Spring*.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

IN COLOUR

PORTRAIT OF MRS. MATHIAS . . *John S. Sargent* Frontispiece
By permission of Mrs. Mathias.

PAGE

WATERLOO BRIDGE . . . . *Claude Monet* . . 84
Dublin Municipal Gallery of Modern Art.

CONCERT AUX TUILERIES . . *Edouard Manet* . . 116
Lane Collection.

DANSEUSES EN SCÈNE . . . *Edgard Degas* . . 122
By permission of Madame Marchesi.

BEATA BEATRIX . . . . *Dante Gabriel Rossetti* . 172

THE BOYHOOD OF RALEIGH . . *J. E. Millais* . . 184

DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA . *Honoré Daumier* . . 226
Lane Collection.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST IN HIS STUDIO . . . . . *J. McNeill Whistler* . 358
Lane Collection.

IN BLACK AND WHITE

THE OATH . . . . . *Jacques Louis David* . 10
Photograph: W. A. Mansell.

THE HIRELING SHEPHERD . . *Holman Hunt* . . 26
Manchester Corporation Art Gallery.

THE ABDUCTION . . . . *Eugène Delacroix* . . 54
Collection Durand-Ruel.

LA SOURCE . . . . . *J. D. Ingres* . . . 56
Photograph: W. A. Mansell.

BULL AND HEIFER . . . . *Gustave Courbet* . . 58
Collection Durand-Ruel.

THE HAY-WAIN . . . . *John Constable* . . 62
Photograph: W. A. Mansell.

L'AMOUR VAINQUEUR . . . *J. F. Millet* . . . 66
By permission of Messrs. Wallis & Son, The French Gallery.
Photograph: The Studio.

		PAGE
AVIGNON: VIEW OF THE PALACE OF THE POPES Lane Collection.	*Camille Corot*	68
THE FORD Collection Durand-Ruel.	*Camille Corot*	70
THE HARBOUR OF TROUVILLE Photograph: W. A. Mansell.	*Eugène Boudin*	74
RAIN, STEAM AND SPEED Photograph: W. A. Mansell.	*J. M. W. Turner*	82
VIEW IN VINCENNES, SPRING Lane Collection.	*Camille Pissarro*	98
LA LOGE Collection Durand-Ruel.	*A. Renoir*	104
MLLE. EVA GONZALÈS Lane Collection.	*Edouard Manet*	118
THE LAST OF ENGLAND Photograph: W. A. Mansell.	*Ford Madox Brown*	150
LE CHANT D'AMOUR Photograph: F. Hollyer.	*E. Burne-Jones*	176
L'ENFANT AUX CONFITURES By permission of Madame Marchesi.	*Eugène Carrière*	204
LA CHIMÈRE Photograph: Giraudon.	*Gustave Moreau*	218
THE REAPER Collection Durand-Ruel.	*Puvis de Chavannes*	224
THE LATE HOUR By permission of J. C. Drucker, Esq.	*Josef Israels*	238
ON THE HEATH, LAREN By permission of J. C. Drucker, Esq. Photograph: Boussod Valadon & Co.	*A. Mauve*	240
FANTASY By permission of E. J. Van Wisselingh, Esq. Photograph: The Studio.	*Matthew Maris*	242
THE PRESENT Lane Collection.	*Alfred Stevens*	246
THE WOMAN WITH THE GOATS By permission of the artist. Photograph: F. Bruckmann.	*Max Liebermann*	262
THE BALCONY Collection Durand-Ruel.	*Ignacio Zuloaga*	264
THE BATH OF PSYCHE	*Leighton*	286

PAGE

LOVE AND LIFE . . . . . *G. F. Watts* . . . 304
Photograph: F. Hollyer.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON . . *G. F. Watts* . . . 306
Photograph: F. Hollyer.

THE BUILDING OF THE RICK . . *G. Clausen* . . . 332
By permission of C. T. Harris, Esq.
Photograph: H. Dixon & Son.

LAKE BOURGET FROM MONT REVARD *Alfred East* . . . 348
By permission of the artist.

SPRING . . . . . *John Lavery* . . . 364
By permission of the artist.

VIEW OF CHEPSTOW CASTLE . . *Wilson Steer* . . 372
By permission of Sir Charles Darling.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

THE period in the history of painting, chosen for consideration in this book, is the latter half of the nineteenth century; and the choice might be taken to imply the writer's belief that conspicuous changes or developments in art keep even pace with the passing of half-centuries and centuries. He does not, however, hold so crude a theory. We do indeed map out history, and art also, by centuries; but we understand, or at least we ought to understand, that such a measure, equally with that of the reigns of kings and queens, is only a rough one. We might as well expect to find charming prospects at every mile-post along a high road, as changes of great moment exactly at each new century's beginning. It is true that a hundred, or even fifty years, are sufficient for important developments in many departments of human activity. This is certainly true for art. Only we shall find that the crucial dates or periods in art are by no means to be given exactly in round numbers. But it did happen that the years immediately around 1850 saw changes of the utmost importance for modern painting; that a new period in the history of the art did then actually begin. Let us first test the truth of this statement with regard to the art of our own country.

In the year 1821, Constable prophesied that within thirty years English art would have ceased to exist; he feared that within that time all the life would be crushed out of it by the heavy weight of tradition. After a brilliant career of only about a hundred years, it did indeed seem as if such a fate might, temporarily at least, befall our national art.

Constable's fear might well have been occasioned by his own experience of the tyrannous power of tradition. Of all our landscape painters up to his own time he was the most single-eyed in his outlook on nature. He loved, quite simply, for their own sake, the Suffolk stream-sides and woodlands, the reaches of level country, the prospects from gently-sloping hill-sides, and the alternation of sun and shade and shower over all. He painted them so that we are hardly conscious of the art by which they are agreeably composed within the stiff boundaries where frame and canvas meet. We get from his pictures the same kind of pleasure as we get from nature itself; and our enjoyment of nature is quickened if we be familiar with his works. It is one function of the artist to teach others to see. Of course, there is much more to see in nature than Constable saw, and infinitely more to see than he recorded. But he went to nature, and has taught others to go to nature, mainly to take pleasure in its various aspects, and not, as other painters had chiefly done, to find material that could be wrought in the studio into elaborate works of art. I am far from suggesting that work of the latter kind is unprofitable. If any one will say that it is the more profitable of the two, I will not say him nay. Turner, whose art was of the latter kind, shall, at the moment, be greater than Constable, or Constable greater than Turner, as any one will.

I am not concerned just now to argue the point. I will only express my gratitude to both.

But Constable's frank enjoyment of nature gave great offence to his contemporaries. He painted the sparkle of sunshine on wet leaves, and it was derisively called "Constable's snow." Chantrey, one varnishing-day, took a brush and passed a brown glaze over it all! Sir George Beaumont took offence because Constable, who loved the spring and the summer, painted the woodlands green, as he saw them in those seasons, and did not put in the brown tree of the conventional recipe. The painter who suffered thus from tradition might well fear that it would soon have a fatally deadening effect on art.

A general comparison of past and present would help to confirm his fear. The great race of portrait painters had passed away, leaving a much feebler succession. Reynolds and Gainsborough were long dead; Romney only more recently; Hoppner died in 1810; Raeburn in 1823; Lawrence had still several years to live; but he does not rank with those who have already been mentioned. Only the student easily calls to mind the next generation of portrait painters. Howard, Hilton, and Haydon, the painters of historical subjects, however we may estimate their success, were still seeking to emulate the great Italian masters of the late Renaissance. This is true also of Etty, though he ranks high as a colourist, and was an enthusiastic painter of flesh. The painters of genre subjects, Wilkie, Mulready, Leslie, and others, worked according to academic rule; and one need not be hostile to the subject in art to weary of their generally commonplace treatment of trivial subjects. By the great majority of the painters of this period, neither nature, nor living men and women, nor contemporary life, nor

legend, history and literature, were intensely, passionately, interpreted. Learned dulness or triviality was the rule. This, of course, means no denial either of great ability or of inspiration here and there; but this is not sufficient. A national school of art should interpret what is best in the many-sided life of a nation, and react upon the national life and outlook as a quickening, enlightening force. Constable's fear for the art of his own country, it must be admitted, was not an unreasonable one. But only three years before the exact end of the term that Constable fixed for the fulfilment of his prophecy—that is, towards the close of 1848, almost at the mid-century—was formed the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, which had the avowed purpose of throwing off the weight of tradition and of bringing art into closer relation with life and nature; and this it succeeded in doing. During the next few years the Brotherhood did a strenuous work, and then lapsed as a formal body; its influence upon art, however, by no means ending with its own dissolution. The Pre-Raphaelite movement, and its influence upon art, will find material for many pages in this book.

If we cross over into France we shall find that there, also, important changes in art, destined to have great and wide-spreading results, were taking place just about the middle of the nineteenth century. It was then that Corot came to his later manner; Jongkind and Boudin were then carrying the realisation of atmospheric effects past the point to which Corot and his contemporaries had taken it. In 1856 Boudin founded the "École Saint Simeon," of which more will be said hereafter, and inaugurated a movement that has been to painting in France even more important than the Pre-Raphaelite movement has been to painting in England;

that has, indeed, spread far beyond the borders and the shores of France, even into our own country, to the displeasure — nay, to the righteous indignation — of many English painters and critics. It has not therefore been a mere toss of the coin, or a crude periodical theory, that has led to the selection of the middle of the nineteenth century as the beginning of an epoch in the history of modern painting.

We have chosen our starting-point, then, for reasons thus briefly stated. But we may compare ourselves to mountain climbers, who, having reached a level place, and rested for a while, recommence their ascent. The climb that lies before them is a continuation, not a fresh start. More adequately, perhaps, we may compare art to life as a whole, of which it is a part. Art, like life, is at any time only to be understood by reference to what has already happened. The recent art-movements that are our immediate subject can only be understood by reference to the antecedent history of art. It may be assumed, however, that the reader has a general knowledge of the history of art; and that we need only indicate here, so that we may have them freshly before us, the leading characteristics of art in the periods that immediately led up to the one we are specially to study.

In the Middle Ages art had been almost entirely subordinated to the purposes of religion as then understood by the Christian Church. This world, according to the then prevailing belief, was of no importance except as a preparatory stage for a world to come. This life was a prelude to eternity, not an integral part of it. The Church alone had the secret of eternal well-being. This was the theory. But life is more than all theories of life, and could not be for long—was in reality never entirely—confined within

the limits of this one. When life broke loose from the mediæval theory, art, the interpreter of life, broke loose with it. Men said to themselves and to each other that life was not wholly bad; they looked at the world and found that it was fair. They did not entirely throw over the old beliefs. Some held closely to them; others held them in a modified form. There were some who bound the bonds—or tried to bind them—even more tightly than before. But the old unanimity was gone; and with it went the forcible control of men by the Church. We of these days shall probably be seen in the future not to have wholly emerged from the Middle Ages. In an eclipse of the sun the earth only passes gradually beyond the shadow cast by the moon. Matthew Arnold found himself, and he was but one among many,

> Wandering between two worlds, one dead
> The other powerless to be born.

Art has reflected, and still reflects, the confused state of mind from which we have not yet passed; and there has been a further complication: the rediscovery and steadily growing understanding of the art and thought and life of the earlier, pre-Christian world. We are indeed the heirs of the ages, and our intellectual inheritance is by no means easy to see in its true proportions.

Let us take, not exactly at random, but still without rigid insistence on arrangement, some examples of the variety of influence and impulse under which modern artists have come. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted his portraits of the men, women, and children of the England of the eighteenth century, thinking, not only of his sitters, but of Michael Angelo and Raphael, of the colour of Titian, and of what constituted the grand style. Richard Wilson began land

scape painting amid the ruins of the Roman Campagna, because in his day all good things were supposed to come from Italy, and most if not all eyes were turned to Rome as summing up Italy. Gainsborough, as he painted his portraits, thought of Vandyck, the pupil of Rubens, whose northern freedom had yielded in part only to the domination of Italy. Turner painted landscapes thinking of Wilson, of Claude, from whom also Wilson had learned, and of the Dutch landscape painters, who had courageously looked at nature with their own eyes. John Crome, and his friends of the Norwich school, painted English landscape in a modified Dutch manner. John Constable, on the other hand, as we have already seen, painted English landscape as it looked to him and as it gave him pleasure; and, as we shall see hereafter, this independence of his had widely important results for art. Etty painted historical and legendary subjects, thinking of, and trying to rival, the flesh painting and colour of the Venetians. G. F. Watts came under the influence of Etty. He also studied the Greek sculpture preserved in the British Museum. He went to Italy, and his work shows the influence both of Florence and Venice. He went out with Sir Charles Newton to Halicarnassus, and was present when the ruins of one of the most famous monuments of ancient Greece, the tomb of Mausolus, were unearthed.

Much the same story has to be told of other countries. In France, tradition was stronger than in England. Hogarth, who stands at the head of the English school of painting, waged war against the tyranny of tradition. For good or for evil, or partly for both, a comparatively independent spirit has possessed English art. French writers make it a boast that, as Napoleon overran the whole of Europe except

this country, so has French art overrun Europe with the like exception. Thus M. de la Sizeranne says, that in any international exhibition of fine arts, the galleries set apart for any nation except England bear witness to the French influences under which its artists have come. The assaults of realism and of impressionism are broken on the æstheticism of English painters, "like the squadrons of Ney on the squares of Wellington. There are German, Hungarian, Belgian, Spanish, Scandinavian painters, but there is an English school of painting."

Not that the French writer maintains this widely prevailing tradition of art to have been entirely a creation of French genius. He speaks of the Latin point of view. That is, we are taken back to Italy once more; and, it has to be said, to a particular period in Italian art, the sixteenth century, when, at the end of a long period of technical development, less importance was attached to what was said than to the manner of utterance.

Of French painters in the seventeenth century, M. Bayet says, in his *Précis d'Histoire de l'Art*, that Michel Fréminet, the court painter of Henri IV, produced bad Michael Angelo, that Simon Vouet, the chief painter of Louis XIII, French by birth, was wholly Italian by education. Le Sueur never went to Italy, but Nicholas Poussin lived there for a time, and with him, in Rome, there was quite a colony of Frenchmen—Gaspar Poussin, Jacques Stella, Claude Lorrain, Charles Le Brun, and others. French art in the seventeenth century, this same writer tells us—it is common knowledge, but we may as well let a Frenchman say it—"breaks with the past of France, unjustly despises its worth, admires nothing but antiquity and Italy. These tendencies, which had gradually developed in the sixteenth century, now

triumph completely. A sojourn on the other side of the Alps is almost an absolute necessity for every young artist. In 1666, Louis XIV founds the French Academy at Rome. Henceforth the young men judged worthy of the favour are entertained in Rome for several years at the royal expense. For others a mere stay in Italy is not sufficient; they spend their life there, in the company of antiquities, and the works of the masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

In the eighteenth century French art came under the influence of the Netherlands. Watteau was a Fleming; and he and Boucher and Fragonard translated the heavy jollity of the art of the Low Countries into terms of graceful French gaiety, frivolity, and, it has to be said, vice—not that we must fall into the error, to be mentioned hereafter, of assuming vice to be peculiarly French; Hogarth in the same century, with his pictorial attacks on English vice, may be our witness that this is not so. Greuze, rather later than the three French painters just named, may almost be called, as to his art, a French Dutchman, with a moralising tendency; Chardin was a French Jan Steen, who differed from Greuze in that he did not obviously moralise; he painted quite exemplary people, chiefly women and children, as he saw them in daily life. Art gets into closer touch with life than in the seventeenth century, even though it be often life of a frivolous kind. Yet, even so, tradition weighed more heavily upon art in France than in England. It was thus, also, with landscape painting, which was in France much more a thing of artificial compositions than in this country, deriving from the Poussins and Claude, and only distantly related to nature. Such painters as Bidault and Michel, though they show an advance on the landscape painting of

the previous century, are far behind the contemporary art of England.

Before the end of the eighteenth century, French art returned to its allegiance to Rome and the Italian art of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; even, indeed, as it was supposed, to the art of ancient Rome. The leader of this movement was Jacques Louis David, who was born in 1748 and died in 1825. It was the tyranny reimposed by him that was thrown off by the revolutionists of the middle of the nineteenth century. The very titles of such of his principal pictures as *The Oath of the Horatii* and *The Rape of the Sabines* are eloquent of the effect upon his outlook of study in the French Academy at Rome. We shall have more to say about him when we come to consider, in order to lead up to the changes in French art at the beginning of our special period, the character of the art of the period immediately preceding it.

We need not give examples from the art of other countries of the action and reaction upon each other of contemporary life and nature on the one hand, and tradition on the other. Enough has been said to show that there is in art abundant material for orthodoxies and heresies, for tyrannies and revolutions.

The purpose of this book, it may be said here, is not to pass judgment on the various developments and tendencies, the orthodoxies and the heresies, of art during the last fifty years; nor to hold a brief for any particular school. Idealism, Realism, Impressionism, all have their value, and therefore ought to have their place. And in using such terms we ought to bear in mind that the qualities for which they respectively stand are not the absolutely peculiar possession of any particular school. It

THE OATH JACQUES LOUIS DAVID

is only that one or other of them occupies a larger place here than there.

And no one of them has any right always to claim the first place. We who are not artists do not want our pleasure to be limited by what any particular school has to give us; or, if we do so restrict our pleasure, it is to our own loss. Artists are not unfrequently good critics only in the particular field of art in which they themselves are working. How cautious one has sometimes to be in conversation with them if one does not wish suddenly to have one's head almost blown off! The dyer's hand is subdued to what it works in. There are critics also who violently take sides. Perhaps there are occasions on which sides ought violently to be taken. Still, it has been said that new constitutions are built up out of the wisdom of those whose heads have been cut off in revolutions. In the following pages, if preference be shown and sides taken, it will not be by intention that this is done violently. Whistler shall not be charged with throwing pots of paint in the face of the public; Burne-Jones shall not be called a degenerate; Holman Hunt shall not be dismissed as near-sightedly inquisitive, though, at the same time, we will not go with him in saying that Impressionism had its origin in the profligacy of Parisian student life. Whatever may be the value of such judgments, they are too bold for us.

There is another much debated matter as to which a moderate and wholly unexciting attitude will be taken up here. It will not be maintained that a painting, to be good art, must have nothing of any particular moment in the way of subject. On the other hand, it is at once admitted that artists may well apply to their work an old-time injunction, given in regard to other, but still human concerns, that

nothing should be accounted common or unclean. We ought to be grateful to any one who will open our eyes to any beauty that may be about us in our daily life. And if a painter, or a whole school of painters, should do nothing more than this, should imagine for us no angels or saints, should symbolise no virtues, nor represent any virtuous deeds, we ought to be grateful for what they do give to us, and look elsewhere for what else we need. Art we want often for art's sake: beauty for the sake of beauty, as sweetness for the sake of sweetness. But we need not rule out expression for the sake of expression, or strength for the sake of strength. And art has not done all it can do, or the best it can do, and ought to do, when it has produced something that is sensuously beautiful and nothing more. If we are to have any quarrel here—and quarrels do at least relieve life and books of tameness—it will be with those who will not have one thing because it is not another, and will not let other people enjoy themselves in their own way. We are like Russell Lowell, who would not have his pleasure limited by people who said that if a thing were Gothic and not Greek, it could not be good.

Also we will try to avoid a narrow patriotism in art as in other things. We will not sing "Rule, Britannia!" We will gladly sing "God bless our native land," if immediately afterwards, or previously, we may ask that the native land of other people shall be blessed also. Herbert Spencer advocated a just balance of egoism and altruism as being in the end the best for everybody. Is it a solitary experience to have been accused by an English artist of want of patriotism in promoting in this country the exhibition of works by foreign artists? One has been told that foreigners will not buy English pictures, and that therefore English people ought not

to buy foreign pictures. The protectionist gospel—or heresy—is preached in art as well as in commerce. This book will adopt the free trade position; although it is not so much purchases that will concern us as methods and ideas. Our art, at any period of our history, would have been a sorry thing but for foreign example and influence. Neither men nor nations can profitably live unto themselves, and of nothing is this truer than of art.

It might be thought that this was so obvious as to be in no danger of being overlooked, much less denied. But it is not so. M. de la Sizeranne says that Madox Brown, one of the first English painters with whom we shall be concerned here, expected to gratify his countrymen by offering them something "anti-French, anti-continental, absolutely original and autonomous," and quotes him as saying, "In Paris I first formed the idea of making pictures realistic because no Frenchman did so." This saying notwithstanding, I doubt if Madox Brown was really the Chauvinist that the French writer alleges him to have been. Certainly, in one place, he finds fault with French art, not because it is French, but on account of certain specified deficiencies. "The Parisian ateliers," he says, "I always entertained the greatest aversion for. Cold pedantic drawing and heavy opaque colour are impartially dispensed to all in those huge manufactories of artists, from which, however, every now and then a man of feeling or genius surges up and disentangles himself." We shall see later that it was against precisely this state of things that some of the French painters of the mid-nineteenth century revolted. But if we hesitate to endorse an accusation of crude insular prejudice against Ford Madox Brown, born in Calais and spending the early part of his life abroad, must not the charge of Chauvinism be transferred

to his accuser, a Frenchman who apparently can only think of an adverse criticism of French art by an Englishman as being dictated by prejudice?

Whatever we may think of Madox Brown, however, we can hardly free Mr. Holman Hunt from such a charge. In the course of his reminiscences, in *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*, he says: "All manly in their vindication of virtue, although some spoke in an over-feminine tone, our exemplars in letters had all been in accord to prune English imagination of unwholesome foreign precedent, tawdry glitter, and theatrical pomposity, corruptions which had descended from the attitudinisers of the two earlier reigns. The literary reformers, still declaiming in our day, had already revived the robust interest in humanity exercised by British men of genius in past centuries." This is coming very near to saying that all the virtues are British and all the vices foreign; and Mr. Hunt writes about art in the same strain. "Hogarth, Reynolds, Raeburn, Gainsborough, and Romney," he says, "were too strong to be suppressed, and they produced an art that was pre-eminently altogether in unison with the spirit of British poetry, healthy, robust, and superior to maudlin sentimentality and vice glamoured over with fevered tears"; and he further dilates on "the glory which, since Hogarth, English painters have wrested from the maws of ignorance, indifference, and shallow self-confidence." It was perhaps not wholly unnecessary for me to say that I was not going to invite the reader to sing "Rule, Britannia!" If prejudice so vehemently expressed do not carry with it its own condemnation, the reader will find that a quiet consideration of facts, which is the main purpose of this book, will make us wish, incidentally, that so earnest a man as

Mr. Holman Hunt had not been misled into a great injustice. We gain nothing, and lose much, by indiscriminate glorification of ourselves and depreciation of others. We shall find an *entente cordiale* useful in art as well as in politics. It is in this spirit that the subsequent pages have been written.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

CHAPTER II

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

IT has already been said that one of the reasons for beginning at the middle of the nineteenth century the study of painting undertaken in this book is that the Pre-Raphaelite movement arose at that time. The movement was a revolt, though not purposely so at the outset. Perhaps no revolts ever are; revolutionaries begin simply by wanting more of their own way. The powers that be will not let them have it. They insist; and this means that the powers that be have to be opposed. In art the established authorities at any time are the artists who are wedded to a particular style, and the public that has come to think that this style is the only right one. They are the "grave copiers of copies," and the admirers of such copies. The revolutionaries are the artists who, somehow or other, manage to throw aside the spectacles of tradition, look at nature and life with their own eyesight, and then seek to paint what they see. This does not mean that tradition is wholly cast aside, or that the artist becomes a mere machine for recording facts. It means that he is to be free to modify tradition and to interpret nature and life in accordance with his own experience and temperament. Any one who did not know much about art and its history might think that such freedom would readily be granted. The fact is that it is almost

invariably bitterly resented and opposed. The battles of the orthodoxies and heresies of art are only less fierce than those of the orthodoxies and heresies of religion. And there is in both spheres the same tendency to go to absurd extremes.

The name Pre-Raphaelite appears to have been suggested by Madox Brown, who was familiar with the German Pre-Raphaelite movement, having met the leaders of it, Cornelius and Overbeck, in Rome, and having been much impressed by the men and their work. The name itself suggests revolt when we think of the high estimation in which Raphael and his contemporaries and chief followers were then held. Mr. Holman Hunt has drawn a distinction between Pre-Raphaelitism and Pre-Raphaelism. He and his companions, he says, had no lack of admiration for Raphael, at least in part of his work, or for Michael Angelo; it was from admiration of the work of the Raphaelites, the followers and imitators of Raphael, that they wished to dissociate themselves.

Really, if we were to accept as entirely satisfactory Mr. Holman Hunt's interpretation of the movement, the name by which it has come to be known could not be considered an appropriate one. But his interpretation is too narrow, and it is difficult to accept what he says about the meaning put upon the name. According to him, he and Millais were the only true Pre-Raphaelites in the Brotherhood; and he almost seems to ask us to think of himself as being, in a few years, the only one deserving the name. He finds fault with Madox Brown's early work because it really is in the manner of the predecessors of Raphael; Rossetti's *Girlhood of Mary Virgin* he describes as being *Overbeckian* in manner, but "completed and realised with that Pre-Raphaelite thorough-

ness which it could not have reached under Brown's mediæval supervision." That is to say, Pre-Raphaelitism did not mean mediævalism, according to Mr. Hunt, but only thoroughness, elaboration of detail, and that of a kind not to be found in the works of Raphael's predecessors.

The truth is that the revolutionaries were only united in revolt. They could not have agreed upon a new constitution for art. They did not so agree, and soon went each his several way. The movement was away from the current theories of art, but it was not towards a single, clearly defined, alternative theory. If its chief promoters—Hunt, Millais, and Rossetti—started out together in one direction, though this can hardly be maintained, Rossetti was soon off in another direction; and it was not long before thoroughness ceased to be a mark of Millais' work. The cry of Mr. Holman Hunt's book, *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*, is, "I, even I, am left alone."

It must not be assumed that there was no re-awakening in English art outside the Brotherhood and its circle. It will be convenient for us, however, to confine ourselves at the moment to the organised movement and the work of those who were closely associated with it, if not formally members of the Brotherhood.

The first of the innovators, in priority of date, was Ford Madox Brown. The real leadership of the movement has often been attributed to him. There was, however, no single leader, because, as already said, there was no single leading idea, or clearly defined and limited group of ideas. The importance of Madox Brown's influence on the movement is, however, indisputable. English by parentage, he was born in 1821 at Calais, and spent most of his early life abroad. Life and work in Belgium, France, and Italy, with

occasional sojourns in England, is the record until, after the death of his wife in Paris, he settled permanently in this country. His art-training was received under Gregorovius at Bruges, and Baron Wappers at Antwerp, and, as we have already seen, he studied in France and Italy. It would have been impossible for him simply to fall into line with the conventions and traditions then in vogue in England. He was an Englishman who approached the art of his country from the outside. The master who most influenced him was Baron Wappers, whose style M. de la Sizeranne calls Gothic, which means not Latin, or not the late Latin of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It did not subordinate forcible expression to beauty. Madox Brown's style is nothing if not forcible. It was too forcible for Holman Hunt's liking, at least more so than he thought likely to be acceptable to the British public. He thought it "grimly grotesque," and on this account, amongst others, was opposed to Madox Brown's being invited to become a member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

Among the earliest of Madox Brown's works to attract the attention of the future members of the Brotherhood were the cartoons he executed in connexion with the competitions for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament. One of these cartoons, executed in Paris in 1843, and exhibited at Westminster in the following year, represented the body of Harold being brought before William the Conqueror after the battle of Hastings—an incident, it should be said, that has no historical foundation. It is quite to our purpose to quote his own description of this cartoon. "Excessive and exuberant joy," he says, "is described by the old chronicles as possessing the Norman host after the victory. This is shown variously in the demeanour and expressions of the

conquerors. Harold was a more than usually large and athletic man, even among Saxon heroes. Three men bear his body to the victorious Duke. All that are left alive on the scene are Normans—no prisoners were taken. Quarter was neither expected nor given. One ancient knight, somewhat of the Polonius kind, with raised hand, seems to say, 'Here indeed was a man. In my young days,' etc. etc. Others seem of the same mind. One of William's attendants, of the waggish sort, catches a silly camp-boy by the fist and exhibits its puny proportions alongside of the dead Harold's hand, still with the broken battle-axe in its iron grasp, drawing a grim smile from the Conqueror. A fair-haired Norman officer, regardless of the fact that his body is gashed pretty freely with wounds, twists about to get a sight of Harold. The monk who is dressing his wounds, tired out with much of such work, surlily bids him to be quiet. Friends join hands, glad to meet again after such a day. A father supports his wounded son. In one corner, embraced in death-grapple, lie the bodies of a Norman and Saxon; one has stabbed the other in the back, while he in turn has bitten his adversary's throat like a dog. Beachy Head, which is just perceptible from the scene of the battle, appears across the bay in the extreme distance. The effect is after sunset."

It is evident from this description that Madox Brown—and this is true of all his works—vividly imagined the scene to be represented, even to small details, and entered—the dramatist's privilege—into the thoughts and emotions of those who took part in it. Then, what he had thus seen he set forth with unflinching fidelity. The close of a battle must be a horrible scene, and here, after sundown on this English hill-side, at the end of one of the most memorable

fights in our history, one of its great turning-points, we sup full with horrors.

When Holman Hunt saw this cartoon, he thought the drawing robust and nervous, the costume treated with manly taste, giving actuality to the historic scene, and the colour honest and acceptable, and although without mysterious charm of hue, altogether appropriate and sound. He thought that the painter was glaringly unreasonable in making William wear round his neck the saints' bones over which Harold had made his renunciation of the crown; and he did not like the biting and dagger incident. Here came in the grimly grotesque.

I have dwelt at length on the treatment by Madox Brown of an historical subject, because, in his zeal for vivid and detailed dramatic representation, he shows himself clearly of the same race as Hogarth; yet, as his grandson, Mr. Ford Hueffer, says, "He was then to all intents and purposes a foreigner, and as such he regarded himself during the short stay in England whilst he was actually executing his cartoons and before his journey to Italy."

The journey to Italy, which was made in 1845, had for one result, as we have already seen, an awakening of interest in the painters who preceded Raphael and their modern followers, the Germans, Overbeck and Cornelius. He returned to England ambitious of painting, in honour of English poets, pictures which should be as inspired and inspiring as those of the Italian masters; and the first two pictures he painted after his return—*Chaucer at the Court of Edward III* and *Wycliffe reading his Translation of the Bible to John of Gaunt*—were not only done in pursuance of this desire, but were early Italian in manner, groups of figures being symmetrically balanced, one by another, and

enclosed within Gothic arches. The pictures were architectonic in design. According to Holman Hunt, this Pre-Raphaelitism was not Pre-Raphaelite in the modern sense; it did not eschew the conventional in contemporary art; there was nothing in it indicative of a child-like reversion from existing schools to nature herself.

Let us leave Madox Brown for a time and turn to Holman Hunt, who was his junior by seven years, having been born, the son of a London warehouseman, in 1827. The story has often been told how, against his father's wish, he persisted in his determination to become a painter. Then, at a third attempt, at the age of seventeen, he was admitted as a probationer in the Royal Academy Schools.

A clue to much that is distinctive in his art, and in his theories of art, is to be found in the fact that, until quite recently, he has always had unusually keen eyesight. On one occasion he astonished a friend in Jerusalem by proving to him that he could see the satellites of Jupiter with the naked eye. The friend doubted his statement that he could thus see them; so, after he had noted down their positions on a piece of paper, they went to the house of another friend who had a telescope; and the moons were found to be exactly in the positions in which he had noted them. He has seen the world as perhaps few other artists have seen it, in minute detail; and it has always, he has said, been a pleasure to him to represent it as he has seen it. I have already quoted a critic who spoke of his near-sighted inquisitiveness. He says himself that on one occasion Madox Brown indulged in "playful irony upon what he termed my 'microscopic detail.'" Was it any more playful irony than Hunt's description of Brown's work as grimly grotesque? Probably he was not aware how exceptional his

eyesight was—I have heard him say that he did not know if it were exceptional—and he would not know, therefore, that he represented things quite otherwise than they would look to the majority of people.

Knowing of this physical peculiarity, we can understand his saying of himself as a student that "without any idea of 'forming a school' but for his own development alone, he began to study with exceptional care and frankness those features of nature which were generally slurred over as unworthy attention; and for this purpose he found most timely encouragement in the enthusiastic outburst of Ruskin's appeal to nature in all vital qualities of art criticism as expressed by him in 'Modern Painters.'" Were the details slurred over, or were they simply not seen by painters who had not his "microscopic eye"? None of us knows exactly how others see the world. Has Holman Hunt's whole practice and theory of art been adapted only for the needs of himself and a few other exceptional people? Certainly many people, the present writer and every one with whom he has discussed the matter included, do not see things as it is evident from his paintings Mr. Hunt has seen them.

Whether or not we attribute Holman Hunt's theory of the relation of art to nature to his exceptional eyesight, or merely think that his keen vision led to an extreme application of an independently adopted theory, the theory and the keen vision together, by occasioning an unusual interest in minute detail, have resulted in his paintings, less, perhaps, than those of almost any other artist, making allowance for the stereoscopic action of our eyesight. We have two eyes; we see from two distinct though not widely separate points of view. Upon anything at which we particularly wish to

look the eyes focus themselves so that we get only one picture of it. Of all other things not in the same plane we get two pictures, or, we may say, a blurred picture. Holman Hunt has painted his pictures as if we could see all objects, both near and distant, with equal and remarkable clearness at any given moment. Hence the unreally hard look of his work that is so often commented upon.

It will be found by experiment that this hardness is greatly diminished if the pictures be looked at with one eye only. This holds good for any representation on a flat surface of objects at different distances from the eye. Instinctively, when looking with both eyes, we expect the blurring of all objects except those on the same plane as the one at which we are particularly looking; and we miss this effect in a picture in which all objects are distinctly painted. Using one eye only, we instinctively do not expect this effect, do not miss it in the picture; and differences of size and tone then convey to us a much stronger impression of varying distance. If such pictures of Holman Hunt's as *Rienzi*, *May Morning*, and *Magdalen Tower* be looked at with both eyes, the sky, painted as it is seen when the eyes are focussed upon it, looks hard, and but little if at all beyond buildings, trees, or figures. Use one eye only, and it at once gets away far beyond them. So in his water-colour drawings of the Holy Land, the confusion of planes disappears entirely if they are looked at with only one eye. The opposite of all this is true. If we look at actual objects with only one eye, there is at once a confusion of planes; we miss the stereoscopic—in plain English, "solid-looking" effect, to which we are accustomed.

The hard effect of Mr. Holman Hunt's pictures has often been attributed to his painting with equal definition the

objects in every part of them. In looking at actual objects we do not see clearly those to right and left of, and above and below, the one upon which our eyes are fixed. But this is at least almost equally true, as experiment can at once show, with regard to the objects in even a small picture or photograph held comparatively close to the eyes. It is the equal clearness of objects on different planes, not of those on the same plane, which, with the elaboration of detail due to his extraordinary clearness of vision, produces in his pictures an effect such as we never see in looking at things themselves.

What are we to say about this? First, that if the conveying of information about objects as they are were the end of painting, Mr. Holman Hunt's pictures would have to take their place in the very front rank of art. In the works of no other painter can we learn so much about what is represented in them. It is really quite interesting to examine his pictures closely, bit by bit; and it is difficult to see why we should not have this pleasure, if it be obtained at the sacrifice of nothing else. But truth of appearance is sacrificed? Then we get one kind of truth from Mr. Holman Hunt, and can look to other painters for other kinds. Is there not sacrifice of beauty? Not necessarily. A stained-glass window, containing representations of figures and landscape, takes no note of stereoscopic vision, of planes and values, and yet may be exquisitely beautiful. So with Mr. Holman Hunt's pictures: they may be beautiful in design and colour; they may be even more beautiful than those that seek to represent the mere appearance of things more accurately than he does. The questions we have been discussing are, in fact, scientific, not æsthetic.

The reader may, however, be of those who do feel the

Pre-Raphaelite leader's pictures to be wanting in beauty; and it may be that such feeling is not always—though assuredly it often is—due to pre-occupation with beauty of one kind. We shall, perhaps, find the explanation in Mr. Hunt's theory of the relation of art to nature. We have seen him approving of Ruskin's "appeal to nature in all vital questions of art criticism." He says that he himself was an earnest young student "who, already feeling his way as a practical painter, was led by circumstances to study in exceptional degree the works of the greatest old masters, and he perceived that in every school progress ended when the pupils derived their manner through dogmas evolved from artists' systems rather than from principles of design taught by nature herself. He determined, therefore, for his own part, to disregard all the arbitrary rules in vogue in existing schools, and to seek his own road in art by that patient study of nature on which the great masters had founded their sweetness and strength of style." How he set himself to work out this theory we may learn from a statement of his own regarding his picture *The Hireling Shepherd.* In a letter to the present writer, he said: "My first object as an artist was to paint, not Dresden china *bergers*, but a real shepherd, and a real shepherdess, and a landscape in full sunlight, with all the colour of luscious summer, without the faintest fear of any landscape painters who had rendered nature before."

There are probably few people sufficiently interested in the subject to give it serious thought who do not think that this picture would have been more beautiful had Mr. Holman Hunt paid more regard to precedent. Nature may teach design, but she only carries the teaching part way; the pupil must go to a finishing school—perhaps he had

THE HIRELING SHEPHERD W. HOLMAN HUNT

better have other teachers as well as nature all the time—if his education is to be complete. And if and when Mr. Holman Hunt's pictures are wanting in beauty, it is chiefly because he has trusted too much to nature as a teacher of design. Not that he could wholly escape from precedent. His art is better than his creed. In this very picture it is where he abandons his creed that design enters, as in the determination of the positions of the sheep and of the trees so as to form lines that will lead up to the figures and harmonise with their bounding lines. If and when Mr. Holman Hunt's pictures fail in beauty, it is because more or less of the recorded fact escapes from his design: the picture is not an æsthetic whole. To adapt what the curate said about his egg, the picture is only good in parts. This is especially true with regard to colour; there is often much beautiful harmonising of colour as well as loveliness of individual tints; but often no colour-scheme runs through the whole picture. He says of Millais and himself: "We distinctly enforced our æsthetic aims in the themes we treated, selecting beautiful objects for fastidious discrimination in their portrayal." We may accept this statement and yet see that such a course would not necessarily result in the production of a beautiful work of art. The various beautiful objects must not only be fastidiously portrayed, they must be brought into beautiful relation with each other, and to this end they must be carefully selected; and even then the individual character of some of them may have to be modified if the total result is to be beautiful.

Again, Mr. Hunt says: "Pre-Raphaelitism in its purity was the frank worship of nature, kept in check by selection and directed by the spirit of imaginative purpose." Yes; but the question has still to be asked, In what proportion

were these elements mixed? There have been many schools of art, by no means Pre-Raphaelite, in Mr. Hunt's use of the term, to which this definition would apply. Mr. Hunt mixed the elements to his own liking. He seems to have got Millais to like the same mixture, though Millais' taste changed before very long. Dante Rossetti, the third working member of the Brotherhood, adopted different proportions from the first. Madox Brown, whom we have left for a time, had his own prescription for a while, tried Holman Hunt's afterwards, and then varied it again. Mr. Hunt says in his book: "It is stultifying in writing a history of Pre-Raphaelitism to be compelled to avow that our impulsively-formed Brotherhood was a tragic failure almost from the beginning, and that we became the victims of the indiscretions of our allies." The members of the Brotherhood were Holman Hunt, Millais, Dante Rossetti, James Collinson, F. G. Stephens—these five were painters; Thomas Woolner, a sculptor, and William Michael Rossetti, a writer. When Mr. Hunt says "we" he means Millais and himself. 'Our allies" were the other five. Collinson soon left the Brotherhood; Stephens did little actual work. The members were never agreed in theory. The very epithet Pre-Raphaelite was a misnomer for the work of Holman Hunt and Millais. Mr. Hunt says that there was nothing antiquarian or quattrocentist about the movement. Why, then, call it Pre-Raphaelite? Raphael and his predecessors certainly never made a sudden breach with precedent and a return to Nature spelt with a capital N. There was something antiquarian and quattrocentist in the work of Madox Brown and Dante Rossetti, and in the theories of Stephens and William Rossetti; and they are certainly more entitled to use the term Pre-Raphaelite than the other two, whose

work would have been better described simply as Naturalist. This is not a mere wrangling about terms. These differences are important with reference to the after history of English painting. Each of the parties in the Brotherhood had its allies, and afterwards its followers; and the influence of each persists to the present day. Also, entirely outside the Brotherhood and its circle, there were painters from whom the Pre-Raphaelites themselves might have learned valuable lessons. Of all this hereafter.

It will, perhaps, be well now to say something about Ruskin's theories of art, which, as we have seen, entirely fell in with those that Holman Hunt was working out for himself, and confirmed him in his determination to adopt them in practice. Nature was in the forefront of all Ruskin had to say about art. His first *nom de plume* was Kata Phusin, "according to nature." On the title-page of each volume of *Modern Painters* are Wordsworth's lines:

> Accuse me not
> Of arrogance . . . . . .
> If, having walked with Nature,
> And offered, far as frailty would allow,
> My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,
> I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,
> Whom I have served, that their Divinity
> Revolts, offended at the ways of men,
> Philosophers, who, though the human soul
> Be of a thousand faculties composed,
> And twice ten thousand interests, do yet prize
> This soul, and the transcendent universe,
> No more than as a mirror that reflects
> To proud Self-love her own intelligence.

It is instructive to note here that Rossetti said of Wordsworth that he was too much the high-priest of nature to be her lover. It may also be said that whether or not Nature and Truth have revolted at the ways of men, men have

often felt inclined, at least, to revolt against the ways of nature; and man has only risen above the brute by making all kinds of improvements upon the things with which nature has provided him. Of course, we may say that nature is made better by no means that nature herself does not provide; only, if we do say this, we must also say that the widest departures from nature, by which art creates a beauty of its own, are themselves natural.

Why did Ruskin put this quotation from Wordsworth in the forefront of each volume of his great apology for Turner? Because he himself had humbly walked with nature as a geologist and botanist. His earliest writing of any moment was on these subjects; and his interest in art was largely scientific—that is to say, he strongly emphasised the importance of fidelity to facts. What was his appeal to nature in all vital questions of art criticism, in which Holman Hunt found such timely encouragement? We shall find it in the first volume of *Modern Painters;* and I venture to quote once more an oft-quoted passage. Before doing so, however, let me remind the reader that the first volume of *Modern Painters* was published in 1843, when the author had only reached the age of twenty-four; that he was not himself strictly an artist, as, although he was an exquisite draughtsman, he never showed any faculty for design; just as, though he wrote magnificent prose, his verse was never more than respectable. This is the oft-quoted passage:—

"From young artists nothing ought to be tolerated but simple *bona fide imitation* of nature. They have no business to ape the execution of masters; to utter weak and disjointed repetitions of other men's words, and mimic the gestures of the preacher without understanding his meaning

or sharing in his emotions. We do not want their crude ideas of composition, their unformed conceptions of the Beautiful, their unsystematised experiments upon the Sublime. We scorn their velocity, for it is without direction; we reject their decision, for it is without grounds; we reprobate their choice, for it is without comparison. Their duty is neither to choose, nor compose, nor imagine, nor experimentalise; but to be humble and earnest in following the steps of nature, and tracing the finger of God. Nothing is so bad a symptom in the work of young artists as too much dexterity of handling, for it is a sign that they are satisfied with their work and have tried to do nothing more than they were able to do. Their work should be full of failures, for these are the signs of efforts. They should keep to quiet colours, greys and browns; and making the early works of Turner their example, as his latest are to be their object of emulation, should go to nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thoughts but how best to penetrate her meaning, and remember her instruction—rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing; believing all things to be right and good, and rejoicing always in the truth."

We halt here, but will finish the passage shortly. It will be observed that if the young artist take Ruskin's advice, he will begin as a mere imitator of nature. That is to say, he will begin by not practising art, for mere imitation is not art. Is it not likely, then, that he will end more or less as he has begun? Hamerton took Ruskin's advice and came to the conclusion that it was bad; that mere imitation of nature was not at all the right way to learn the practice of art. Holman Hunt took the advice; but his case is not a complete test, for he had already painted pictures in accordance

with the accepted theories of design. Still, he probably never afterwards designed so well; and having adopted a restrained handling, part of Ruskin's advice, he has retained it, on his own admission, to the end of his career.

But Ruskin's advice is hardly consistent with itself. The young artist is to go to nature, but, at the same time, he is to make the early works of Turner his example, and use only quiet colours—greys and browns. Does nature use only greys and browns? Holman Hunt did not take this part of the advice. He forthwith tried to adopt nature's most brilliant colour. Also, from the first, Turner selected, composed, and designed, and did not merely imitate nature. He never lost sight of both art and nature; and, except in mere studies and sketches, he always translated nature into terms of art. It would be rather odd, if Turner's latest works were to be the artist's emulation, for him to begin, as Turner did not begin, with mere imitation of nature, leaving out selection and design, which are of the essence of art, and were never absent in some degree from Turner's work, and were not the least wonderful things in it when his art had reached maturity.

The reader may be inclined to quote Lady Macbeth, exclaiming, "Thou'rt mad to say it," if I suggest that Ruskin did not fully understand Turner, and therefore did not say the last word about him. Not that I am going to try to say it. But on Ruskin's own high estimate of Turner, not, perhaps, an unduly exalted one, it might well be that even a Ruskin could not fully take his measure, especially as he arrived at his conclusions while yet a mere youth, and with certain rather narrow theories about art as his critical equipment. It is all a question of degree. Did Ruskin rightly assess how much that is beautiful, impressive, and

in any other way valuable in Turner's work was due to nature, and how much of it was due to Turner himself? Did he sufficiently realise that though Turner indeed walked with nature, he afterwards went into his studio and, in his art, varied nature very much as he pleased? If this be heresy, it is not uttered for the first time. In *A Century of Painters of the English School*, Redgrave seems almost to quiver in his contemptuous comment on Ruskin's statement that Turner was the first and greatest of the Pre-Raphaelites. "Turner a Pre-Raphaelite!" he says; "Turner who passed his life in studying nature under her varied aspects that his memory of her might be sure; who left us thousands of his studies, yet repudiated the practice of painting *his pictures* at all out of doors, and would have laughed at the 'one principle, the uncompromising truth of working everything from nature and from nature only, painting to the last touch in the open air from the thing itself.' Turner a Pre-Raphaelite! he who repudiated topographic imitation when it had served his purpose and made selection of the beautiful and characteristic in nature his principle; idealizing the commonplace of every-day nature, which the laborious idler, painting from 'the thing itself,' can never do; and adding to it, from the ample stores of his well-filled memory, every evanescent beauty arising from sun and shade, and the thousand changes with which they glorify the common aspect of things!" Similarly, Philip Gilbert Hamerton, who, after trial, rejected Ruskin's advice about learning art from nature, says: "In the case of Turner, notwithstanding a profound knowledge of the natural world, there was such a strong art faculty, and such a disposition to refer to preceding art, that he was never enslaved to nature. The mere fact that, having the choice of town or

country, he could live in London, is in itself sufficient evidence that his mind had never been overwhelmed by nature to the point of sacrificing its human liberty and individuality." Hamerton says also that Wordsworth was saved by his interest in humanity from being wholly conquered by natural landscape, but that his emancipation would have been more complete if he had understood the art of painting.

There is no need for me to attempt to decide between these different points of view. I have no desire to give a recipe: so much nature to so much art. I have merely to show that art, in its development during the last fifty years, has refused to be limited to the Pre-Raphaelite recipe as understood by Ruskin and Holman Hunt; at the same time, I am far from saying that their recipe had not its value, only it was not an exclusively valuable one.

I only quoted part of the passage in *Modern Painters* that contains Ruskin's advice to young painters. The conclusion of it is as follows:—"Then"—after going to nature in all singleness of heart, and walking with her laboriously and trustingly—"when their memories are stored, and their imaginations fed, and their hands firm, let them take up the scarlet and the gold, give the reins to their fancy, and show us what their heads are made of. We will follow them wherever they choose to lead; we will check at nothing; they are then our masters, and are fit to be so. They have placed themselves above our criticism, and we will listen to their words in all faith and humility; but not unless they themselves have before bowed, in the same submission, to a higher Authority and Master." If any young painter ever took Ruskin's advice with regard to fidelity to nature, it was Millais; yet we shall find hereafter that when, in later years, Millais began to paint in a manner that Ruskin did

not like, Ruskin by no means thought him above criticism because of his earlier bowing to a higher Authority and Master. Still, of course, Millais may have become a fallen angel of art; Ruskin said, indeed, that his change was not mere fall, but catastrophe.

We shall have to consider this change in a later chapter. Here, in connexion with the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, we are concerned with Millais as, for the time, agreeing in theory and practice with Holman Hunt. They adopted the same principle, painting the landscape and other surroundings of their figures on the spot, with great elaboration of detail, and with little or no allowance for the blurring of objects on other planes than that of the object upon which the eyes were focussed.

The third working member of the Brotherhood was Dante Rossetti, who had Italian blood in his veins, was poet as well as painter, and of whom the last thing that can be said is that he walked humbly with nature. If the success of the Brotherhood depended upon his adopting the methods of Holman Hunt and Millais, there can be no wonder that it was a failure, even a tragic one. He had been a pupil of Madox Brown's, to whom he had been attracted by the Westminster cartoons, and had been set to paint pickle-jars by way of discipline in art. Such humble drudgery as this was not to his liking, and he soon chose another master—Holman Hunt—who set him to work on the still-life objects in a subject-picture, *The Girlhood of Mary Virgin*. This picture, Mr. Holman Hunt says, "was of Overbeck revivalist character, which no superintendence of mine as to the manner of painting could much affect"; and of Rossetti's next picture, *The Annunciation*, generally known as *Ecce Ancilla Domini*, he says that it "still reflected Brown's early Chris-

tian phase"; and he says generally, "Rossetti treated the Gospel history simply as a storehouse of interesting situations and beautiful personages for the artist's pencil, just as the Arthurian legends afterwards were to him, and in due course to his younger proselytes at Oxford." This is by no means accurate, but it serves to show that there was an initial difference between Holman Hunt and Millais on the one hand and Rossetti on the other as to the relation of art to nature—a difference that became greater, not less, as time went on. Holman Hunt dwells upon Rossetti's entire lack of interest in natural science and theories of evolution, saying, quite truly, that he regarded such questions as foreign to poetry and irrelevant to art; "for when men were different from the cultured of mediæval days they were not poetic in his eyes; they had no right to be different from the people of Dante's time." This last passage is not quite fair, and does not come well from a painter most of whose work is marked by a scrupulous avoidance of the difficulties imposed on the artist by the ordinary modern costume of Western Europe.

Before proceeding to see how the Pre-Raphaelites fared when they submitted their pictures to public criticism, we shall do well to consider another question, much debated in these days—the place of the subject in painting.

According to one school of criticism the subject should never be of more than secondary interest in a picture. A picture, when first we see it, ought never to suggest the question "What is it all about?" but only the exclamation "How beautiful it is!" Mr. George Moore thinks that art failed in the nineteenth century because the subject was put first and beauty second. He attributes the beginning of this error, which he compares with the potato blight or

phylloxera, to the painted domestic dramas of Greuze, and says that for the last hundred years painters seem to have lived in libraries rather than in studios, and that painting has acted as a sort of handmaiden to literature. One picture that he selects to illustrate his contention is Holman Hunt's *The Shadow of Death*, which, he says, is barren of artistic interest, but rejoices the heart of middle-class England by showing dress, tools, a carpenter's shop, and landscape, that are either identical with or closely resemble the surroundings of Christ two thousand years ago. It is interesting to note in connexion with what Mr. Moore says about this picture, that Holman Hunt maintained, when defending his purpose of going to the Holy Land, that in pursuing the aim of making more tangible Jesus Christ's history and teaching he ought not surely to serve art less perfectly. Doubtless Mr. Moore would say that he could not have taken a course more sure to prevent him from serving art at all. We have just quoted Mr. Holman Hunt as saying of Rossetti that he treated the Gospel history simply as a storehouse of interesting situations and beautiful personages for the artist's pencil. This is an exaggeration; but Mr. George Moore would have applauded Rossetti had he taken such a position. He says that to Leonardo, Raphael, and Andrea del Sarto, "Biblical subjects were a mere pretext for representing man in all his attributes; and when the same subjects were treated by the Venetians they were transformed in a pomp of colour, and by an absence of all *true* colour and by contempt for history and chronology became epical and fantastical. It is only necessary to examine any one of the works of the great Venetians to see that they bestowed hardly a thought on the subject of their pictures." This, again, is an exaggeration. And Mr.

Moore is not quite consistent, for in another place he says, "Sentimentality pollutes, the anecdote degrades, wit altogether ruins; only great thought enters into art"; and he praises Rossetti's *Ecce Ancilla Domini* because in it, though "it is destitute of all technical accomplishment," the painter has "revealed the essence of an intensely human story"; "he has looked deep into the legend, and revealed its true and human significance." Surely this is to give the subject a very high place in art! And if Mr. Moore be right about this picture, it is clear that Mr. Holman Hunt is wrong in what he says as to Rossetti's attitude towards the Gospel history.

Mr. Moore says that in the masterpieces of the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century "we find no suspicion of anything that might be called a subject; the absence of subject is even more conspicuous in the Dutchmen than in the Italians." The Italians would surely have wondered to be told that there was no subject in their paintings; and in Dutch paintings we find subject in plenty, even in the form of anecdote, which, Mr. Moore says, degrades. Jan Steen pictures the visit of a doctor to a young lady who looks as if she had taken a chill after a dance; Gerard Dou and Willem Van Mieris show the chaffering of seller and buyer in poultry shops, and enter with great zest into such subjects as the discussion of the merits and demerits of hares and vegetables; Pieter de Hooch shows a housewife going to the door to look out for her husband, while the maid brings her child after her; and again, he paints the husband coming along the garden-path, while his wife is scolding the servant-maid because the dinner is not ready. But why debate the question? As far back as art can be traced, right away to pre-historic bone-scratchings, the subject has taken a prominent place in it.

Mr. George Moore and M. de la Sizeranne both take the same view of the proper place of the subject in art. Only the former blames French art for first giving the subject too much prominence, and the latter blames English art! The error begins, says the former, with the domestic dramas of Greuze, "and ever since the subject has taken first place in the art of France, England, and Germany, and in like measure as the subject made itself felt, so did art decline." M. de la Sizeranne says: "The anecdotic puzzle of Hogarth on the one hand, the psychological puzzle of Burne-Jones on the other, all English painting oscillates between these two extremes, which meet, however, when it is considered how far apart they are from the normal point of view in which an artistic subject ought to be treated."

What is the really normal point of view? Painting is an art in which subjects of many kinds can be adequately treated. Such critics as those who have just been quoted do not deny this. But they say that in a work of art beauty should have the first place and the subject be subordinate to it. They beg the whole question by calling pictures works of art, using art in the purely æsthetic sense of the word. Pictures often are, and often ought to be, more than works of art in this narrow acceptation. A tea-pot may have beauty, it ought certainly to be useful—handle in the right place for holding; spout placed so that the tea will come out of it, and not first out of the opening at the top. A tea-pot, if of the very best, is "a work of art," and something more. A painting, if of the very best —most complete—kind, will combine æsthetic value with intellectual or emotional value. It is incomplete, in the sense of not doing all that a painting can do, if either the æsthetic appeal or the intellectual or emotional appeal be

wanting. A school of art—of painting—in which the subject is always of less interest than the æsthetic treatment of the subject, is an imperfect school of painting; and if our two critics be right, the Italian, Dutch, and other earlier schools were imperfect. It has, indeed, been maintained, and with much reason, that in the Italy of the Renaissance æstheticism was in excess, with evil results for art, literature, and life as a whole. To-day it is said, with equal reason, that science is in excess and æstheticism neglected; and not only the walls of the Academy, but the things we make and use are evidence of it. The swing of the pendulum, the action and re-action in all these things, is extremely complex and difficult to follow. See to what different conclusions the two critics just quoted arrive as to one point—the origin of what they hold to be the over-prominence of the subject in painting! English Pre-Raphaelitism, on one side of it, was a protest against a pedantic mimicry of the æsthetic excess of the Italian Renaissance; and if the protest itself was temporarily excessive, that is only what most protests must be if they are eventually to accomplish their object.

Probably the reader has by this time had enough of this discussion of some of the first principles of art; but unless we have them in mind, when we are looking at pictures or thinking about them, or hearing or reading what other people think about them, mere bewilderment will be the result. Anyhow, we have done with them for the present, and can now turn to more entertaining matter—the formation and history of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

Holman Hunt and Millais, fellow-students in the Academy Schools, to which the latter, though the younger of the two, had earlier obtained admission, had been working together for some time when Rossetti, in 1847, sought Holman

Hunt's guidance after tiring of his pickle-jar work under Madox Brown. They had already determined on a return to nature, and were no longer to be mere imitators of Etty, Dyce, Maclise, or any others of the accredited art leaders of the time. It seemed as if Rossetti would join them in this venture, and with enthusiasm. Probably they were too enthusiastic to give adequate attention to signs that this could never be. The three seemed to be united. Rossetti suggested that others should join them. All the additions to the little company, save one, were proposed by him. All who joined them were to be or to become working artists, and Hunt and Millais expected that they would adopt the methods they themselves had decided to adopt. Thomas Woolner, a sculptor, who held that closer touch with nature was essential to the improvement of the art he practised, was the first addition. William Rossetti, the brother of Dante Rossetti, who thought he might give up an appointment at the Inland Revenue Office and become a painter, and James Collinson, a painter who declared his conversion to the new views, were next introduced by Rossetti. Holman Hunt, in his reminiscences, gives us delightful pictures of his and Millais' somewhat anxious hope that all this would work out for good. The one addition to the group not introduced by Rossetti—F. G. Stephens—was a friend of Holman Hunt's, who thought that he would be caught up in the whirl of enthusiasm and become an active artist. Rossetti would have had Madox Brown invited to join them, but Holman Hunt had already formed the opinion, previously mentioned, that the "grim grotesqueness" and "Overbeckian" character of his work made it undesirable that he, who was also a considerably older man than any of the Brethren, should be of their number.

It was arranged that they should all meet in conference at Millais' studio. There they discussed the outlines done by Führich in the Retzsch manner, and then turned to a book of engravings of the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa, which had been lent to Millais; and, says Mr. Holman Hunt, "we insisted that the naive traits of frank expression and unaffected grace were what had made Italian art so essentially vigorous and progressive, until the showy followers of Michelangelo had grafted their Dead Sea fruit on to the vital tree just when it was bearing its choicest autumnal ripeness for the reawakened world." It was the spirit, however, not the form—recognised as crude and immature—of this earlier art that was to be followed, says Mr. Hunt; who also states that when Rossetti used Madox Brown's term "Early Christian" for the new principles of art, he himself insisted that "Pre-Raphaelite" was more radically exact.

However this may be, they came to call themselves the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood—a designation which, as I have already said, suited the art of Rossetti much better than it suited that of Holman Hunt and Millais. According to Mr. William Rossetti, the Brethren were all agreed that to be a Pre-Raphaelite it was necessary—"(1) to have genuine ideas to express; (2) to study nature attentively, so as to know how to express them; (3) to sympathise with what is direct and heartfelt in previous art to the exclusion of what is conventional and self-parading and learned by rote; and (4) most indispensable of all, to produce thoroughly good pictures and statues." Close fidelity to nature does not here find a place—another evidence of initial differences in the views of the Brethren; and Mr. William Rossetti states further that Mr. F. G. Stephens is wrong in saying

that one of their principles "was to the effect that when a member found a model whose aspect answered his idea of the subject required, that model should be painted exactly, so to say, hair for hair."

It is apart from our present purpose to say anything here about *The Germ*, the short-lived literary organ of the Brotherhood, itself hardly longer-lived. We have only to see what was the actual outcome of the movement in the way of painting; and in this regard only the work of Holman Hunt, Millais, and Rossetti, among the original members of the Brotherhood, is of any importance.

The Brotherhood was formed towards the end of 1848, and by the early summer of the following year three pictures were ready for exhibition—Holman Hunt's *Rienzi Swearing Revenge over his Brother's Corpse*, Millais' *Lorenzo and Isabella*, and Rossetti's *The Girlhood of Mary Virgin*. After each painter's signature were placed the letters P.R.B.; but their significance was not understood, and the pictures were well received. In fact, each of them found a purchaser. Holman Hunt and Millais had sent their pictures to the Royal Academy; Rossetti's was shown at an independent exhibition in Hyde Park.

The next year—1850—Holman Hunt sent to the Academy *A Converted British Family Sheltering a Christian Missionary from the Persecution of the Druids;* and Millais sent *Christ in the House of His Parents* and *Ferdinand lured by Ariel*. Rossetti's picture this year was the *Ecce Ancilla Domini*. The meaning of the letters P.R.B. had leaked out; it was now known that what was strange in the work of the young painters was due, not to immaturity, but to a revolt against the accepted canons of art; and there was a furious outburst of adverse criticism. The condemna-

tion was practically unanimous. Only the *Spectator* had a good word to say for the innovators; but, alas! William Rossetti wrote the art critiques for that paper! Charles Dickens, in *Household Words*, made a virulent attack on Millais' *Christ in the House of His Parents.* "In the foreground of that carpenter's shop," he wrote, "is a hideous, wry-necked, blubbering red-haired boy in a night-gown who appears to have received a poke in the hand from the stick of another boy with whom he has been playing in an adjacent gutter, and to be holding it up for the contemplation of a kneeling woman, so horrible in her ugliness that (supposing it were possible for any human creature to exist for a moment with that dislocated throat) she would stand out from the rest of the company as a monster in the vilest cabaret in France or the lowest gin-shop in England."

This is magnificent, but it is not true. Millais' mother said it was wicked, and there was much excuse for her so saying. Other critiques were little if any less violently abusive. There is nothing in the picture, as we look at it to-day, to justify the language then used about it. But we must remember that it was a new thing then to be asked to think of the early life and surroundings of Christ as they actually must have been—the same as those of any other workman's child. Even the nerves of Charles Dickens could not stand such a sudden douche of the cold water of fact. Even now it is not possible to regard the picture as a wholly satisfactory treatment of its theme. The boy has slightly hurt his hand—caught it on a nail; and at once there is consternation. His father holds the hand to look at the wound; his mother goes down on her knees to kiss him. John the Baptist brings water to wash the wound, and has a troubled look out of all proportion to the mis-

chance that has happened. *The Spoiled Child* would be the most appropriate title for the picture, and we are not helped by having the boy Christ represented in such a light. As a matter of fact, the only title given to the picture by Millais himself was a quotation from the Book of Zecharaiah, "And one shall say unto Him, What are these wounds in Thine hands? Then He shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." The quotation was entirely inappropriate to the picture. The boy Christ has only met with a trivial accident; the wounds mentioned by the prophet were deliberately inflicted upon false teachers. The aim of the picture to suggest that the surroundings of Christ in His early days were quite simple and humble might have been accomplished without anything namby-pamby, and also without the commonplace idea of a trivial hurt being a prophecy of the crucifixion.

Mr. Holman Hunt can hardly have had this picture in mind when he said that Millais and he enforced their æsthetic aims in the themes they treated, "selecting beautiful objects for fastidious discrimination in their portrayal"; for although we cannot find in this picture the absolute hideousness that Dickens and his contemporaries found in it, it must be said that there is but little beauty either in the figures or in their surroundings. Realistic truth, not beauty, is the note of the picture. On the whole, we can hardly be surprised, even now, at the violent outburst of censure that greeted this and the other Pre-Raphaelite pictures.

The picture just discussed at length had been commissioned by a dealer, and it was long before he could find a purchaser for it. None of the other pictures was sold. Millais' *Ferdinand lured by Ariel* had also been commis-

sioned by a dealer, who, when he had seen it, simply went off his bargain. Millais used to tell a story that showed the straits to which the young painters were now reduced. The hundred guineas promised for this picture had been expended in advance on household necessaries. There had often been talk of adding to a precarious income by taking in lodgers, and his parents now decided that this would have to be done. Millais was in his studio, in a state of utter dejection, when a friend—Mr. Frankum—brought in Mr. Richard Ellison, a well-known connoisseur. Mr. Frankum could see from Millais' manner that something had gone wrong, and, on questioning him, was told of the picture-dealer's refusal of the picture, and the straits to which the family was consequently reduced. Before leaving, Mr. Ellison told Millais that he had written a pamphlet about water-colour painting, and asked if he might give him a copy of it, and write his name in it. Millais assented, out of mere complaisance, and the pamphlet was left, with the expression of a hope that he would look at it, as, in its author's opinion, he would find in it that which would interest him. Millais relapsed into his depressed mood; then, looking round, caught sight of the pamphlet and took it up. Two papers fell out of it. One was a note to say that Mr. Ellison wished to become the purchaser of the *Ferdinand* picture for £150; the other was a cheque for that amount. Millais rushed with the cheque into the room where his father and mother were, waving it in his hand, so elated that they thought he must have gone mad. The first thing that caught his eye was a notice fixed to the window, advertising lodgings. He at once tore this down. The wafers with which it had been fastened to the glass were still sticky, and whenever in after years he recalled the incident,

the feeling of stickiness came back to his finger-ends. There is a less complete version of this story in his biography. I repeat it in the form in which an old friend of Millais' has told me he had it from Millais himself.

Probably the critics hoped that the severe castigation the young revolutionaries had received would induce them to retire from the apparently utterly unequal contest. This, indeed, was what happened in Rossetti's case. He did not exhibit again. But Holman Hunt and Millais were undismayed. The former sent to the Academy the following year *Valentine rescuing Sylvia from Proteus*, and the latter, *Mariana in the Moated Grange*, *The Return of the Dove to the Ark*, and *The Woodman's Daughter*. The attack on these pictures was even more determined than that upon those of the previous year. It was seriously asked that they should be removed from the exhibition. But help was now forthcoming, and of a kind that was sure to be effective. Ruskin contributed to the *Times* two letters in defence of the pictures that were so vehemently condemned by almost all other critics. This was enough at once to save the revolution from being crushed out. He continued the defence in lectures and articles; and if the young painters did not carry everything before them, they were at least permitted to hold on their way, and reassured art lovers purchased their pictures.

As might be expected, Ruskin's main line of defence was that the pictures were true to nature. Some of the adverse critics had rashly attacked them as untrue. Ruskin had no difficulty in showing their superiority in this respect to much of the accepted, academic work. It was the imitative ability shown by these works that impressed him. "I have adduced them only," he said, "as examples of the

kind of study which I would desire to see substituted for that of our modern schools, and of singular success in certain characters, finish of detail, and brilliancy of colour. What faculties, higher than imitative, may be in these men I do not yet venture to say; but I do say that, if they exist, such faculties will manifest themselves in due time all the more forcibly because they have received training so severe." This is the doctrine of the passage in *Modern Painters* already quoted, part of which appeared in the preface to the essay, "Pre-Raphaelitism," from which the above quotation is taken.

In the same essay he denied the accusation that the young painters had imitated the errors of early painters. "A falsehood of this kind," he said, "could not have obtained credence anywhere but in England, few English people, comparatively, having ever seen a picture of early Italian masters. If they had they would have known that the Pre-Raphaelite pictures are just as superior to the early Italian in skill of manipulation, power of drawing, and knowledge of effect, as inferior to them in grace of design; and that, in a word, there is not a shadow of resemblance between the two styles. The Pre-Raphaelites imitate no pictures: they paint from nature only." On Holman Hunt's own showing, as we have already seen, this was not true of Rossetti, nor, up to this time, of Madox Brown, of whom, we may note here, Ruskin never had a word to say, good or bad. And it is not possible now to look at the early Pre-Raphaelite work of both Holman Hunt and Millais without suspecting that some of the obvious mannerisms in it were due to their study of the early Italian painters. Ruskin's admission of the inferiority of their pictures in point of grace of design is important. That

grace their works never did come sufficiently to possess; a fact that goes far to support the contention that minute imitation of nature is by no means the one essential, even if it be an essential, in the early training of an artist.

To the charge that the Pre-Raphaelites had no system of light and shade, Ruskin replied that their system was exactly the same as the Sun's, "which is, I believe, likely to outlast that of the Renaissance, however brilliant." This is a mere identification of art with the imitation of nature, and the defence is only a good one if the identification be accepted.

So far, then, Ruskin praised the Pre-Raphaelites for their truth of imitation, for their faithful record of facts. What further they could do remained to be seen. "If they adhere to their principles," he said, "and paint nature as it is around them, with the help of modern science, with the earnestness of the men of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, they will found a new and noble school in England. If their sympathies with the early artists lead them into mediævalism or Romanism, they will, of course, come to nothing. But I believe there is no danger of this —at least for the strongest of them. There may be some weak ones whom the Tractarian heresies may touch, but, if so, they will drop off like decayed branches from a strong stem. I hope all things from the school." Earnestness, then, was the one thing in which the Pre-Raphaelites, or at least those of them whom Ruskin at this time held to be really strong, resembled the painters who preceded Raphael; and their artistic salvation was to be found in the scientific presentment of nature. Meanwhile, Rossetti was painting; Burne-Jones was to come; and both of them were to win high praise from Ruskin.

Rossetti's withdrawal from exhibition in 1851 was the beginning of the end of the Brotherhood, with which alone this chapter is concerned. We shall consider hereafter the later work of the members of the Brotherhood, and follow the course of the Pre-Raphaelite influence in our art. But before leaving the Brotherhood it is important to note that although its working members went to nature, they looked but little for the subjects of their pictures to the life of their own time. In this respect, as we shall find in the next chapter, they differed widely from the painters who led the almost contemporary movement in France. The Pre-Raphaelites painted chiefly subjects from the Bible, from history, from poetry. To a large extent their works were glorified book-illustrations; and one is puzzled at times to account for their choice of subject, as, for example, in the case of Holman Hunt's *Rienzi vowing Vengeance over his Brother's Corpse.* This seems curious material with which to begin a return to nature; and here, and in other pictures modern English people, amid obviously modern English landscape, yet dressed in mediæval costume and supposed to be Italians, bring the whole very near at least to the region of *tableau.* The actors play their parts with great earnestness, but it is often acting, not life, that faces us, and conviction does not come because the accessories and the surroundings are painted with minute truthfulness. Even the Pre-Raphaelites could not at once escape from the artistic environment amid which they had been brought up. They went to nature, one repeats, but they did not yet go to contemporary life. They were less in touch with it, indeed, than were some of the orthodox painters, who, however treated it too often in a trivial manner. The highest historical painting—that which interprets passing events in

the light of the centuries—was yet to come. And here we shall find that Madox Brown led the way. But it will be instructive, before pursuing further the course of English painting, to consider the French movement to which reference has repeatedly been made.

CHAPTER III

THE IMPRESSIONISTS AND THEIR ALLIES

THE movement in French art which, as already said, was almost contemporaneous with the Pre-Raphaelite movement in England, was, like the latter, a revolt against tradition—indeed, against an almost identical tradition, though the French movement took a very different course from the English one, and has since reacted strongly on English art and on that of other countries.

We have seen that the English movement was not a simple one—not homogeneous, if the reader do not object to a long word. Art can no more be simple than is our whole intellectual and emotional life, of which it is one of the chief modes of expression. There has been complexity in modern French painting, much the same as that of contemporary English painting; for although there are always peculiarities clearly marking off the art of different nations, there are also many general resemblances. It is hardly too much to say that we can find the French equivalents of our Holman Hunt, Millais, Rossetti, Watts, Burne-Jones, and others; yet not the mere equivalents, be it emphasised, but the French equivalents.

As many if not most of those who read these pages will necessarily be less familiar with French than with English painting, it may be well to discuss at greater length than

was done with reference to English art, the work of the artists who led up to the new departure of the middle of the nineteenth century.

The observant English traveller in France can hardly fail to notice, before he has gone very far on his journey from one of the northern seaports, how much more symmetrical are the French country-houses than those in our own country. The door is exactly in the centre of the main front; there is the same number of windows at each side of it; and then there are often two identical, turret-crowned projections, one at each end. We may trace this formal style to the Italian Renaissance; we are familiar with it in our large Elizabethan mansions; but it found in France a more congenial soil than in England. Do we not inevitably think of logic, lucidity, ordered beauty, in connexion with both French art and French literature, whereas in our art and literature expression tends to break down form? The contrast between the rules with which the classical French drama was hedged about, and the freedom of our Elizabethan drama, is too well known to require more than mention. In art we find this difference so early as in mediæval architecture. French Gothic was more severely logical than English Gothic; and its ornamental sculpture was held more in architectural restraint. And, to take the most obvious modern instance, compare the formal, calculated beauty of Paris with the haphazard picturesqueness of London.

The difference between the art of the two nations is rooted in differences in national character and tradition. The Latin tradition, which we have found M. de la Sizeranne desirous of upholding, affects more things than art. Roman imperialism has had more lasting results in France than in

England. The basis for the rules of practical conduct in France is the civil law of Rome; in our country it is the common law, the tradition of a people who and whose ancestors on the Continent never thoroughly took the impress of the Roman stamp, and who have always revealed a strong instinct for individual freedom. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries we did indeed put ourselves under the Roman yoke in architecture, and in the latter part of the period there was a strong desire to do the same thing in painting—just as we have had our classical literature also, our Dryden and our Pope—and dull things have looked, and still look, very dull under our so often dull skies; but there has ever been a spirit of revolt, and we shall win our perfect freedom yet; not, it may be hoped, to abuse it; but at the same time not to sacrifice expression and individuality to conventional beauty.

We have already briefly considered the strength of the Latin tradition in French art, and have seen that Jacques Louis David revived classical art in France towards the end of the eighteenth century. He had begun his career as a follower of Watteau and Boucher, but he obtained the *Prix de Rome*, and, following the usual routine, went to Rome to study in the French Academy. He painted in the most severely classical manner such subjects as the Horatii taking the oath, Brutus looking at the bodies of his sons after the death-sentence had been executed upon them, and the rape of the Sabines. The Parisians of the Revolution linked these subjects, taken from the early history of Rome, with their own struggle for freedom; it was, indeed, the painter's intention that this should be so. A revolutionist himself, he sought to make not only his own art, but every phase of art, expressive of the great upheaval of his day. Even his

THE ABDUCTION — EUGÈNE DELACROIX

portraiture had something of Roman severity, and his Madame Récamier wears a simple, classical dress, has her hair bound in a fillet, and reclines on a couch of classical design, with a classical candelabrum by it. An art that while leaning upon the past, took for its subject the Romans breaking with their past, just suited the mood of a people that was breaking with its own past; and the painter became a popular hero.

Regnault, Vincent, Guérin, Girodet, Gérard, followed more or less closely in the path marked out by David; and learned draughtsmanship, formal composition, and colour inevitably dry and cold in such companionship, or, rather, in such service, became universal. Subjects, also, were almost invariably taken from ancient history and mythology, treated with little or no imagination. Only in portraiture was art at all in touch with life. Prudhon, who in Italy had been chiefly attracted by the northern painters, became the French Correggio. Baron Gros wavered between interest in contemporary events and the ancient history imposed upon him by his master David. Then Géricault took the plunge into modern life, but retained much of the classical manner. His military pictures and his *Raft of the Medusa* show him to be near the parting of the ways. Delacroix carried natural action and expression still further, and, more than this, based his art on colour more than on draughtsmanship. The parting of the ways was reached, and it is interesting to us to note that English art was not without influence in this change of direction of French art. Géricault had praised the colour and effect of English painting, and Delacroix admired so much the fresh and luminous colour of Constable's pictures as actually to alter his own work after seeing them.

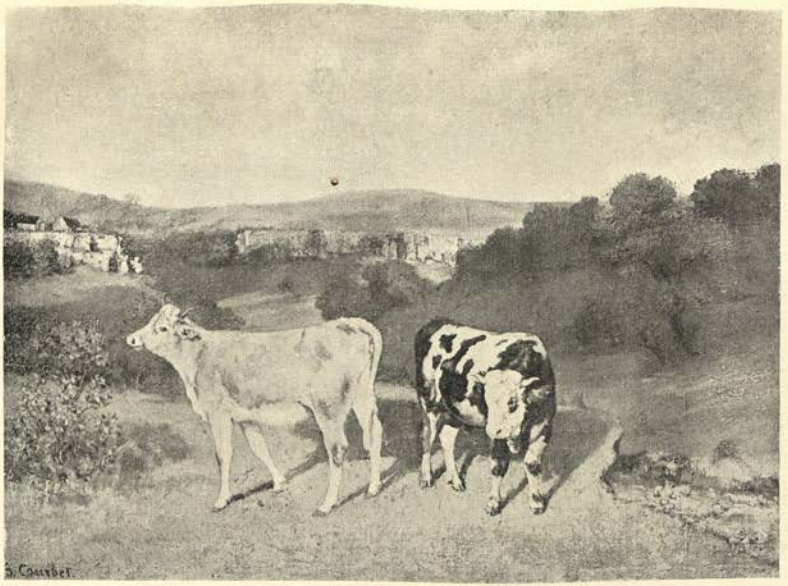
The painting of the Classical school was based on an imperfect understanding of Greek and Roman art. While the permanence of the material in which it was wrought has preserved to us a quite considerable amount of ancient sculpture, the perishableness of the material upon which paintings were executed has resulted in the destruction of all but a few examples, and those mostly fragmentary. Of Greek painting we know hardly anything, except through contemporary description, and what we may trust ourselves to learn from the vases. Of Graeco-Roman painting we have learned most of what we know from the remains at Pompeii; and Pompeii was almost unexplored in David's time. It was from the architecture and the sculpture of Rome that he derived his ideas of ancient art. Had he, as a young man, seen the Pompeian mosaic, representing the flight of Darius at the battle of Issus, and understood its significance, his art could not have become what it did. Could he have had the mosaic in his mind when, near the end of his life, he stood before Delacroix's *Dante's Bark*, he would have known that picture to be more in the spirit, and even according to the letter, of Roman painting than his own *Horatii* or *Rape of the Sabines*. Delacroix knew this: at least, as a protest against David's cold, sculpturesque treatment of subjects taken from ancient history, he painted them himself with more realistic truth of action and expression, remembering that the people of classical days did once really live. The classical movement was in a great degree ignorant superstition—one might almost call it grovelling superstition. We call to mind that in England—it had not been without protest against his so doing—Sir Benjamin West had given to the soldiery in his *Death of General Wolfe* their actual English uniforms, and not the

LA SOURCE J. D. INGRES

military costume of the Romans. In architecture and sculpture, as well as in painting, what have we not had to suffer, what do we not still suffer, through our artists forgetting that if art is to be living it must chiefly live in the present; and, if it deal with the past, must deal with it in a living way, must make it live again!

Delacroix did not easily carry the day against classicism. It found a fresh and vigorous recruit in Ingres, a pupil of David, who again put draughtsmanship before colour and movement. He was eighteen years older than Delacroix, but was a man of much stronger physique, and outlived the younger painter by four years. Born in 1780, he lived until 1867, thus reaching the long count of eighty-seven years. He was strenuously, bitterly opposed to Delacroix, whose election to the Institute drew from him the remark, "Now the wolf is in the sheepfold." Truly, it is hardly a less unpleasant thing to introduce new art than new theology! While such a man ruled, art had little chance of becoming an interpreter of life and nature. The hold of the dead hand of Rome was only gradually weakened, though, more and more, art turned to modern themes for its subjects. Thus Paul Delaroche, who was almost the same age as Delacroix, is best known by such works as *The Princes in the Tower*, *The Death of Queen Elizabeth*, *Strafford on the Way to Execution*, *Oliver Cromwell*, and *The Assassination of the Duke of Guise*. It is true that these were little more than academic exercises, with the pathetic or tragic interest of subject that would make them popular; but there was life in them, if not the passionate life of the works of Delacroix; and in one instance, at least—the head of the dying Elizabeth—Delaroche showed great dramatic power.

Thomas Couture, again, was at the parting of the ways. He could not wholly escape from classicism in his painting, though as a teacher—he was in great request after the exhibition of his *Orgie Romaine* in 1847, and Manet was one of his pupils—he strongly opposed himself to it. About the art of Gustave Courbet, however, there was no hesitation; it was, in its own time, nothing less than provocatively, defiantly realistic. When we see to-day, hung probably in the same gallery, paintings differing widely in method and intention, and which we quietly value, each for the worth it possesses, it requires an effort of the imagination to realise the storms that raged about them when first they were painted and exhibited. Courbet was born in 1819 at Ornans, near Besançon; and though trained in the school of David, he early repudiated, both in work and speech, its methods and aims. He made no pause, either, at the halfway house of Delacroix; but declared, and maintained the declaration in practice, that the painter's proper work was to paint what he could see about him. Among the old masters his heroes were such men as Holbein, Ribera, Zurbaran, Velasquez, and Ostade, who had painted the things and the people they could see. Of Raphael he admired only the portraits; the great compositions of sacred and historical subjects were nothing to him. For the imitators of Raphael he had only contempt. To him the ideal was the empty. In life a republican and a socialist, he chose nature and the ordinary people of his own time as the themes of his art. Railway stations, mines, and manufactories, he said, were the miracles of the modern time; and the great among living men were its saints. When this programme for art failed to find favour, and his pictures were refused at the international exhibition in Paris in



BULL AND HEIFER

GUSTAVE COURBET

1855, he opened an independent exhibition of his own works in a wooden hut, and enforced their purpose with the aid of a pamphlet. The objections raised to his work were of the same kind as those our Pre-Raphaelite painters had to face. Eyes that had grown used to a vapid idealism could see only malicious caricature in the plain rendering of people as they actually were. Because he painted a funeral at his native village at Ornans with a real, commonplace parish priest officiating, and country-folk that would be recognisable as such in any garb, standing round the grave, he was accused of ridiculing a religious function. To-day we cannot read this into the picture any more than we can read into Millais' *Christ in the House of His Parents* what Dickens and his contemporaries saw in that picture. Courbet's picture is an historical document. Such were the French peasantry of the middle of the nineteenth century. Courbet painted other village scenes at Ornans. His peasants returning from market may amuse the townsman, not because they are untrue to life, but because they are unsophisticated, are fearlessly living their own life, not one imposed upon them by the arbiters of fashion. His stone-breakers anticipate the sculpture of Meunier; the picture is one that authority might well have suppressed, as work by the Belgian sculptor has been suppressed, because it might incite to socialism. His grisettes lying on the river-bank are typical Parisian shop-girls enjoying their *dolce far niente*, careless of appearances so long as they are physically comfortable; his nude figures are creatures of flesh and blood. His deer in the forest are wild creatures amid wild surroundings. His picture *The Wave* shows that he has stood upon the shore and deeply felt the immensity of sea and sky. In all his work we see that a virile power has

been handling actual things. He was wrong, of course, in so far as he maintained that nothing but this was included in the mission of art. But his theory was the outcome of a conviction that produced a remarkable life-work. More catholic in criticism, his work would have been of less value. He is the very antithesis of David; reaching him, we have passed from one extreme of theory and practice to another; and, with reference to our present purpose, we have said now all that is needful about the subject painters who were the immediate predecessors of the French painters whose work we have more particularly to study. We have next to turn for a brief space to the landscape painters, with whom, conveniently, if not quite logically, we shall link Jean François Millet.

We have seen landscape painting in classical bondage, yet, in modern painting, it has been one of the liberators of art. Face to face with nature, and with the labour by means of which men win their subsistence from nature, artificiality is at a discount; and history is of little moment, for here are the great elemental facts of life that, in their main features, antedate history. This large, living work inevitably reacts upon that of the subject painters in the towns. And it may also be noted here that portraiture, which has not merely men and women but mankind for its subject, is often intensely alive, when there is little or no life in subject-pictures. How stale and unprofitable, to take but one example, Reynolds became when he attempted historical and sacred subjects! Along with these two branches of art—though this is rather a parenthesis—may be placed the work of the caricaturist. Nobody expects from a Rowlandson, a Gavarni, a Daumier, a Charles Keene, or a Du Maurier, the grand style and pre-occupation with gods

and goddesses, with saints and heroes long dead. What he is likelier to do is to bring dead gods and heroes down from their pedestals; and, with regard to contemporary life, he makes easier a frank and nobly realistic treatment of it, because, in order to make his own work tell, he must depict, even if in the way of exaggeration, the realities of life. But our immediate concern is with the landscape painters.

Probably those who are least willing that English artists should seek to learn something in the schools of France will not be unwilling to believe that French landscape painting in the second quarter of the nineteenth century owed much to Constable and his contemporaries in this country. Even if there were but slight evidence that this was the fact, one would be glad to believe it, not merely as ground for national pride, but as justification for a wise internationalism. The evidence, however, is not slight, but strong; and the fact is willingly admitted on the other side of the Channel, as, quite recently, to the present writer, by the distinguished French critic, M. Théodore Duret.

In the first quarter of the nineteenth century, French landscape painting, as represented by such men as Bidault and Watelet, was still in the bonds of classicism; and though Georges Michel, in such paintings as *Aux Environs de Montmartre*, came nearer to English naturalism, a revelation was needed, either from inside or outside, before the art could be freed from the old dispensation. The revelation came from outside, from England, where if art had not been generally set free, yet some artists had freed themselves.

At the Salon of 1822, English water-colour painting was represented by Bonington, Copley Fielding, Robson, and John

Varley; in 1824, Constable exhibited *The Hay Wain* and two other pictures; and the water-colourists were again in evidence. For Constable, on this occasion, the old saying about the prophet and his honour held good; he who had seen one of his pictures rejected by his fellow-members of the hanging committee at the Royal Academy in London received a gold medal in Paris; and he continued to send his pictures there until 1827, in which year the first picture by Corot accepted at the Salon was hung between a Constable and a Bonington. A few years later a group of French landscape painters went to nature in a sense in which the English Pre-Raphaelites twenty years afterwards did not go to her. They went to live with her, to make her their all-absorbing subject, not merely to find a setting for figure-subjects. On the outskirts of the forest of Fontainebleau, in the village of Barbizon, Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, and others lived the simple life from spring until the winter came, painting amid the immemorial oaks and chestnuts and beeches of the forest, and each of them interpreting nature in his own way.

Of the Barbizon group Corot and Millet—the latter did not join it until 1849—have exercised the deepest influence on the after course of art; but it will be well for us to glance at the work of several of its most important members; for though it is with later generations of painters that we are chiefly concerned here, not merely the influence, but much of the work, of the Barbizon school, comes within our special period.

Were there no external evidence for the influence of Constable upon these painters, the internal evidence of some of the early work of Rousseau, in the Thomy-Thiéry collection at the Louvre, would be sufficiently convincing;

THE HAY-WAIN JOHN CONSTABLE

and all through his work, at any time of his career, it is difficult not to think of the vigorous naturalism of the Suffolk painter. Rousseau, like Constable, painted nature as he saw it; not merely as he saw it with the physical sight, giving a mere objective record, but as *he* saw it; as his temperament, his thought about nature, necessitated his seeing it. But it was nature that he painted. He did not go out to find material for pictures. He went out to be in communion with nature; and his pictures tell us what nature was to him. It is not of nature, whether as a great evolutionary epic, or in her lyrical moods, that we think, when looking at the works of the classical landscape painters. They present to us a wholly unreal world, not the real one, too rough and untidy for ladies and gentlemen to walk through on fine days without injury to tender feet and dainty costumes. Rousseau's world is the forest and the plain, and if there be people about, they are simple toilers; if there be buildings, they are cottages and farmsteads, so rude as to seem themselves almost a part of nature.

Rousseau, indeed, was more alone with nature than was Constable, whose Suffolk was a cultivated country. The work of man is oftener than not in evidence in Constable's pictures. Their titles alone show it—*The Hay Wain*, *The Valley Farm*, *The Glebe Farm*, *The Cornfield*, *The Lock*, *The Vale of Dedham*. Oftener, perhaps, than not in Rousseau's pictures there is no sign of the presence of man, unless the cattle must be taken to imply that he is near; and the cattle do not obtrude themselves as they do in the pictures of another of the group, Troyon. The forest of Fontainebleau and its surroundings were almost untamed nature; and it is to ancient trees, forest-ponds, and

the varying effects of morning, noon, and evening, that Rousseau's titles chiefly draw our attention.

It was not the lyrical beauty of nature that appealed to Rousseau, but the living energy, the power, and the splendour. His forest-trees are battered veterans that have survived the early struggle for existence, and then, with stern endurance, have braved the lightning and the gale, not without grievous loss. And death has befallen some, as in the end it must come to all. Such things as these were what Rousseau went out to see and to paint. In his portrait he looks as if he might himself taken part in the struggle. He did, indeed, have his own struggle, veritably for existence. From 1835 to 1848 his work was rejected at the Salon, and his condition was little above poverty.

Of more importance than Rousseau, or any other of his companions, in preparing the way for Impressionism, was Corot; and for this very reason we will glance at the other chief members of the Barbizon group before referring to him and his work.

Diaz, Dupré, and Harpignies were three other artistic denizens of the field and the forest; and while all of them painted face to face with nature, each of them interpreted her in accordance with his own temperament. Diaz, of Spanish origin, loved the beauty and brightness of the sunlight as it played among the trees; Dupré loved the movement of nature, the alternations of light and gloom, the wind and the rain. The sky almost, if not wholly, rivals the landscape in his pictures. Ruskin complained that Constable was content with light when it was "flickering, glistening, restless, and feeble." In the works of Dupré, who not only came under Constable's influence, but actually met him in this country, there is certainly more sense of

the power of nature than in those of the English master. Harpignies delighted in breadth of irradiating light. Such brief comments as these cannot sum up an artist's work, but they serve to hint at the varied ways in which this group of painters interpreted nature. With Troyon, another of the group, nature, though sympathetically rendered, became a secondary thing, the home of the cattle and sheep that clearly held the first place in his affection. All these men were born in the early years of the nineteenth century, and their outlook was determined before the century had half run its course.

Jean François Millet also belongs to their generation; but in his art, not nature, nor, as with Troyon, its humbler denizens, but the men and women who work in the fields, and who tend the cattle and sheep, claim the first place. He was born in 1814, at Gruchy, on the coast of Normandy, where his father was a farmer. There, as boy and youth, he worked as a farm-hand; but all the time he lost no chance of drawing, and his skill was so manifest, even to the simple folk about him, that at last, when he was twenty years old, there was obtained for him some teaching at Cherbourg, and three years later he became the pupil of Delaroche in Paris. But Millet was not at home in the great city, nor was it in him to paint pictures in either the classical or the romantic style. Art meant to him one thing: power to interpret the life of such people as those among whom he was born; and, in 1848, he found his way to Barbizon, there, as the event showed, fully to accomplish the task that was rather determined for him by inward necessity than merely chosen. "Man goeth forth to his labour until the evening"; this was the subject of all Millet's work. "My critics," he said, "are men of learning

and taste, but I cannot put myself in their skin; and having seen nothing all my life but the fields, I try to say as best I can what I experienced when I worked in them." How well he said it! The life of the fields is not an easy one. For those who have its simplest work to do it is hard and it is monotonous. Millet painted it in all its stern simplicity. Under his hand it is seen as a great epic. I have already made a comparison between Millet's countryman and contemporary Courbet, and the Belgian sculptor Meunier. What Meunier has done for the mine and foundry-workers of Belgium, Millet did before him for the peasantry of France—and, through them, for some at least among the peasantry of all times and countries hitherto. He had no need to idealise, but only to give the simple truth, in order to make his men and women heroic; for assuredly there is in the labour with which man wins his food from the soil a patient heroism that expresses itself in form and action. Ruskin found fault with Millet because he did not show the faces of his toilers. This seems like the objection of one who wished to object, for again and again we see the face, and always it tells the same story: of patient fulfilment of the daily task, made possible by human affection and—as we know, and Millet's *Angelus* suggests it—the hope of heaven.

It has been said that Millet's rendering of the life of the peasant was a pessimistic one. We need not discuss the point at length. Always and everywhere it has not been as he painted it. But it has been and it still is so; and more than this, it has been and still is in many a place something far harder than it was even as he knew it.

His own lot was but little better than that of the peasantry around him. He could barely live and support his

L'AMOUR VAINQUEUR J. F. MILLET

family, even in a life of the utmost simplicity, by the sale of pictures for which to-day the wealthiest compete—*The Winnower*, *The Sower*, *The Gleaners*, *The Wood Sawyers*, *The Angelus*. There is little need to name or to describe his pictures now, some of which, by reproduction, have become familiar in many a household. The painter of them knew at one time what it was for neither himself nor his wife to taste food for a whole day, thankful if only their children did not want. Such a price as this paid for a return to nature and actual life makes the brief hardships of our Pre-Raphaelites seem by comparison little more than such inconveniences as are gaily borne by a picnic-party. But Millet lived long enough to meet with both recognition and material success.

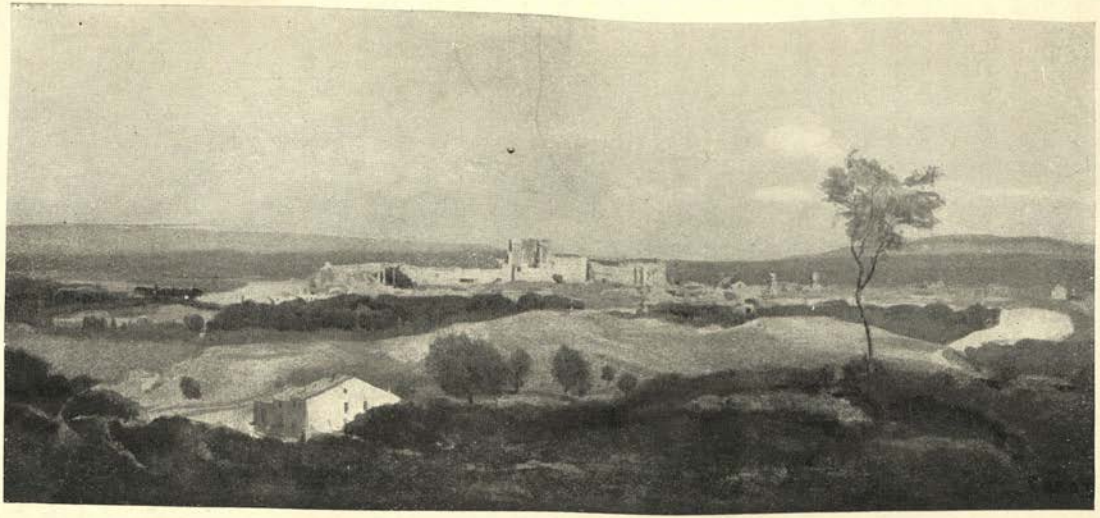
We come now to Corot, for with those whom we may call the second generation of the Barbizon group we are not at the moment concerned.

Camille Corot was born in Paris in 1796, twenty years later than Constable; and it is not uninteresting to note that, like Turner, he was the son of a hairdresser. His father, taking up his wife's business, subsequently became Court modiste, and a man of means able to give his son an allowance of twelve hundred francs, when, after much parental opposition, it had been decided that he should become a painter. His early training was inevitably in the academic tradition of his time. Almost inevitably also, he went to Italy. This was in 1825, when he was twenty-eight years old: and he spent two and a half years in and about Rome and Naples, producing formally composed landscapes with ruins, of the approved pattern. He returned to Italy in 1835 and 1843; and it was not until after his return from the third visit that he found the landscape of his own

country to be worth the devotion of his life. That is to say, he was nearly fifty years old before he fully realised that nature was beautiful apart from the glamour that history threw over particular scenes and places. Nothing is more instructive than to compare his work before 1850, or thereabouts, with his later work. His earlier landscapes, often little more than "views" of places, are hard and dry, and the sky is a mere background to the scene; yet they are broad and simple in treatment, show much sensibility to the play of light, and, towards the end of his first period, the intimate character of the scene is not destroyed by overmuch elaborately formal composition. The later work, by which he is best known, is widely different from this.

We have seen that the inspiration of the English Pre-Raphaelite painters was drawn from literature, and that when they went into the country to find appropriate scenes in which to place their Lorenzos, Ophelias, and other characters taken from history or poetry, they painted the landscape with hardly less than scientific exactness and elaboration of detail. In their biographies and reminiscences we read little or nothing of music, but much about history and legend. It was quite otherwise with Corot. Music was little if at all less dear to him than painting. He sang as he painted, he anticipated Whistler in making comparisons between the two arts, was regularly to be seen at concerts, and himself played the violin. Tradition could not for ever blind him to the visible music of nature, and when at last he saw it, the rest of his life was passed in the translation of nature's harmonies into art.

He inevitably selected that which was nearest akin to what was dominant in his own temperament. Not the rugged strength of nature, but her delicate, fleeting beauty;



AVIGNON: VIEW OF THE PALACE OF THE POPES — CAMILLE COROT

not the insistently obvious splendour of autumn, but the tranquil harmonies of spring and summer—in brief, all that was lyrical in nature found a response in him.

He came to know well, or, better, to feel deeply how large a share the atmosphere had in the playing of this music. In it all things—the fields, the flowers and the trees, and the streams that flowed and the lakes that lay tranquil amidst them, and the people who moved about or laboured there—had their being. The sky came to be no longer to his sight and feeling a mere background, a vast overhanging firmament; it was close at hand, around, amid, the nearest objects, and thence passed away into the illimitable distance. What need was there of a subject, or of unusual effects of nature, or of exceptionally beautiful places, to one to whom nature spake thus? As to the prophet of old, to him also God was present, not in the tempest, the fire or the earthquake, but in the still, small voice.

By what means did Corot express the emotions that nature awakened in him? It was the tranquil moods, the subtle harmonies of nature that moved him. Bright and varied colour clearly had no place here. Sober greens and silvery greys were colour enough for him, with a touch of red—in a cap, usually—to be felt rather than seen, giving value to the quieter colours by contrast. And he showed his sense of colour-music by subtly varying this red note as the greys and greens were warmer or cooler. Any one of us almost could say also, from our own enjoyment of the moods of nature, that he would not need to emphasise form; on the contrary, he would, and did, reduce all forms to vagueness. We need not go close up to a Corot hoping by minute inspection to obtain more detailed information. By

such inspection of the natural scene, by clear definition in painting, the mood would be lost. We say that Corot anticipated the Impressionists. It is a paradox, but it is true: he did so by being an Impressionist; only the name had not then been coined, and those who became known by the name carried impressionism much further than he did. Lastly, and of utmost importance to his aim, he observed closely and subtly rendered the varying strength of light and shade at greater or less distances from the eye—in technical phrase, he paid close attention to *values*. We might say that he composed in distances; into his pictures there enters the charm, the poetry, of the near and the far-away, with the myriad gradations between them. Absolutely, of course, this was no new thing; what Corot did was to put these subtle variations in the first place, and to subordinate colour, form, and detail to them. So he played his visible music, and it was a music both beautiful and new.

We may even better appreciate its peculiar quality by further contrasting his aim with that which Holman Hunt and Millais were pursuing at the same time on this side of the Channel. They, as we found in the preceding chapter, by painting all the detail they could see as they looked at what lay before them bit by bit, made no allowance for the stereoscopic action of the human eyes. To them, as painters, sight meant scrutiny, intelligent scrutiny, recognition of the detailed character of objects. To Corot, as painter, sight was emotional rather than intelligent; it was feeling rather than perception. He looked closely at nothing, and so obtained the effect of the whole; and on reflection the reader will find that, consciously or unconsciously, though he may be neither artist nor critic, he obtains much pleasure,

THE FORD

CAMILLE COROT

indoors and out of doors, in exactly the same way. Corot's pictures are beautiful in themselves; they have also enabled us consciously, and therefore more fully, to enjoy the same beauty when we see it in nature.

Though Corot was born before the close of the eighteenth century, his awakening came so late that all of his work that most is the revelation of himself was done in the years which those of us who are not yet old count their own time. He was over seventy-eight years of age when he died in Paris on the 23rd of February, 1875. Millet, eighteen years younger than he, died a month earlier at Barbizon. The child of the city died in the city; the child of the country died in the country. Corot went to the country, and found there a beautiful idyl. Millet was native to the country, knew its life from the inside; and to him that life was a great epic of labour. What each saw and felt was there to be seen and felt. Millet, indeed, was by no means blind to the idyllic beauty of nature, as we can see from many of his pictures—*The Rainbow*, for example. Nor was Corot unheedful of that which most occupied Millet's thought and feeling. But each emphasised what most strongly moved him; and the two men were complementary to each other. From the one we get grace and subtle charm; from the other elemental simplicity and strength. In point of craftsmanship, of skill and beauty in painters' work, it must be said that Corot far excelled Millet, who, less thoroughly trained, used his tools and material with much less skill; and reached his end more laboriously, so that his work, in and for itself, is less pleasant to the eye.

Both of them, in the work by which they live and will live, belong to the latter half of the nineteenth century; and, as we shall see hereafter, each of them has greatly

influenced the after course of art. Corot's influence, indeed, we have almost immediately to begin to trace.

Even if we are in doubt whether Corot should be regarded as the first, or the only forerunner, of the Impressionists, we may surely at once put aside Mr. Holman Hunt's assertion that Impressionism comes to us from Paris, and is tainted with the profligacy of Parisian life. If we decide that Corot was only a forerunner, still, as we proceed, we shall find that Impressionism originated with and therefore, in any adequate sense of the words, comes to us from men, several of whom had little or nothing to do with Paris, and whose work only with difficulty found acceptance there, and that in the course of its development it was influenced both by English landscape and by English art. Tracing it back, there is no break through the work of Corot right away to Constable, and as we follow its development we shall come, I think, to the conclusion that it was inevitable, and that it has been and is a valuable addition to the resources of art. This may be admitted even by those who cannot endorse the praise of its most enthusiastic admirers, of whom it is not necessary to be one in order to find in it something very different from what Mr. Holman Hunt and others chiefly see in it: incompetence endeavouring to cover itself under fine names and theories. The Impressionists saw, and eagerly endeavoured to reproduce, beautiful effects of light and atmosphere, which, up to their time, had been either wholly overlooked or quite inadequately interpreted.

A small oil-painting by Corot, in the Moreau collection at the Louvre, of ships in the harbour of *La Rochelle*, painted in 1851, carries the painting of atmosphere to the point at which those who are called Impressionists took it up. The ships, the harbour-towers, the quays, the lighthouse,

the reflections in the water, are all painted with but little definition. Detail there is none, but atmosphere is all-pervading. If we turn from this painting to works by Jongkind and Boudin, who belong to the next generation after that of Corot, and, like him, were Impressionists before the name was coined, we see at once that they came under his influence. In fact, at a first glance one could, without incurring much blame, attribute the picture to one of the younger painters. It is more like what we usually associate with them than what we usually associate with Corot.

Johann Barthold Jongkind was a Dutchman, born at Lathrop, near Rotterdam, in 1819; but most of his life was spent in France. Though he received a medal of the first class at the Salon of 1852, he never met with any monetary success, suffered great privation, and in 1891 died utterly neglected and a victim to alcoholic excess. It is the old story. Works he sold for a few francs now fetch thousands. Men's eyes were blind then to the subtle effects of light he saw and recorded; and landscapes and harbour-scenes, of little interest except for such effects, had no attraction for the picture-buying public, or even for the critics. Louis Eugène Boudin, his close companion, was born at Honfleur in 1824, his father being a Havre pilot and his mother a stewardess on her husband's boat. He himself began life as a cabin-boy; but he was a born artist, made many sketches while at sea; and when his father settled down on shore and became a stationer at Havre, the boy found more opportunities of following his bent. He was fortunate enough to attract the attention of both Troyon and Millet, who were then painting for a bare livelihood; and Courbet also found him out. No dissuasion of friends

who urged upon him the non-success of men of great ability availed to turn him from the purpose of devoting his life to painting. An allowance from the Havre Town Council enabled him to go to Paris, but before long, when the allowance was exhausted, he was struggling with poverty. As with Jongkind, so with him: pictures that he then sold for tens of francs to pay for the bare necessaries of living, now sell for thousands. In 1857, having returned to Havre, he could not raise sufficient money by a sale of his pictures to enable him to return to Paris. It was by such struggles as these that Impressionism became possible; not by dissolute student-life in Paris.

Disappointed in his hope of returning to Paris, Boudin started an academy of painting at the country inn of St. Simeon between Honfleur and Villerville, overlooking the estuary of the Seine, and the place became a famous rendezvous for artists who broke with the old traditions. But neither here, nor later at Trouville, at Havre, and in Paris, could he meet with success. Such men as Courbet, Corot, and Alexandre Dumas might laud him as the master of the skies, but the public would not buy his pictures. In 1870, when the war broke out, he found refuge in Brussels. Even in 1888, one hundred of his pictures were sold by auction in Paris for £280, a sum no dealer would now accept for a single good example of his work. At last he was recognised. His *Rade de Villefranche* was purchased for the Luxembourg in 1896, and he was made a member of the Legion of Honour. Two years later he died. Not wild student-life in Paris, but hard privation, had told on his strength; yet he passed threescore years and ten, and was at his easel at the last.

The open air was Boudin's subject, as also it was Jong-

THE HARBOUR OF TROUVILLE — EUGÈNE BOUDIN

kind's. Grey was the prevailing colour in his pictures, wrought in well-nigh an infinity of subtle variations, and relieved by many touches of warmer colour. His *Le Port de Bordeaux* at the Luxembourg, for example, is silvery grey in its general effect, but the funnels of steamers and the merchandise on the quay furnish notes of green and red and gold that give quality to the greys and vibration to the picture as a whole.

A comparison may be usefully made between Boudin and Constable. The latter painted in oil in the open air on canvases as large in size as those he intended to use for finished pictures. When he had realised the desired effect, he used to put these canvases aside, and begin on fresh ones in the studio. The incomplete pictures he called commencements. Any one who will compare the commencements with the finished pictures in such instances as *The Glebe Farm*, of which both versions are in the National Gallery, and *The Hay Wain* and *The Valley Farm*, of which the commencements are at South Kensington and the finished pictures in the National Gallery, will find that with elaboration of detail there has invariably gone loss of freshness and atmospheric vibration. Much of Constable's best work is in his small sketches. One is reminded of Müller's *Eel Bucks at Goring*, with the note on the back of the canvas: "Left for some fool to finish—and ruin," or words to that effect. This is no new thing, of course. Every amateur knows how much better are his sketches than the compositions he works up from them. Even Claude's *Liber Veritatis* will tell the same tale. Turner's sketches have something that his elaborately finished drawings have lost. So in a recent exhibition of Boudin's work at the Leicester Galleries, in London, where in two instances there were

open-air studies and also studio versions of the same subjects, the latter had lost in atmospheric quality by just so much as they had gained in added detail.

When I said recently to M. Théodore Duret, one of the chief apologists of Impressionism, that I preferred the unfinished to the finished work of Constable, his comment was: "Exactly; but thirty years ago you would have been laughed at for saying so." An English landscape painter, trained in the Pre-Raphaelite school, and for many years past safely in the haven of the Royal Academy, could not understand this preference when we stood together before *The Glebe Farm*; and he disputed the suggestion that the less finished version was a preliminary study. Evidently he was not acquainted with Constable's method of work. Elaboration of detail may increase the number of individual truths, but too often it diminishes truthfulness of effect. What the picture gains in parts it loses as a whole. Did not even Ruskin realise this when he said of "the loose and blotted handling" of David Cox, "There is no other means by which his object could be attained; the looseness, coolness, and moisture of his herbage, the rustling crumpled freshness of his broad-leaved weeds, the play of pleasant light across his deep heathered moor or plashing sand, the melting of fragments of white mist into the dropping blue above; all this has not been fully recorded except by him, and what there is of accidental in his mode of reaching it, answers gracefully to the accidental part of nature herself"? The aims of the Impressionist school could hardly be more felicitously described. "The play of pleasant light" has been pre-eminently what they have sought to record.

Before proceeding to discuss severally the work of the painters who formed the Impressionist group, it is desirable

to say something more, though, as yet, in general terms, about the point of view that united them, and also distinguished them from other artists who were their friends and allies, and also from those who were their irreconcilable opponents.

They carried still further the study of atmospheric effects that gave its charm to the later work of Corot. He limited himself to such of those effects as enabled him to interpret the pensive moods of nature that most appealed to him. The Impressionists made them an end in themselves, subordinating all other considerations to them. Like the work of the Barbizon school, like part of the work of the English Pre-Raphaelites, theirs also was a return to nature. It had nothing in common, however, with the realism of Holman Hunt and Millais. When Monet and Pissarro were in London in 1870, they were attracted by the work of such painters as Constable, Turner, Old Crome, and G. F. Watts; of the Pre-Raphaelites they say nothing. They were attracted, that is to say, by work which their own already resembled; only they were already singling out for special emphasis, almost, indeed, for exclusive attention, certain aspects of nature as seen by the human eye, which the English painters they admired had not thus particularly distinguished, and which the Pre-Raphaelites almost ignored.

The central fact upon which they seized was that which Corot placed in the forefront of his art: that everything we see is swathed in atmosphere; but they went further than Corot in observing how greatly the appearance of things varies with changing atmospheric conditions. It is through these changes that we get some of the most beautiful natural effects of light, colour, and tone. Nature, by means of them, plays the most varied visible music. The vibrations

that beat upon the eye please or displease through the sense of sight, as those that beat upon the ear please or displease through the sense of hearing. What we see in nature is nearer to art than what we hear. Many a natural scene approximates closely to a picture. Natural sounds do not in the same way approximate to music. A musician does not go into the open air to listen for suggestions for music; but a painter does go into the open air to see suggestions for pictures. And by this I do not mean merely that he goes in order to paint the portraits of scenes and objects the recognition of which will give pleasure to those who see his picture. This, of course, is a part of art; but the visible music referred to above is, as Corot discovered, independent of such interest; indeed, it is independent of any particular beauty or grandeur of scene in the common acceptation of the words. There are exquisitely subtle variations of light, colour, and tone in the most ordinary scenes. This was the truth and the beauty that the Impressionists singled out and pursued with zeal born of feeling, against the immediate authority of which the scorn of those who did not see what they saw and feel what they felt was powerless. They had received a revelation, to which they could not but bear witness. And because they persisted in testifying to what they had seen, they, like Corot and Jongkind and Boudin, had to suffer the neglect, and even the contempt and derision, of those who could not see it.

Some who do not merely hurl hard words at Impressionism maintain, none the less, that its contribution to the resources of art has been of little importance. Burne-Jones, for example, who seems to have been really distressed by its increasing influence, said of the Impressionist painters: "They do make atmosphere, but they don't make anything

else: they don't make beauty, they don't make design, they don't make idea, they don't make anything else but atmosphere—and I don't think that's enough—I don't think it's very much." Still it is something; and even if it had to be admitted that Impressionism had done nothing more than quicken our feeling for the beauty with which the changes in the atmosphere clothe the world, we might say not merely that this is something, but that it is much, and be grateful to those who have done it for us. We must say also that it is not exactly good criticism to complain that artists who have set themselves to solve a particular problem have not at the same time paid equal attention to other sides of art. As well might we complain because the navvies who have dug railway cuttings and raised embankments have not also laid the lines.

The Impressionists have opened the eyes of many to a beauty, and therefore to a source of joy, to which they had previously been blind. The world had never been seen before just as they have seen it. And, even if they have neglected ideas, design, beauty, and much else that is of the first importance in art—this will have to be discussed later on—that which they have given to art is not incompatible with these other things; and, the pioneer work of its discovery being accomplished, it can be, it is being, perhaps, in a measure, it has always been, pursued along with these other ends of art.

One of the oldest of the group of painters who became definitely known as Impressionists was not merely influenced by Corot, but became his pupil. This was Camille Pissarro, who was born in 1830, at St. Thomas, in the Antilles, his parents being French Jews. At an early age he was sent to France to be educated. At the age of seven-

teen he returned to St. Thomas, having while at school received sufficient instruction in drawing to enable him to continue his own art education. His father intended for him a commercial career; he wished to become an artist. The usual contest between business and art ended in favour of the latter. In 1855 he returned to France, and, attracted by the work of Corot, he sought that painter's advice and help. He had already accustomed himself to paint direct from nature, and Corot confirmed him in this practice—indeed, they painted together. Corot, at this time, was passing from his earlier to his later style, and had not yet become famous. It was not because he had a great reputation, then, that Pissarro sought him, but because he was ahead on the way that Pissarro himself wished to go. Pissarro devoted himself to landscape painting strongly, in sober greens and greys. He had varying fortune at the Salon, but was oftener accepted than refused. In 1866 he became acquainted with Manet, and passed into the circle of the café Guerbois, which included Monet, and others who were to become known as Impressionist painters. His landscapes became steadily, almost rapidly, more conspicuous for truth of atmosphere and light.

Claude Oscar Monet, who has just been mentioned, was born in Paris in 1840, and, like Pissarro, was the son of a merchant, whose head-quarters were at Havre; and at that great seaport the future painter spent his youth. He early showed a strong inclination towards art, and by the time he was fifteen years of age he had struck up a friendship with Boudin, who had then settled in Havre. Again there was the usual struggle between business and art, and the young Monet showed the strength of his determination by refusing the offer of his parents to purchase his exemption

from military service on condition that he would renounce art as a profession. Service in Algeria injured his health, whereupon his parents bought him out, and consented to his becoming a painter; and, in order that he might go through a regular training, they sent him to Paris to become the pupil of Gleyre.

This was in 1862. A year of academic study was more than enough for him, and the following year saw him leave the studio of Gleyre and come under the influence of Manet, an exhibition of whose works he then saw. Painting that, in tone, and colour, and light and shade, was closer to nature, appealed to him more strongly than the traditional methods of the schools. After painting, for a time, figure-subjects and figures in landscape, he devoted himself wholly to pure landscape. M. Duret notes that even in his figure-subjects it was the costume, rather than the face, upon which he spent his force; so that the transition to landscape was an easy one.

His pictures have always been painted entirely in the open air, face to face with the subject; and of any scene he has given, not a literal rendering of the permanent facts of it, but the effect of light and colour under which he saw it when he set himself to paint it. As soon as the transitory effect had passed he ceased to paint, beginning again only when the necessary atmospheric conditions repeated themselves. Landscape, to him, has meant not picturesque objects, but beautiful effects of light and colour; and he has realised the permanent facts only so far as was necessary to a record of the fleeting charm. "Under these conditions," says M. Duret, "Monet became able to fix on the canvas those fleeting appearances which had escaped the older landscape painters working in the studio. He pur-

sued so closely the varied effects and changes that take place in the open air that he could communicate the sensations that they evoked. His sunshine warms; his snow makes us shiver."

For several years he lived at Argenteuil, on the Seine, painting the river-scenery there and the shrubberies and the flowers in his garden. The siege of Paris by the Germans drove him to Holland, and from Holland he passed to England. Here, with Pissarro for companion, he studied the English masters—Turner, Constable, Old Crome, and others—and painted in the London parks and suburbs and on the Thames. Thus, a second time, French landscape painting, through two of its most original exponents, came under English influence. Just before writing these lines I received from M. Durand-Ruel, who was among the first supporters of the Impressionists, a copy of an article in *Le Gaulois*, the writer of which says: "Deriving from Claude Lorrain, the great master of landscape, Impressionism has learned the great lesson of truth that was so brilliantly taught by the masters of 1830, and, benefiting by the researches of a Turner, a Constable, a Bonington, it has completed the earnest and noble work of the landscape painters of 1830 by fixing on the canvas the subtle and radiant splendours of the atmosphere." Impressionism, clearly, is not an outcome of Parisian studio-life.

Not only the English landscape painters, but also English landscape itself, had its influence on these temporary exiles from sunny France. They found even the smoky haze and fog of London a pictorial asset. The article from which I have just quoted praises Monet's rendering of the transparent beauties of the Thames mists. The damp of our island climate, the varied colour of the London buildings

RAIN, STEAM AND SPEED

J. M. W. TURNER

and their variety and irregularity, and the frequent fitfulness of the sunshine, provide the artist with a wealth of subject compared with which the cold, formal beauty of Paris, in its clearer atmosphere, is poverty itself. So the French painters returned to their own country with more sensitive vision than they had previously enjoyed.

Like Pissarro, Monet had a chequered experience at the Salon. He first exhibited there in 1865. Manet, who saw the two marine subjects that were his contribution, suggested that the similarity of name enabled Monet to profit by his reputation. Then came alternations of acceptance and rejection, followed, as his individuality of style developed, by certainty of rejection. After 1880 he did not again send to the Salon. In France as in England—everywhere, indeed—art, like religion, has its Protestants, its Nonconformists, and, but for them, would perhaps not wholly die, but at the best would linger on, like one who in his dotage repeats ever the same things in the same monotonous way. And as the Nonconformists of religion have built for themselves places where they could worship as seemed to them best, so the Nonconformists of art refused admission to the exhibitions controlled by those who obey the academic law, have held their own exhibitions, and, after experiencing, for longer or shorter periods, derision or contemptuous neglect, have won recognition for whatever was vital and of enduring worth in their art. This was the course adopted by Monet and his fellow-Impressionists. They held separate exhibitions in 1874, 1876, 1877, and 1879; and eight exhibitions in all were held between 1874 and 1886.

It was as one consequence of the exhibition of 1874, held at the galleries of M. Nadar, in the Boulevard des Capucines, that the term Impressionism came into use. The

thirty exhibitors called themselves *La Société anonyme des artistes, peintres, sculpteurs et graveurs.* This was too long and too tame for one of their critics, who coined a more pithy title with the help of a picture exhibited by Monet. This was a view in a harbour, with lightly indicated boats becoming visible through a transparent haze through which gleamed the red hued sun. To this picture Monet gave the title: *Impression, soleil levant.* Thus unwittingly led by one of the exhibitors, visitors to the exhibition came to use the term *Impressioniste*, and within a few days a contemptuously unfavourable notice of the exhibition appeared in *Le Charivari* under the heading, *Exposition des Impressionistes.* It was not until after the lapse of several years that the name came into general use. The painters to whom it was applied disowned it at first because it was used only in a depreciatory sense. Eventually, however, unable themselves to find a better one, they adopted it.

By common consent Monet stands at the head of the Impressionist group. He is purely a landscape painter, and it has been therefore easier for him than for those who were also figure painters to devote himself exclusively to the interpretation of effects of light. I say interpretation, not record, because the work of the Impressionists has never been merely realistic, as was the Pre-Raphaelitism of Holman Hunt and Millais. Not only have they sought to register, not the mere fact, but the impression made by the fact; they have also stated the impression itself in terms of art. Their works are not lacking in design; neither form nor colour has been accepted just as nature, which by no means provides us with ready-made works of art, has set before the painter. The art may set aside the old conventions; but it is there, none the less.

WATERLOO BRIDGE

CLAUDE MONET

We have seen Monet taking refuge first in Holland and then in England during the German invasion of France, and returning to his own country strengthened in his artistic faith. Though a native of Paris he did not settle down there, but lived in the country, first at one place and then at another, in the valley of the Seine. From Argenteuil he passed to Vétheuil; and then, in 1886, he took up what proved to be a permanent abode at Giverny, near Vernon, in the meadows where the poplar-lined Epte is near to mingling its waters with those of the Seine. It is the kind of country that the traveller, with lakes and mountains in mind, calls tame; to Monet, with his subtle feeling for light and colour, it is full of beauty. When the poplars in the Seine valley were being cut down by thousands to make palisading for a Paris exhibition, Monet bought those near his own house to save them from threatened destruction. His chief recreation has been gardening, and his own garden has provided the subject of many a picture. His art is based on an intimate knowledge and love of nature. When he has left the Seine valley, it has been, in addition to the visits to Holland and England, to find change of scene and of mood of nature on the northern shores of France, on the Mediterranean coast, and in Norway.

Of the greatest significance for understanding the relation of the art of Monet to the nature with which he has lived in constant intercourse, are several series of paintings executed during his later years. For each series he had only one subject. Thus he painted twenty pictures of two haystacks in a neighbour's field, each from the same point of view. A second series had the façade of Rouen Cathedral for subject; a third, seven of his Giverny poplars; other subjects have been a morning on the Seine, water-lilies, views

on the Thames, and effects on the water of his garden-pond. In all these series—in fact, in all his pictures—the permanent objects were not the only, in fact not the main subject; they were rather its base or framework only. They may be compared to the fountain upon which are artificially thrown various combinations of coloured light. Monet's real subject in all these series was the varying effects, on the same objects, of the light and colour of nature. The haystack series showed seasonal as well as hourly changes; the poplars were studied through the changes of a day, from dawn till dusk. In each case the form was only sufficiently realised to support the light and colour, and was more than ever subordinated in the later series. Movement, vibration, shimmer, sparkle, gleam, glow—such fleeting things were Monet's true subject. With hard insistence on truth of form he could not have realised them. Nor to this end was formal composition essential, the composition that is indispensable when the painter does not make us forget the plane of canvas or paper upon which his picture is painted. How little of such composition there was in much of the best work of David Cox, whose central aim was closely akin to that of the Impressionists. We entirely forget the canvas in Monet's pictures. I shall have more to say about this shortly.

With the traditional composition went also the traditional chiaroscuro: so much light to so much shade; and the principal lights in such and such conventional positions. Away, also, went conventional colour and artificial half-tones. Monet's palette is, in brightness, as near as he can make it, the palette of nature, though he does not use it merely to imitate the actual, non-pictorial happening of colour in nature.

Let us now look more closely into Monet's impressionist methods. If the reader who is ignorant of the methods of modern process-reproduction will examine with a magnifying glass the illustrations in this book, he will find, probably not a little to his surprise, that they are impressionist pictures. When an ordinary photograph is magnified more detail can be seen in it than can be seen with the naked eye. A magnified process-reproduction becomes meaningless; it is composed of mechanically placed black or coloured dots, which to ordinary sight become buildings, people, trees, clouds, or what else is to be represented, but to the aided sight are merely dots. An impressionist picture consists of dabs of paint which, at a given distance, look like buildings, people, etc., but when seen quite close look only like what they are—dabs of paint. The realistic Pre-Raphaelite painter's brush-strokes follow the actual forms of various objects as closely as possible. The nearer we go to the picture the more detail we can see. When we go close up to an impressionist picture the brush-strokes are so unlike the object they serve quite well to represent when seen from a distance that it is quite easy to feel provoked, as if we had been made the victims of a trick. I never closely examine an impressionist picture without this feeling arising, along with admiration of the knowledge and skill implied in these meaningless marks becoming so full of meaning when seen from farther away. There are, of course, plenty of precedents for such a method outside the Impressionist school. Velasquez used it. "We are told," says Redgrave, "that Gainsborough got far from his canvas while painting his portraits, and that he used brushes with very long handles. There is no doubt that he so placed the canvas and the sitter that, by retiring, he could view both at an equal dis-

tance, and then, by means of the long-handled tools, he was enabled to give the general truth of tint and form without descending into minute details." Let these two precedents suffice by way of illustration. Monet only bettered the instruction of some of his most distinguished predecessors.

But why not give more detail and definition? Because, as we have already seen, in discussing the work of Constable and Boudin, the general effect cannot so well be obtained along with them. When we get the general effect of anything that is actually before us, particularly of objects at different distances, we do not, as has already been observed, see form clearly, but confusedly, owing to the stereoscopic character of our eyesight. This would be so even if all objects were perfectly motionless; but this they rarely if ever are. Oftener than not most of the things we see are in motion; and even if they are not, there is usually play of light and shade upon them. Oftener than not, also, we ourselves are moving, and then, relatively to us, everything we see is in motion, and therefore not seen distinctly. Even if we are standing still we glance from point to point, and this is sufficient to make fixed objects have some appearance of movement. I was standing recently with a painter in a busy London street. We were discussing the Impressionist School. He ridiculed what he considered to be their excessive zeal for representing movement. "Look at those buildings," he said, "they are not moving. Yet the Impressionists would blur them as they would the vehicles and the passers-by." And quite rightly so. One does not usually stand in the street; the upward and downward movement of walking, in addition to actual constant change of position, communicates to buildings the appearance of motion. Things are not as they seem; they seem not as they are;

and to paint them as they are, actually and momentarily, is not to paint them as they seem. I was once in the studio of the painter just referred to—he is a landscape painter—with another landscape painter, who said to him, "A——, the one thing your pictures lack is movement." The one thing this painter-critic seeks in his work is movement, though sought in Constable's way, not in that of Monet and his fellows; the other painter holds strongly to design. Perhaps we may be allowed to enjoy both these phases of art.

Monet, then, obtains the general effect of landscape by brush-work that ignores detailed truth of form. Not unseldom the touches, when seen even from the requisite distance to get the general effect, are obviously hardly even approximations to truth of form. Still, as we regard the picture as a whole, not examining it bit by bit, we do get the sense of movement, of vibration, of life. I am writing with a small, black-and-white reproduction of his *La Grenouillère*—a river bathing-scene—before me. The water, the boats, the trees, the people, are none of them truthfully drawn; I can see this, looking carefully, when several yards away from what is intended to be held in the hand; yet even when so held, the reproduction almost produces the illusion of one's actually standing upon the river-bank with the scene before one.

Again, Monet lays side by side touches of different colours that cannot be seen individually when the picture is looked at from the intended distance. They reach the eye as a single hue. This, also, is no new thing; but Monet made a new, or at least greater, use of it, through which his pictures obtain the effect of vibrating light that distinguishes them. We may put it that, in this case, the eye sees what

it cannot distinguish. It may be argued that there is no warrant for this in nature. But we are concerned here with effects, not with facts. All that we want to know is whether or not this method enables the painter to give on canvas or paper the impression of vibrating light. There can be no doubt that it does so, and this is sufficient justification when it is this effect that is sought.

In another respect, also, he and his companions and followers have departed from literal truth in order to achieve their end; they have exaggerated the violet in shadows. Mr. George Moore says that he once asked Manet, who adopted this method towards the end of his life, why he did so, and that the reply was, "One year one paints violet and people scream, and the following year every one paints a great deal more violet." People scream because they cannot see the violet shadows in nature. They are, in fact, not there. Why, then, put them on the canvas? Because the appearance to the eye of natural shadows does, by contrast, tend towards violet; and the exaggeration of this appearance on the canvas does increase the illusion of sunlight and shade there. Has not the reader seen in the shop-windows those provoking statuettes, coloured violet in some parts and bright red in others, which present completely the illusion of being illuminated from one side by a ruddy light? This is a vulgar trick. But the Impressionists have made use of this same means to obtain beautiful effects of light. We may say, paradoxically, that they attain to truth by the way of untruth.

I am reminded here of an essay on art written in 1874 by James Hinton, who was philosopher as well as man of science, surgeon, and philanthropist, and who, though numbered neither among the artists nor the critics, worked out

in this essay a theory of Impressionism, actually using the name, though in all probability without any knowledge of the work of the French painters—at least, the essay gives no evidence of such knowledge.

He says that in looking at pictures he has observed that they can be divided into three kinds—one, atrociously bad because the drawing has not an accurate resemblance to the objects intended to be delineated; another, in which the objects are accurately delineated; and a third, in which they are, as in the first kind, inaccurately delineated, and yet the general impression is true. To the first two he refuses the name of art. Of the third he says: "It is the art of doing right and doing wrong together; that is the thing in which the emotional faculties of men find their truest delight, so far as painting goes—I do not mean to speak of other arts. Now I believe, as to the inexplicable charm of a true painting upon us, which it produces quite independently of its subject or of any ideas which it is designed to express, which we feel almost more purely when there is nothing in the painting at all, and when unromantic, unsublime subjects are sought out, because then we get this peculiar charm of art alone, and feel it by itself there is a magic in it, a rightness and a wrongness that fascinates us—we don't know why, but we know this, that it is true to nature." Then he goes on to say that we know nature to be infinitely complex, "and that if a person puts down on a piece of canvas simply just so much of what presses upon his eye as he can reproduce upon a plain contracted surface with extremely gross fingers, as compared with the delicacy of Nature's, he does not represent *Nature;* he chooses out certain parts of her, and gives them all that belongs to them as far as he is able, but an innumerable

number of other things he totally leaves out. He says: 'These things have certain rights and I have given them.' But in giving them these rights he has left out an immense number of things which he could not put upon his canvas. If he delineates accurately a few objects, he does this at the expense of others."

And there is more than this. "But further," says Hinton, "nature does not consist merely of objects, even supposing he [the painter] was able to put them all on to his canvas, but it consists of objects bathed in light, and the painter has to paint this light as existing, this atmosphere which bathes them." Yet again, Hinton says that science represents nature, not as a mere aggregation of separate things, but "as a constant flux of forces, a constant process and series of changes, in which it can recognise action but knows nothing of substance. Now if art could be true to nature by representing a destined number of things side by side, there would be a conflicting representation. . . . As it is, it so happens there is really no fight, because Art has simply outstripped Science, making before her her own affirmations. For Art, whenever it becomes art at all, denies all *things*, and treats things with the utmost imaginable unconcern, making them to be anything which suits some other truth of nature. . . . Art represents nature as a process. The only pictures which your eye can regard with true complacency or judge as being true to nature show that photographic representation of objects is not the secret of art."

This analysis of art principles by one of the most penetrating of modern thinkers is surely of great value in relation to our immediate subject. It is all the more significant as coming from one who, as already said, was a

specialist neither in art nor in art-criticism. It seems to me not merely to justify the work of the Impressionists, and, indeed, much other work the same in general motive if not in particular method, but also to suggest a wide and fertile field for art-work in the future. I venture to quote one more passage from the essay: "I have looked at pictures a good deal, in order to make them tell me what were the rules and what the limits by which and up to which the painter might deviate from accuracy in his drawing, and I came to this conclusion—that there were no rules and no limits; that he might deviate in any way and to any extent; that there need be no shadow of resemblance between the patch of colour and the object it is supposed to stand for. The painter seems to act with absolute license, yet we know, of course, that he obeys an absolute law. What is the law? It evidently has no relation to the thing. The only law laid upon a painter is—that his sacrifice of the object shall be one that nature gives him a right to make; that he shall make it for her sake and not for his own; the sacrifice shall not be wanton, but for the sake of something else. The departure from accuracy must be a sacrifice of one claim to another."

How thin and superficial beside this deep and far-reaching analysis is the following saying of Burne-Jones, apropos of the Impressionists: "I think that nothing short of perfect finish ought to be allowed by artists; if unfinished pictures become common we shall arrive at a stage of mere manufacture, and the art of the country will be degraded." May we not say that the term manufacture is much more applicable to the picture finished to the last detail than to the picture, not really unfinished, but sufficiently finished for the end that the artist has in view?

Another saying of Burne-Jones's, already quoted, may be tested with reference to Monet's work. He said that though the Impressionists made atmosphere, they did not make beauty, design, or idea. Now Monet's work is beautiful to me, not merely because atmospheric effects are in themselves beautiful, but precisely because he did "make design." His pictures are no mere collections of badly-drawn objects placed just where he happened to see them. Though he has worked face to face with nature, it is easy to see that he has arranged to suit his own purpose what has been before him. Where there has been no reason to the contrary his pictures are as beautifully designed as those of the classical landscape painters, and in the same way. What reason could there be to the contrary? The very cogent one that, whereas the classical designer is thinking chiefly of the plane of his canvas, Monet has sought to forget it and to suggest the infinity of planes, reaching to the utmost bound of vision, in the scene before him. His design goes *into* the picture, not *across* it. Yet even then, lateral design, if I may so call it, is not excluded, it is merely subordinated to the main purpose of the picture. In the picture already referred to, *La Grenouillère*, the boats, and a little landing-platform, are so arranged as to draw the eye towards a little island with people on it almost in the centre of the picture; they do this as well as aid in producing the illusion of space. In his pictures of poplars, to be mentioned again hereafter, the trees on the bank of the winding river form a beautiful rhythm of lines. And examples might be multiplied. The existence of design has been denied merely because it has not been of the conventional kind.

Again, Monet has designed in colour. Here also painting

in the open air has not meant mere acceptance of what patches of colour were in the scene before him. Perhaps even Holman Hunt and Millais did not quite make this mistake; but they went nearly all the way to it, with the result, as I have already said, that much in their pictures escapes from the design in them. In Manet's pictures there is a harmonious play of colour from which it is no exaggeration to say that no particle escapes. I find in my note-book this entry with reference to his *Le Déjeuner* at the Luxembourg: "Purple greys and blues and grey-greens, running up into warm greens and yellows, and on, through the quiet red of the wall in shade, to the scarlet of geraniums and fuchsias." This is a prose record of colour the beauty of which it is a pleasure even to call up again before one. Of the same picture I have another note: "The black band and ribbons of the straw hat, hung in the tree, and the dark hue of the tray on which the coffee-pot stands, with the strong green of the basket, give the necessary foil to the delicate play of light and colour in the rest of the picture." I might quote similar notes of other pictures, but it is needless. Such things, of course, are the commonplaces of art. And it is to show that Monet has not overlooked these commonplaces that I have mentioned them.

We find, then, design, and therefore beauty, in Monet's pictures. What about ideas, which Burne-Jones also denies to the Impressionists? Here, of course, we have to recollect that Monet is purely a landscape painter; and we need not look for ideas unless we give the word a wide interpretation. If we do so interpret it we shall perhaps conclude that he does not fail in this respect, having felt deeply, and subtly painted, the air and the light without which there could be nor life nor beauty in the world. His pictures are so many

lyrics in praise of the wonder and beauty of what is not least wonderful and beautiful in nature.

One word more before we end these general remarks on his work. It may be said that even in effect Monet's work does not always resemble what we actually see; and in this particular, that the atmosphere is more in evidence in his pictures than it is actually to our sight. We may say that he represents it as a less subtle, a less transparent fluid than it actually is. Understanding that art is not nature, is there nothing to be said for rhetorical statement in art? Especially, surely, this is so with regard to the atmosphere, as, while the painter can only appeal to the sense of sight, we do actually both see—as in the blue of the sky and in haze and mist—and also feel the atmosphere; we feel it as the wind plays upon us, and as we, passing through it, meet with its resistance. We may say that in this, again, Monet fulfils Hinton's condition of being untrue only in order to be more true.

Monet has lived to win recognition for his art, and, with it, pecuniary reward; but for years the struggle was a hard one. "One must have the strength for such a fight," he has said. He has known what it is to be penniless, and hardly to earn a mere subsistence by selling his pictures for four pounds each. Now their value has increased a hundredfold, and in recent years his income has risen to thousands not a few, which the reader must take, as he will, either as evidence of a change of fashion only, or of some among the picture-purchasing public having learned to see the truth and the beauty of Monet's art. And still he paints and gardens at his home in the Seine valley.

We have seen Pissarro as the pupil of Corot and afterwards as the fellow-exile of Monet in England during the

German invasion of France in 1870. When he returned to his own country he settled in the little, but historic town of Pontoise, having as neighbours, in the village of Auvers, only four miles away, two other painters—Cézanne and Vignon. The three often worked together and exchanged ideas about art. Pissarro became, in one respect, almost a blend of Corot and Millet. He had Corot's sense of the charm of simple landscape, though he came to treat it less ideally; and his interest in the life and work of the peasantry approached that of Millet, though remaining subordinate to his interest in the landscape.

M. Duret says: "To define him by his characteristic trait, it may be said that he was the painter of rural nature and of rural life. He never sought for rare motives in nature, he did not think that the painter ought to seek out exceptional prospects. The places that went straight to his heart, where he found the most intimate charm, were such as can best be called familiar: the sloping ground planted with fruit-trees, the field ploughed or bearing the harvest, pasture-land, the village with its old houses, and surrounded with garden plots. This rural side of nature was as much to him as were to others the exceptional beauties that they discovered, and which they set themselves further to compose and to improve. He wished to improve nothing, restraining himself to the faithful portrayal of scenes previously held to be the most common, and as such despised and neglected. To him they seemed in nowise despicable; and he believed that art was latent in them and could be drawn from them."

But we have to say again of Pissarro as of Monet, that though he never idealised his landscapes so as to deprive them of the intimacy of affectionate portraiture, yet they

are not lacking in design. Our illustration shows this. And it shows also, as might be expected in the case of one who lived with nature as he did, that any neglect of form was no slight to nature, but that sacrifice of one truth for a truth believed to be higher, which we have already discussed. The summary treatment of the trees on the right in our illustration not only aids the atmospheric effect, but also serves to take the attention away to the left side of the picture, to which, indeed, the retiring perspective of the road, the figures, the more vigorous contrasts of light and dark, and the building above the trees, inevitably attract us; and here, where the eye is likely to rest, though there is no close rendering of detail, there is more suggestion of it.

The public and the critics cared nothing for Pissarro's intimate treatment of ordinary scenes; they saw no poetry in them, nothing worthy of so grand a thing as art; even when the country-side was seen, as he saw it, and showed it, suffused with vibrating light.

He devoted himself thus to painting direct from nature, seeking to record more and more subtly effects of light, going, indeed, at one time to the very extreme of technical experiment to accomplish this end, until he had reached the age of seventy years. Then an affection of the eyes, while not interfering with his sight, forbade him longer to paint in the open air. But he was not to be driven into retirement. He simply went to Rouen, and there from house windows painted the streets, the cathedral, the bridges, the quays. Then he went to Paris and worked similarly there, and lastly to Dieppe and Havre.

It is to such men as he that we owe the revelation of the beauty in our modern towns. They are often not beautiful rchitecturally, they are not beautiful as a whole and in

VIEW IN VINCENNES, SPRING

CAMILLE PISSARRO

themselves. But there is beauty to be drawn from them, even though, for the most part, they be commonplace, dull, or even ugly and dirty. Monet and Pissarro had discovered the artistic possibilities of London, and when he could no longer work in the fields, Pissarro did not forget the lesson. His town-scenes vibrate with light and movement; detail is sacrificed to general effect; but even in Paris—one might say, rather, in Paris especially—it is the general effect, the movement, the sparkle, the vivacity, that count. Looked at closely, most of the buildings are, in essential features and even in detail, mechanical—even if well-designed—repetitions of each other; and to study them closely is soon to grow weary. In seaport-towns it is eminently the general picturesqueness of houses and shipping, under varying conditions of light, that we enjoy; and in going to Dieppe and Havre to paint such things there, Pissarro was obeying a common human impulse, as well as a sure artistic instinct; and he was proving himself a follower, though one who had also learned much in the meantime, of Corot, of Jongkind, and of Boudin.

It must suffice merely to mention that he worked also as an engraver and lithographer. He was preparing, when over seventy-three years old, to paint another series of views of Paris, when a chill, succeeded by internal complications, ended fatally.

A third member of the group, Alfred Sisley, though of English parentage, was born, in 1839, in Paris, where his father carried on business. A business career was intended for him, but he declared for art, became a pupil of Gleyre, and counted among his fellow-students Monet and Renoir. Like so many of his contemporaries he modelled his art, to begin with, on that of Corot and Courbet. The war of

1870 ruined his father's business, and death soon following disaster, the young painter, already married and having children, found himself dependent upon his art for the subsistence of his family and himself. His chances of success were by no means increased by his adoption of the Impressionist methods of his friend Monet; and, in fact, he remained a poor man to the end of his days. In 1875 he offered twenty of his pictures for sale by auction, and they fetched the average price of a little over £4 each. A similar result followed the offer of eleven pictures in 1877. Sisley and Renoir used to get meals at a confectioner's—so many meals for a picture! Not long after his death, which took place in 1899, one of his pictures sold for over seventeen hundred pounds.

In France he painted chiefly in the country of the Seine and the Loing. During a visit to England in 1874 he painted on the Thames, at Hampton Court, and from May to October of 1897 he stayed in South Wales, painting there coast scenes and the sea. Notwithstanding his ill-success, it was the joyous side of nature that attracted him, the fresh beauty of the springtime, the opulence of summer. The brightness of his colour was one of the hindrances to his finding favour with the public of his day. His technique was modelled on that of Monet. Whereas, however, Monet and Pissarro devoted themselves in at least the greater part of their work to the country, Sisley chose the suburbs of Paris, and showed the pictorial content of the places where town and country seem to be battling for pre-eminence. A view up a quite commonplace suburban lane becomes beautiful when he expresses it in terms of sun and shade; so does a highway when it becomes *un effet de Neige*. Ford Madox Brown, one recollects, made a picture of a

Manchester suburban lane. The thing is common enough now; and even those who do not make pictures of everyday town and suburban scenes still, in increasing numbers, see them as they pursue their daily work. How much of this added pleasure in life do we not owe to the Impressionists?

Paul Cézanne, already mentioned in connexion with Pissarro, was born at Aix, in Provence, in 1839. He was a fellow-student of Emile Zola; his father was a wealthy banker, and it was intended that he himself should become a lawyer; but he wearied of his legal studies, abandoned them, and determined to become a painter. In Paris he came under the influence first of Delacroix and then of Courbet. From Courbet he passed to Manet, and then, in 1873, he went to live at Auvers, there, as we have seen, came into close companionship with Pissarro, whom he had already met in Paris, and became a *plein air* painter. Up to this time all his pictures, even his landscapes, had been painted in the studio. He had vainly presented his pictures at the door of the Salon, and it was largely on this account that he joined the Impressionists, and was an exhibitor at their first exhibition in 1874.

He had never gone through a regular course of training, was unskilled as a draughtsman, and his works, by consent even of his admirers, depend for their value on their colour. Yet some of those who can accept the other Impressionists, and even some of those who work in the same spirit and manner, shake their heads when they come to Cézanne. M. Duret tells an amusing story, illustrating the difficulties of his admirers who, he says, became a growing nucleus, composed of artists, connoisseurs, and collectors, forming a kind of sect, penetrated by a sort of fanaticism, in which he was placed in the very front rank. Herr von Tschudi,

Director of the National Gallery at Berlin, purchased, in 1899, for the Gallery, pictures by Manet, Degas, Pissarro, Monet, Sisley, and Cézanne. Whereupon there was much heated discussion. The Emperor William heard the noise, wished to know what it was all about, and announced his intention of visiting the Gallery to see the much-debated pictures. The Director thought—and M. Duret supports him—that the Cézanne was the weakest part of a case which the Emperor was not likely to think very strong at the best; so he removed it. The Emperor did not think much of the Impressionist works, and ordered them up to the second floor. When he had gone, the Director replaced the Cézanne with its companions! M. Duret says that when, on one occasion, he told this story in Paris, an auditor said that an emperor could not be expected to feel anything but horror at such anarchist painting as that of Cézanne. He was called a *Communard* when first he exhibited in 1874. Such epithets almost excuse me from an attempt to describe his work. I might almost do so, however, in language that could be held applicable to communism—they are formless and manifest a passion for light. In his private life, says M. Duret, Cézanne "is a wealthy citizen, conservative, Catholic, who could not think of himself as suspected of being an insurgent, and who has given all his time to art, leading the most regular life, and entirely worthy of esteem!" Really it seems as if one of Mr. George Moore's aldermen had strayed into, not merely the criticism, but the practice of art, and shown that his kind was capable of reaching the very antipodes of Philistinism!

The Impressionists spoken of hitherto have been chiefly or wholly landscape painters. Pierre-Auguste

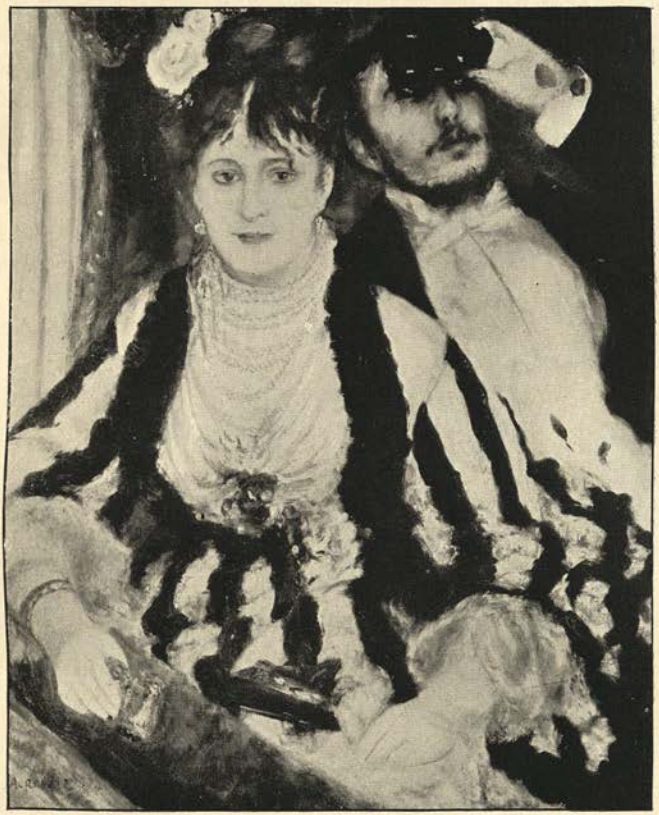
Renoir has applied the new methods almost entirely to figure subjects.

He was born in 1841 at Limoges, where his father was a tailor in a small way of business, but parental desire of an increase of fortune was the occasion of the future painter's being taken to Paris when he was about four years old. The better fortune did not come. Each of the tailor's five children had, as soon as possible, to begin to earn money, and between the ages of thirteen and eighteen the young Auguste worked as a painter on porcelain, and hoped to get employment in the manufactory at Sèvres. But machinery was invented to do the painting that hitherto had been done by hand, and he had to find another occupation. He became a painter of blinds, and in three or four years had saved sufficient money to enable him to enter the studio of Gleyre, there, as we have seen, to make the acquaintance of Monet and Sisley. From 1864 to 1870 he was regularly accepted at the Salon, but in 1872 and 1873 he met with the fate that came to all the Impressionist group as their individuality in treatment of light and colour developed, and in 1874 he joined them in the first separate exhibition in the Boulevard des Capucines. Here his *La Danseuse* and *La Loge* came in for their full share of the general ridicule with which the exhibition as a whole was received. To the exhibition of 1876 he sent eighteen works, and in 1877 he exhibited, amongst other pictures, *The Swing*, and *The Danse at Montmartre*, or *Moulin de la Galette*, both of which now form part of the Caillebotte collection in the Luxembourg Galleries.

Financially, as well as in repute, Renoir fared no better than his companions. Like them he had hard work to make both ends meet. Sales by auction brought him about

the same return as they brought to the others—an average price of about four pounds a picture. He resorted to portrait painting, and this both kept the pot boiling and, as it happened, obtained for him admission to the Salon. He received, through the instrumentality of a friend, commissions to paint the portraits of Madame Charpentier, a lady with much influence in literary and artistic circles, and of Mademoiselle Jeanne Samary, a member of the *Comédie-Française*, and a public favourite. Refusal of these portraits was impossible, and they were well hung in the Salon of 1879. Thereafter he was generally accepted at the Salon, and he contributed also to most of the separate Impressionist exhibitions.

Though Renoir has painted landscapes, he has been above all a figure painter, and it is chiefly his pictures of women and children that dwell in the mind. To this work he brought the landscape methods of Impressionism; his people live amid light and air, which, we might almost say, are as living as the people. Sunlight, sometimes clear, sometimes broken with shadows, plays upon face and form, and when the light is merely diffused, we feel the presence of the air; his people must be breathing it; as they walk or dance, it will eddy and swirl about them. He is also a colourist, or one might better say a painter of variously, brilliantly coloured light. His colour may not please; it does not please all who admire his work; but he is certainly sensitive to colour, and uses it fearlessly, not shirking the difficulty of combining harmony with brilliance and variety. His use of purple for shadows was one great offence in the eyes of the orthodox thirty years ago. He has sought to express the infinitely varied brilliance of nature in terms of art. The colour plays upon us; when we analyse it, when



LA LOGE A. RENOIR

we note how the prevailing colours are relieved and intensified by sparing use of their complementaries, we realise that he composes in colour instinctively, as a poet finds rhythm and a musician harmonies of sound.

But though he is thus sensitive to light and colour, his people are not mere screens upon which effects are thrown. They live, and live individually. The choice of subjects for portrait painting, especially portraits of women and children, is usually too much governed by ability to pay long prices both for the portraits and for dress. Renoir loves to paint women and children of what we call the middle, the lower middle, and the working classes. He shows us the ordinary people of Paris as they are ordinarily to be seen at home and in the places of public resort. In the houses, at the theatre, in the streets, in the gardens of the Luxembourg, in the Champs Elysées, we are constantly seeing Renoirs in a natural state. He paints no problem-pictures; he does not look at the dark side of life. His people are in a normal condition, if to be normal is to be contentedly happy. Madame Charpentier is happy to be with her two daughters, and they to be with their mother, with each other, and with the big dog that one of them uses as a seat. The young mussel-gatherers are happy to be gathering mussels. Dancers are happy, whether in outdoor dress at Bougival or in evening dress in Paris. The boating people, who are talking after their meal at a table under an awning, are—as we find, when we can take our eyes away from the subtle play of light and colour and look at them individually—enjoying themselves just as we all enjoy a day on the river when we get the chance of it; and the individuality of attitude and expression is almost startlingly true. We envy the happy unconsciousness of the girl who has fallen asleep with her

cat on her knee; the relaxed muscles tell of sleep. We envy the painter who can show so marvellously how the direct and the reflected light plays on her flesh, and on her dress, the cat, and the chair, and the floor, emphasising in everything its peculiar texture. How happy, also, are the two girls, one of whom tries a piece of music on the piano, while the other stands by her, and how unaffectedly natural they are in attitude and expression. Renoir takes us into the company of Parisians who are not "gay," but happy; and we feel the happier for having been with them.

Several women-painters have to be included either in the Impressionist group or amongst its allies. Of these, Berthe Morisot comes certainly within the group, and was not the least interesting member of it, not merely on account of her sex, but of the high merit of her work. She was born at Bourges in 1841, and belonged to a family in which the pursuit of art was a tradition. Her grandfather was an architect; her father was an enthusiastic amateur who studied in the *École des Beaux Arts* and travelled in Italy and other classical lands of art. Both Berthe and one of her sisters, Edma, received an art training. In 1862 they made the acquaintance of Corot, and by him they were recommended as pupils to Oudinot, a painter who worked in his manner, and by 1864 they were both exhibitors at the Salon. Edma, who was the elder of the two sisters, abandoned painting on her marriage in 1868; Berthe, who, as well as her sister, had made the acquaintance of Manet, continued to paint, and also sat to Manet for several of his pictures. Under his influence she began figure painting, all her earlier work having been landscape. After 1873 she ceased to exhibit at the Salon, and joined the independents in their first exhibition of 1874, in which year also she was

married to Manet's brother, Eugène. At a later date she adopted the methods of Monet and Renoir, sacrificing detail and firmness of outline in order to place her figures and her landscape within the atmosphere and to irradiate them with light. There is singular—womanly, it may be frankly said—charm and grace in her work. Her landscapes worthily carry the Corot influence into the new time and manner, and in her figure painting her young girls are particularly delightful. One might search the world of art through and not find young life more sympathetically interpreted. As we look at her pictures we wish to meet these children, to draw them out, to have life made better for us by their freshness and simplicity, and, at times, to find why they look, as children will look, so gravely earnest.

Her draughtsmanship was accomplished, and she had a fine sense of colour. Both for the technical quality of her work and her feeling for the beauty of nature and her subtle interpretation of character, she well deserves the equal place she holds with the male members of the group. Frail and of a nervous temperament, she died in 1895 at the early age of forty-four.

It does not come within the scope of such a general sketch as this book obviously must be to attempt an exhaustive list of the painters of any school or country. I do not, therefore, curiously inquire whether or not I am naming all those who in a full enumeration should be included in the Impressionist group. The name of Guillaumin, another of the landscape painters, should be mentioned. For the rest, it must be enough if I have succeeded in showing what were the aims and the achievement of those who were most prominent in the movement. Of others who have variously adopted its principles there will be something

to be said hereafter. I have now to turn to those who, working and exhibiting along with the Impressionists, and influencing them and being influenced by them, are still not strictly to be counted as of their number.

First among these must come Manet, who has been named already more than once or twice, and who and whose work, it may be said, ought to have been discussed earlier. My reason for leaving him so long is that I wished to trace the Impressionist movement without confusing it with other considerations.

Edouard Manet was born in Paris in the year 1832. His father was a judge; the family was legal by tradition. He passed through a regular educational course, and took a degree in letters. An uncle who was a colonel in the artillery taught him to draw. He showed marked ability; but his father would not hear of his becoming an artist. He was sent on a voyage to Rio de Janeiro as a distraction from art, but to no purpose. He sketched on board ship. Further resistance was seen to be useless, and in 1850, at the age of eighteen, he became, as we have already seen, a pupil of Couture. Manet must have felt his instruction to be valuable, for he stayed with him six years, acquiring a strong bent towards realism.

This apprenticeship over, he set out on his travels. In Holland he was influenced by Franz Hals—permanently, as the event proved. He passed to Germany, visiting Cassel, Dresden, and Munich, and also Prague and Vienna. At Munich he copied Rembrandt. Then he went on into Italy, to Venice, Florence, and Rome; and was especially impressed by the great Venetians, particularly by Titian and Tintoretto, whose paintings in the Louvre he copied after his return to Paris. He also, with more important

results, copied Velasquez, and the great Spanish master's influence on his work became very marked, and was strengthened by a visit to Spain in 1865. Couture had taught him to test tradition by reference to nature; realism was impressed upon him by another contemporary master, Courbet; of all the old masters whom he studied, Franz Hals and Velasquez influenced him most. Each of these men was a great master of the brush; Velasquez, by common consent, the very greatest. Each was a colourist, in the sense not of brilliance, but of deep harmony; Velasquez, again, of the greatest. Each set men and women upon the canvas with convincing truth—Hals with the truth of external appearance and passing mood, Velasquez so that what life's experience has added to what came by birth and breeding seems to be revealed, and the finally formed character to stand naked before us as if for judgment. Such were the men from whom Manet assimilated all of them of which he was capable.

Those who were in authority soon pronounced against the art of Manet as revolutionary. Indeed, it must have seemed to them anarchic, threatening the ruin of art in a welter of license. The tradition derived from the Italian Renaissance then held sway over artists, critics, and the general public. Long use had made the artificial seem natural. Contact with life and nature was regarded as an unholy thing. The art practised, taught, and admired in Paris concerned itself with anything rather than the country around Paris, the look of the city, and the look and the life of the people in it. Delacroix, who treated historical subjects with an approach to realism, was regarded as a dangerous innovator. Courbet, who carried realism still further, and pictured the life of his own time, was

accursed; he knew not the classical law—nay, worse, he deliberately broke it. Corot's idyllic interpretation appealed in vain to those who could see and yet were blind.

At the Salon of 1859 Manet's *Absinthe Drinker* was rejected; but, in 1861, two pictures by him, a double portrait of his father and mother and a vivacious study of a Spanish guitar player, were accepted, and for the latter he actually received honourable mention. This did not prevent the picture he sent to the next biennial exhibition from being rejected. It was the *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*, which now hangs in the Moreau collection at the Louvre. The Salon of 1863 is remarkable in the history of French art, because the large number of rejections, which included works by such men as Harpignies, Jongkind, Cazin, J. P. Laurens, Pissarro, Fantin-Latour, Legros, Manet, and Whistler, led Napoleon III to grant permission for the opening of another exhibition, which received the name of *Salon des Refusés*. In 1865 the authorities of the Old Salon, warned by the consequences of their wholesale rejections in 1863, were more catholic; and they admitted Manet's *Olympia*, which now hangs in a prominent place in one of the large galleries of the Louvre.

It is necessary to say something about the subjects of these pictures. The *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* represents two men, in modern dress, seated on the grass near a river-side. By them is also seated a woman entirely nude, her clothing lying on the ground with the basket of bread and fruit of which the picnic-lunch consists. Beyond this group another woman, only partially dressed, is standing up to her knees in the river. The two men are eagerly engaged in conversation. In the *Olympia*, an anæmic-looking woman, completely nude, is lying on a couch facing the spectator; a

negress has entered the room, bringing her mistress a bouquet of flowers; a black cat which has come in with her stands at the foot of the couch.

It is commonly said that to Manet himself these pictures were but technical experiments; he merely wished to observe and render human flesh under various conditions of light. This can be done without giving offence or causing discomfort to the most sensitive. But even enthusiastic admirers of Manet's art find it necessary to mention these pictures more or less apologetically. They were more than an experiment; they were a challenge. Manet knew they would give offence. To think otherwise is to think him a fool. The Italian masters had painted similar subjects; every one admired such things when they had come from the hand of Titian or Giorgione. Manet's contemporaries painted the nude, but in a conventional way, minimising if not wholly avoiding offence. His *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* is his uncompromising modern equivalent for Giorgione's *Concert Champêtre*, his *Olympia* is his equivalent for Titian's reclining Venus. There is no need to discuss the significance of the challenge. Perhaps it lacked even more than good taste and wisdom. So did others of Manet's works, thus making possible such charges as have often been made indiscriminately against the French realistic painters. All that need be said further is that such pictures become historical documents, and though Mr. George Moore says that Manet banished the subject from art, the subjects of such pictures as these are likely to find material for future essayists on the social and ethical problems of the nineteenth century, and not of that century alone. One may add, also, that it is not a little hard on art, somewhat selfish of the average sensual man and the apologist of art for art's

sake, to grant it the treatment of such subjects, and to deny it the treatment of others which may certainly be called higher, and are not incompatible with technical experiment and accomplishment.

Manet did, indeed, paint a picture of angels supporting the body of the dead Christ, which, again, we find appreciated as technique, and also, by implication, as making no appeal to religious feeling. There is a famous *Entombment* by Titian in the Louvre, of which Mr. George Moore says that all Titian saw when he painted it was "a contrast—a white body, livid and dead, carried by full-blooded, red-haired Italians, who wept, and whose sorrow only served to make them more beautiful." Perhaps, then, Manet, in his picture, was explaining how the Italians of the full Renaissance regarded sacred subjects, and maintaining that they ought always to be regarded thus. If so, one repeats it was not kind to art.

None of these pictures, of course, had for subject anything that Manet could not study and paint from model and object—his dead Christ is only a model. Much later in life he painted an historical subject—the execution of the Emperor Maximilian; but this was an exception. He did some illustrations for Mallarme's translation of Edgar Allan Poe's "Annabel Lee"; but the illustration of "A Kingdom by the Sea" showed an ordinary watering-place, with a nursemaid and children on the sands. Manet had not the gift of imagination. Like Browning's Lippo Lippi, he saw, not visions, but

> The shapes of things, their colours, lights, and shades,
> Changes, surprises;

and certainly he saw, also, in his own way, "the value and significance of flesh." And shapes, colours, lights, and

shades he sought ever more truthfully to record. This was a passion with him. There was a time during which he saw as he had learned from Velasquez; there came a time when his sight became more independent. But a large part of the attraction that such masters as Franz Hals and Velasquez had for him, as compared with those most in vogue in his time, was the individuality, the directness of their outlook.

Not that Manet, in escaping from the conventions in which art was too closely confined, ceased to be an artist. The realistic side of our own Pre-Raphaelite movement came near, at least, to making this mistake. Manet only changed the methods of art to enable it more fully to interpret life and nature. The conventional colour and light and shade are absent from the *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*. But the figures are skilfully grouped and are pictorially related, both in grouping and in colour, to the landscape. Green and brown and grey, passing into black towards one end of the scale, and to a warm tint, approaching white, in the flesh of the nude figure towards the other, are the prevailing colours. The canvas, as a whole, has a sober, cool effect; what would otherwise be monotony is relieved by the blue of the woman's dress, and by the restricted use of quiet reds, as in the fruit and the tie of the man to the right. Tradition lingers in the treatment of the landscape, and there is as yet no approach to subtle rendering of atmospheric effect. Manet was consciously treating an old theme in a modern way, and in doing this he could not but to some extent suggest the old.

In the *Olympia*, again, where the colour-scheme is in warmer tones, it is carried through the picture, and has no less art because it is more natural than the conventions of the older painters. Again the traditional proportions and

arrangement of light and shade are set aside, but there is only a change, not a neglect of art. A lack of modelling, noted when the picture was first exhibited, is obvious, and shows that, though Manet impatiently resented Courbet's criticism to this effect, he had still something to learn.

In choosing such subjects as these Manet was still thinking of the past, even if in the way of challenge and protest against its excessive influence. *The Guitarero*, *The Fifer*, *The Bull-Fight*, *The Man Drinking*, and other pictures were plainly reminiscent of Velasquez.

It may safely be said that his acquaintance with the work of Franz Hals made him see more readily than otherwise he would have done, that the stout, jolly-looking engraver, Belot, comfortably seated in his arm-chair smoking his clay pipe, and holding his glass of beer, though it stands on the table—as if to protect it from the disaster many a glass of beer has met with from the clothing of a hasty passer by—was a good subject for a picture. Every one says, it cannot but be said, that this portrait, to which the painter gave the title *Le Bon Bock*, is reminiscent of Hals. It is so because Hals saw truly, and because he painted the portraits of men and women not distinguished from the mass of their fellow-beings by any particular graces of form or character. The average man and woman were his subject. Such is the comfortable-looking man, so carefully guarding his *bon bock*, whom Manet has put before us, with close appearance of actuality, so that we can take the same kind of delight in the picture as the uninitiated take in the fiddle realistically painted on the Chatsworth door. But the delight goes deeper than this. Not only does the man almost seem to be there before us, but the painter has so interpreted the character of the man that we get into

sympathetic relation with him. He is one with much experience—of a kind—of life, which, fat and jolly-looking as he is, has not, does not now, give him all he craves for. Good humour is obvious, but in and about the light there plays a shade. Those who are born to trouble know that here is one of their kith and kin. This is no *Laughing Cavalier*—though him, also, we are glad to have. Manet has gone deeper than Hals was wont to go. Nor was the portrait painted as the portraits of Hals were painted. Not one or two, but over eighty sittings are said to have been given before the canvas was held to be complete. Manet, in fact, took endless trouble with his work, and through this labour became a consummate workman. So far as he was an Impressionist it is clear that Impressionism and careless workmanship are not synonymous.

Whether he or Monet is to be considered the founder of Impressionism may be left as a point in dispute. He actually applied the word "impression" to his own work. After he had been excluded from the collections of French Art in the Universal Exhibition of 1867, he held a separate exhibition of his own pictures, which he put forward as sincere works, and said, "It is the effect of sincerity to give a painter's works a character that makes them resemble a protest, whereas the painter has only thought of rendering his impression." It was in 1870, while painting in the open air, that he was first so strongly affected by the effects of light and atmosphere which the Impressionists have set themselves to render, and which afterwards entered largely into his work. We need not discuss precedence in point of date. Monet's name must always be more closely associated with Impressionism, in the sense understood here, than that of Manet, because, painting always in the country

and the open air, and living and working so many years after Manet's death, Monet has been the leader of the Impressionists, whether or not he was the first clearly to apprehend and exalt into a principle that after which others had been dimly feeling.

Manet was a Parisian. What is meant by this may, for our immediate purpose, be expressed negatively by saying that he was not a Puritan. He was, apart from his art, an average man of the Parisian world. There is much in that world that the average Englishman does not like—we think of Matthew Arnold's word—lubricity. Let us say the Englishman is right. Still, the work of a Parisian painting life as it is in Paris may be good art, and, at least, has actuality. One-half Paris, however, can criticise the other half; and Manet's pictures were not always rejected at the Salon as bad art, but as bad morals, and likely to induce bad morals. Such was the fate of *Nana*. Herr Muther says of Manet's Parisian studies, and of this picture in particular: "In tender, virginal, light grey tones, never seen before, he depicted in fourteen pictures exhibited at a dealer's the luxury and grace of Paris, the bright days of summer and soirées flooded with gaslight, the faded features of the fallen maiden and the refined *chic* of the woman of the world. There was to be seen 'Nana,' that marvel of audacious grace. Laced in a blue silk corset, and otherwise clad merely in a muslin smock with her feet in pearl-grey stockings, the blonde woman stands at the mirror painting her lips, and carelessly replying to the words of a man who is watching upon the sofa behind." Another writer praises the technique of the picture, and says that the subject was harmless enough. The authorities at the Salon rejected the picture. Quite right, we say, from our average English

CONCERT AUX TUILERIES

EDOUARD MANET

point of view. Yet does any one ever cry for the rejection at the Royal Academy of portraits of women who are, perhaps, of impeccable conventional morals, yet are most expensively dressed and bedecked with jewels, notwithstanding the Christian injunction against riches, and insistence on their evil power? Millais was an Englishman, and he painted the portraits of those who could afford to pay many hundreds of pounds for the distinction; and he made the return he got in money one test, at least, of real success in art. Manet was a Parisian, and he painted *Nana*, and *A Bar at the Folies-Bergères*. But Paris did not mean only this to him. *Boating* may be taken to represent the Parisian holiday-making on the sea, and is as wholesome as any English yachting picture. By the way, M. de la Sizeranne, in his criticism of English painting, blames our artists for often letting the edge of the frame cut off awkwardly the figures in their pictures, and says that they often do not use canvas large enough for their subjects. In this picture of Manet's we have a fragment of a boat, a fragment of a sail, and a fragment of a girl. The legs of the man who is steering the boat are only not cut off by the frame-edge because they are hidden behind the girl's dress. *Spring : Jeanne*, is a charming picture of a girl walking out in the sunshine, the play of light being the chief motive of the work. Manet accepted—perhaps he never had any alternative—the life into the midst of which he was born, and used his art to interpret it. His pictures, therefore, will be, for the future, historical documents.

How true this is already of one of his pictures here reproduced, *Le Concert aux Tuileries sous le Second Empire*. The reproduction suffices to show that the picture is an impression. There is the indistinctness that movement gives; the

picture has the air of actuality. Here is all the bustle of a crowd. The scene has been taken in as a whole; that is to say, it has been looked at pictorially, not analytically. A colour-scheme runs through the picture. The prevailing colours are black, gold, and green; and there are notes here and there of olive and dull red. The half-century that has nearly elapsed since the picture was painted has brought, needless to say, change after change in costume. In this the picture becomes historic. Then some of those who seem almost to live before us are historic personages. Here are Offenbach and his wife, Baudelaire, Théophile Gautier, Fantin Latour, Manet himself, and others. Manet did bring art into closer touch with nature and life and the actual appearance of things.

The reproduction of the portrait of Mademoiselle Eva Gonzalès, who was a pupil of Manet, is a happy illustration of one side of his art. It is admirable both in action and expression. The fair painter is intent upon her work, yet, it not being true that people cannot do two things at once, she is either interested in something that is being said to her, or in thoughts of her own apart from the work she is doing. The reproduction shows how vivacious is the portrait, and how well the picture is composed; something also can be seen of the breadth yet subtlety of the lighting. The colour is quiet yet rich, the greys, blues, browns, and sober flesh tints are forced out by the black hair, sash, and vase in the picture within the picture, and relieved by the hues of the flowers.

A portrait of his sister-in-law, Berthe Morisot, is a fine realisation of mood. Fan in hand, and as if weary after some social function, she has thrown herself down upon a couch, and half sitting, half reclining, is deep in a

MLLE. EVA GONZALÈS EDOUARD MANET

reverie which brings upon the mobile features and to the eyes that see an inward vision, an expression of thoughtfulness that either is, or is near to, sadness. It is a portrait of which one instinctively uses the word noble. And, again, not only is the picture humanly lovely and true, it is also beautiful as art; the figure and its accessories are well placed within the area of the canvas, the light and shade are well balanced, the colour is harmonious.

Manet, as we have seen, said that an artist's sincerity might look like a protest. It is difficult to think that there were not, at times, in his art protest and challenge. Anyhow, he met with bitter antagonism. He felt it deeply. He had high spirit, and the opposition spurred him on. But it also exhausted him, and he died, worn out, at the early age of fifty-one.

Another of the allies of the Impressionists, often, indeed, counted as one of them, is Edgard Degas, who was born in Paris in 1834. M. Duret says of him: "We have not included Degas among the Impressionists, although he always exhibited with them, and is to-day generally classed with them; but this is because the name Impressionist has become so vaguely used as to lose all precision. If we wish to be exact, we must hold Degas apart from the Impressionists; his origins, the nature of his art, distinguish him from them. To count him as one of them is, indeed, to go contrary to his own wish. He has personally always refused the title Impressionist. When, at the exhibition of 1887, those who really showed the qualities that had given rise to the name finally adopted it, he opposed it to the utmost. Degas has nothing in common with the Impressionists but his colour, which he owes to them in part. For the rest, he has never, like them, systematically painted in the open air,

which is distinctive of them, and his technique is of another kind. He has his point of departure in the classical tradition, he is above all things a draughtsman. His ancestors are Poussin and Ingres. One finds in his early days an admirable copy of *The Rape of the Sabines*, and designs executed according to the methods of Ingres. His own first work was a Semiramis, conceived in the pure spirit of historical painting, to which the Impressionists were always indifferent or hostile."

Degas was the pupil of Ingres, who hoped great things of him—hoped that he would be faithful to and exalt the classical tradition. It was Degas who carried Ingres from his studio when he fell down in the fit which ended only with his death. As another instance of the nature of his early studies, a copy may be mentioned that he made of Holbein's portrait, in the Louvre, of Anne of Cleves. This copy is now in the collection of M. Durand Ruel. An early work of his was an *Interior of an American Cotton-Broker's Office*, remarkable for its minute elaboration of detail. This was modern enough. His first contribution to the Salon, however, was a pastel having for its subject *War in the Middle Ages*. One thinks of Millais, beginning as an emulator of the classical Etty and ending as a realist, though in an English way, as Degas did in a Parisian way.

The change in art, which was gathering force about the mid-century, so strongly influenced the work of Degas that, after 1870, he, the pupil of Ingres, ceased to exhibit at the Salon, and joined with Manet, Monet, and the rest in their separate exhibitions. For all that, as it has been said, he never became strictly an Impressionist. While they became devotees of light and atmospheric effect, draughtsmanship, action, and colour are the most conspicuous qualities of his

work. The Impressionists came early under the influence of Corot and Courbet. Ingres was to them the leader in a hostile camp. But enemies are not hostile in every particular; and Degas could turn away from the Salon and join himself to the Impressionists without wholly adopting their point of view—which, after all, was only *one* point of view—and without finding it necessary to forget all he had learned from Ingres. He did, however, become a colourist, and he put aside subjects taken from legend and history, to interpret as best he could the life of his own day.

Like Manet a Parisian, his outlook and his choice of subject have been determined by his environment. As Millet, the peasant, cared only to interpret the life of the peasant, so Degas, the townsman, has cared only to interpret the life of the town. And, it has to be said, it is the life with which "the man about town" becomes familiar that has been the main subject of his art. If all the Impressionists and their allies had limited themselves to such subjects as Degas has almost invariably chosen, there would have been much justification for the judgment passed upon Impressionism by Mr. Holman Hunt and others, to which allusion has frequently been made here. "Impressions of a ballet dancer," a phrase of one of Ruskin's pupils that comes to mind, was probably used with reference to the work of Degas; but we must have regard to the movement as a whole; we must not forget Renoir's many renderings of the sweeter, more wholesome side of Parisian life; and when we come to such work as that of Degas' American pupil, Miss Mary Cassatt, we shall find to what irreproachable uses his methods can be put. Again, we have to ask if he has regarded the seamy side of town life cynically. Has it made him bitter? He has long been a recluse. Mr. George

Moore sees cynicism in his realistic renderings of what is rather the naked than the nude. The whole question of realism in literature and art looms up before us. We recollect that Zola was the champion of Impressionism. There is an idealism that will not walk along a street for fear of soiling its boots. Is there also a realism that, sick of this unreality, tramps in the mud by way of protest? There is certainly a monastic, a negative ideal of goodness to-day that does not hide itself away in monasteries, that even thinks itself actively good, is apparently, and often in intention, beneficent, but in a cold, passionless way. It is so respectable as to get itself mistaken for real goodness; but it is evil and a root of evil. It was recognised and labelled nigh two thousand years ago by one whose name is reverenced by those who mistake it for real goodness. English art, reflecting English life, has honoured it. There is deeper mischief in this than in Degas' impressions of ballet-girls, whatever may have been his motive in painting them; for however wonderful his skill, however beautiful his pictures may be as art, they wring from us the cry, "O the pity of it!"

In earlier years he made the race-course the theme of many pictures. Here the draughtsmanship asserts itself; his colour, though harmonious, has not come to the full. The horses are fine in action and in animal character. The jockeys and the spectators are convincingly true. The mere drawing of an open carriage becomes a miracle under his hand. Yet there is no laboured definition.

The theatre scenes, which came later, are marvels of colour, light, gesture, and movement. The light glares and gleams, the colour seems to tremble and change before us; the dancers are flitting across the stage. But however fugitive all may seem, the draughtsman is always in evidence.

DANSEUSES EN SCENE — EDGARD DEGAS

The splendour—the barbaric splendour of the ballet, shall we say?—has been transferred to paper or canvas so as to lose little of its actuality, so as to seem hardly a motionless imitation of the thing itself. Witness the picture reproduced in colour in this book, which is a triumph of realism in terms of art. Is Degas alive to the degradation, the horror, that too often underlie the glamour and the beauty? Does he wish us to see that the dead are there? Is there any Hogarthian purpose in his work? I do not know. I have shown the reproduction just mentioned to not a few people, and not only to those with a narrow range of experience, and the degradation obvious in the faces of the dancers has almost invariably so impressed them that they have hardly been able to bring themselves to consider the skill of the work, the vivid sense of movement, and the beauty of the colour. These girls are human moths, heedlessly because ignorantly light-hearted, singeing not the body only, but the spirit in the flame. I will not moralise, at any rate any more than to say that such evil as this will not be ended until the average of that which accounts itself good has been lifted to a higher plane. A friend once remarked to me, after we had witnessed such a scene as Degas has often represented so vividly, "I sometimes wonder if it is right ever to seem to encourage such things." Has the reader never left a place of so-called entertainment with a sickening sense of loathing? Herr Muther says of Degas: "He was the merciless observer of creatures whom society turns into machines for its pleasure—dancing, racing, and erotic machines. He has depicted cruelly the sort of woman Zola has drawn in Nana—the woman who has no expression, no play in her eyes, the woman who is merely animal, motionless as a Hindu idol. His pictures of this class are a natural

history of prostitution of terrible veracity, a great poem on the flesh, like the works of Titian and Rubens, except that in the latter blooming beauty is the substance of the brilliant strophes, while in Degas it is wrinkled skin, decaying youth, and the artificial brightness of enamelled faces." It is even worse than this. These women are not always mere machines; they are not without expression; there is play in the eyes—they are incarnations of evil. The pictures are a strange, wild medley of sensuous beauty, of sensuous hideousness, and of sensual evil. They are appallingly true. They wrap nothing up. In a pastel drawing, now in the Luxembourg, Degas has depicted a later stage of the degradation—bedizened, drink-soddened creatures in a café on the Boulevard Montmartre. Through the window we see the stream of life surging along the street. The scene is only too true.

The picture by which he is best known in England is doubtless *The Ballet Scene in Robert the Devil*, now in the South Kensington Museum. The spectators are the real subject of the picture; here again we have the truth, whether cynically given or not. These black-coated, well-groomed men, of a type that most congregates in places of entertainment of a certain kind, are the counterpart, the explanation, of the women in the café at Montmartre. The works of Degas are historical documents of human inhumanity.

Such, and so varied, was the return to nature and to life in the art of France that was almost contemporary with the Pre-Raphaelite movement in England. In each case there was more than a return. Nature and life were seen and interpreted with an intensity hitherto unreached. Neither movement is as yet exhausted. They have both

brought into art things which can never be taken from it again; though not every artist, not every school, will necessarily give them the same prominence. Of those who have carried on, or in varying degrees made use of, the experiments and discoveries of the French Impressionists and Realists, we shall have to speak in a later chapter. We turn now to follow the fortunes of the English movement after the lapse of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. But before doing so, a word should be said about an influence, hitherto unmentioned, that affected the art of the French painters, and has since been more widely influential; that is to say, the art of Japan.

Just when the Pre-Raphaelites were fighting their battle in England, and when the way was being prepared for Impressionism in France, an event took place in the Far East, the full significance of which, for art and for much besides, it will be for the historian of the distant future to estimate. It was in 1853 that Commander Perry entered the harbour of Uraga, in Japan, with a squadron of United States warships, and did not leave until he had extorted from the Shôgun a treaty by which the long isolation of Japan from the rest of the world was brought to an end. Treaty-ports were opened, and many countries soon acquired trading rights and formed settlements in them. In 1868 the old feudal system of Japan was destroyed, and the country soon set out on that career of development in the course of which she has borrowed largely from Western civilisation, and which has been followed with so much success as to take the world by surprise.

Japanese art had influenced Western art in the eighteenth century, when the wonderful porcelain and lacquer-work found its way to Europe. The opening of the treaty-ports

led before many years had passed to the arrival of Japanese paintings in Europe, and they reached Paris just at the time when the change that was taking place in art assured to them appreciation and the exertion of a most powerful influence. We have traced what may be called the natural history of the change; it was the correction of old theories by a fresh return to nature and to life. The originative masters of the past had painted as they saw and as they felt. Their methods were valid for themselves and their own time, but not for all men at all times. Yet they had come to be regarded as having little less than absolute authority. Hence the revolt whose course we have been following. And, just when the revolt was in full progress, there came the revelation of an art that had existed for centuries quite independently of the art of the West, owing nothing to Greek or Roman, to Raphael or to Michael Angelo, but yet of obvious vitality and beauty.

Painting in oil has been, since its invention by the Van Eycks, the method most in use and repute in the West. This method is unknown in Japan, where painting means only delicate tinting in water-colour or Chinese ink on paper or silk. To an art with only such means as these at disposal a ponderous realism is impossible. Certainly it has not been attempted. Japanese painting is suggestive; it is content to leave much to the imagination. Yet it is full of significance. What it has it uses to full purpose. Line has never been made more expressive. The colour is not only delicate, but harmonious and, at need, broad. There is endless delight in the interest and beauty of natural facts, but the artist by no means thinks that his duty ends—or begins—with a mere literal transcript of them. He reserves full liberty to express them in terms of art. He is con-

cerned not merely with facts, but with the emotions the facts arouse in him; he selects from the infinite multitude of facts before him those that will express his emotion, and being an artist he sets down even these, not in the way of bald imitation, but rhythmically. This is not the place to attempt even a mere summary of Japanese painting, but it should be said further—the importance of this feature for Western art will appear hereafter—that only occasionally elsewhere has the emotion aroused by the contemplation of vast spaces, such as the distance over a level landscape, the void of air between the spectator and a distant mountain, the infinity of the sky, been so marvellously interpreted as in Japanese art.

The discovery of this art aroused nothing less than enthusiasm among those who were already committed to innovation. It gave them authority for modifying the tradition that had come down to them, since, while it owed nothing to that tradition, it was yet expressive and beautiful. It is interesting to note that a similar effect has been produced upon certain minds as to the question of authority in religion, by the obvious power of Japanese religion and ethics to support the nation in such a stupendous effort, both physical and moral, as the recent struggle with Russia. However this great question may be decided—and it is matter here only for passing reference by way of illustration drawn from another region of life—there can be no question of the influence exercised by Japanese art in the sixties, and of its continued influence hitherto. It had not only the liberating effect just referred to; there were elements in it that were obviously capable of immediate adoption into Western art. In certain matters of colour, design, suggestive interpretation, fresh outlook on life, it showed itself to

be ahead of Western art in the direction in which that art, under the hands of at least some of its exponents, was tending. Monet, Manet, and Degas were among those who studied Japanese art, and formed collections of its products; and to its influence, in part at least, was due the resolution with which they put aside those traditions of colour, design, and subject which they felt to be no longer for them adequate means of expression. More joyous colour, more freedom in design, suiting the structure of the picture to its emotional purpose, as in the strictly Impressionist works, the novel effects of perspective, foreshortening and light, obtained by representing their subjects as seen from above—as in the case, for example, of many of Degas' theatre scenes—these and many other things were suggested by the art that had come as a revelation. The nude studies of such men as Renoir and Degas, some of them almost if not wholly repulsive to those with whom the art to which they are accustomed has not made such things familiar, receives part of its explanation from the art of Japan. To that art reference will have to be made not once nor twice later on, for its influence on the movement we have just been studying, here briefly noted, by no means, as already has been said, exhausts its significance for Western art.

CHAPTER IV

THE COURSE OF PRE-RAPHAELITISM

HAVING now briefly studied, and grasped, as I hope, the leading principles and characteristics of English Pre-Raphaelitism and French Impressionism, as we find them in the works and in the avowed opinions of those who were in the forefront of the two movements, we ought to have at our disposal resources of comparison and contrast sufficient to enable us to assess, in the works of those who have been influenced by them, the value of the contribution made by each of the movements to artistic expression and the interpretation of nature and life.

With regard to Pre-Raphaelitism, we have yet to consider the greater part of the life-work of its three chief original exponents, Holman Hunt, Millais, and Rossetti, as well as of their ally, Ford Madox Brown; for we have so far only carried the story of the movement to the point at which some measure of recognition of the value of their innovations had been won, and when, owing to growingly obvious differences between the members of the Brotherhood with regard to important principles of art, particularly with regard to its relation to nature, the continuance of the formal Brotherhood became no longer possible. For whatever differences of opinion there may be as to which side of the movement most deserves the name Pre-Raphaelite, there

is no difference as to its having had two sides, the one represented by Holman Hunt and Millais, the other by Rossetti. In one respect both sides were alike: they went to history and literature for their subjects. This is equally true of Madox Brown. In this respect, as we have seen, the English movement differs from the almost contemporary French movement. The Impressionists broke away not only from certain traditions of art, but also from history and literature, and went to nature and contemporary life for their subjects. Some will say that in so doing they were led by a surer artistic instinct. This is at least doubtful; but is a matter for subsequent discussion. All we need do at the moment is to note the fact that Holman Hunt and Millais went to nature only to find a setting for subjects taken from the Bible, from Italian and English history, from the poetry of Shakespeare and Keats. The only two pictures exhibited by Rossetti as a member of the Brotherhood had the life of the Virgin Mary for subject; but the treatment was not so realistic as that adopted by the other two for their works. This difference between his work and theirs was the parting of the ways; it helped to make the continuance of the Brotherhood impossible. Millais had accepted Holman Hunt's view of the relation of art to nature. The latter admits that no teaching of his could produce the same effect on Rossetti and his work.

The Brotherhood had no formal constitution, and was therefore never formally dissolved; it merely lapsed. Mr. Holman Hunt says: "When after a year or so we, the active members, saw that the majority of the seven only talked—indeed, often in misconception of the objects of our Brotherhood—all that could be done by us was to discontinue keeping up an outward show of combination by

ceasing to convene or attend official meetings." It is somewhat strange that only the minority of the Brotherhood should rightly understand its aims; but, passing this with the mere remark, it is clear from Mr. Hunt's statement that the Brotherhood never was really united in aim, and that soon each party went its own way. Each exercised a distinct influence and had a distinct following. There was the Realistic school on the one hand, led by Hunt and Millais, and the Romantic school on the other hand, led by Rossetti. We have to follow the fortunes of both, and will begin with the realists, taking first the life-work of Holman Hunt and Millais. Then we must take up Madox Brown again, his work being closely allied with theirs. Afterwards we shall turn to the painters whose aims were mainly determined by the work of these older men.

Much has already been said about Holman Hunt's work as a whole. We have seen that his faithful rendering of detail, almost to minuteness, adopted as a principle, and made more emphatic by the unusual keenness of his eyesight, has brought many, if not most, of his pictures near at least to disintegration in design and colour. Even he did not fully adhere to the truthfulness with which he set out. There is by no means the same accurate rendering of textures in his later as in his early work. There is a wide difference in this respect between such pictures as *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *The Hireling Shepherd* on the one hand, and any of his pictures painted after his first visit to the Holy Land on the other. In all his later pictures almost everything, no matter what the material, looks as if it had been smoothed down and oiled. In other respects he has maintained all through the patient record of detail.

The subjects of most of his earlier pictures were taken,

as we have seen, from history and poetry; his later work was devoted mainly to the person and work of Christ. Even *The Hireling Shepherd* and *The Strayed Sheep* have an obvious or latent ethical purpose. *The Awakened Conscience*, with all its careful study of a mid-Victorian interior, was intended to be a companion picture to *The Light of the World*. In *The Ship*, which has now found a home in the National Gallery of British Art, he does not in intention depart from literature, for the picture was suggested by Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Being a night-scene, the detail is not so insistent as in other pictures, and he achieves unity of impression; but there is also more detail than any one but Holman Holt would have observed and recorded; more than can be seen without careful examination. Two water-colour drawings of night-effects—*Halt for the Night, Zahle*, and *The Ponte Vecchio at Florence*—are interesting in the same way. They are impressions. None of the details seems to ask, more than others, for our attention, almost to clamour for it, as in many of the other pictures, details that we should not see at the place itself without the most careful scrutiny.

He painted several pictures, notably *Amaryllis*, *Il Dolce Far Niente*, and *Bianca*, to show that he was not absolutely dependent on a subject of dramatic character. It cannot be said that in these and similar pictures he met with much success. They emphasise the limitations of his art. The solid, painstaking craftsmanship, the earnestness with which all detail is so faithfully rendered, do not, in one sense, seem out of keeping with subjects of religious or ethical character. There is a strenuous moral quality in the subjects themselves with which the workmanship is in keeping. But when such sub-

jects as a woman enjoying an idle hour, or a maiden with a lute, or a boy making a tracing against a window, receive just the same elaboration of detail, the obvious labour expended by the artist makes the idleness or pleasure represented seem almost like a task.

The differences between the work of Mr. Holman Hunt and that of almost any other, if not every other modern painter, are obvious. They have not been with him a mere matter of choice; they have not been the mere result of theory. They were imposed upon him from within. The key-note of his character is devotion, and devotion tends towards a narrow intensity. Once the thought of truth to nature possessed him, his whole nature demanded that he should give it a rigid interpretation. Facts must be recorded to the least detail. Of transient effect there is no record. The thing itself, with a steady light on it, showing it as clearly as it can be shown, is what we are to have. Wonderful beauty there is of this and that object, in a way often, it may be said, beauty throughout the picture, but not the beauty that comes where detail is subordinated to the whole.

Devotion is also the word that best sums up the subject-matter of his pictures. Devotion to love and truth, or betrayal of them, is the theme of nearly all his most important works. The contrast between Valentine and Proteus; the anguish with which Isabella discovers the baseness of Claudio; the lapse from duty of the hireling shepherd; the tragic travesty of love in *The Awakened Conscience;* the devotion of Christ to His self-imposed mission of redemption; the failure, depicted in his last completed picture—completed, indeed, by another hand, because his own marvellous power of sight had failed—of the Lady of Shalott

to accomplish her appointed task: the aim of all these purposeful works of his has been to say that he that endureth to the end shall both save and be saved. Criticism may have to point out limitations in his art; it may have much —it must have something—to wish otherwise. But when all critical detractions are made, Mr. Holman Hunt's work remains—as a painter, almost a lifelong friend of his, wrote to me recently—a precious heritage.

In *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*, Mr. Holman Hunt gives us clearly to understand it was on his persuasion that Millais, at the beginning of his career, determined to adopt a more literal rendering of detail than was then customary. After recounting a long conversation they had about the necessity for getting nearer to nature, a conversation that seems to have consisted in a stream of talk from the older youth, with occasional interjections by the younger one, Mr. Hunt says: "In the midst of my talk Millais continually expressed eagerness to get away altogether from the conventions denounced, declaring that often he had wondered whether something very interesting could not be done in defiance of them." This statement of the matter seems to fit in well with the after course of events. It is at least probable that the artist who throughout his life has kept to the methods with which the two set out, should have been the one to suggest them rather than he who abandoned them before many years had elapsed. And Millais was a so much more rapid worker than Holman Hunt—he was the most brilliant Academy student of his own or perhaps any other day, and this at an unusually early age—that it seems likely he would not, uninfluenced, have submitted himself to the severe discipline upon which the two decided. In his earlier work he had

been much influenced by Etty, who, Sir J. G. Millais says in his biography of his father, was the only man of the old school whom he really admired. This influence is evident in his *Cymon and Iphigenia*, which was painted in 1847, when Holman Hunt and he were discussing together the problems of art. His next picture was *Lorenzo and Isabella*, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1849, his first work after the formation of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. There is a world of difference between the two. In the former, the drawing of the figures and the treatment of the drapery and of the landscape are in accordance with a suave academic convention; the grouping of the figures and the arrangement of light and shade are also in accordance with well-established rule. In the latter picture the rules are disregarded. Not to produce a conventional work of art, but to represent a scene as it actually would appear, was now the painter's aim; and though there is design in the picture, it is not as obvious or as formal as in the earlier one. The light and the grouping are not so arranged as to concentrate the interest near the centre of the canvas. Portraits of Millais' relatives and friends serve for the persons represented; truth is here again the note. And in feature and gesture it is not conventional beauty and grace that are sought, but expressiveness.

The pictures that Millais exhibited in the eventful years 1850 and 1851 have already been mentioned. They are the same in general treatment as the *Lorenzo and Isabella*, but are more concentrated in design and stronger in colour. These are the pictures for which, in his own phrase, he was so "dreadfully bullied." What had been regarded in the picture of 1849 as the result of youthful inexperience,

was now known to be the outcome of set purpose; and bitter, as we have seen, was the resentment occasioned in orthodox quarters.

Holman Hunt and Millais held on, however, with the help of Ruskin; and so speedily came the reversal of judgment in Millais' case that, in 1853, he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy.

In 1852 he had exhibited *Ophelia* and *The Huguenot*. No change in his art immediately succeeded his entrance to the Academy. *The Order of Release*, *The Proscribed Royalist*, *The Rescue*, *Peace Concluded*, *Autumn Leaves*, and *The Blind Girl*, were his most important pictures of the next four years. It was in 1857 that there were signs of change. Ruskin discovered them in his principal picture of that year, *Sir Isumbras at the Ford*. There was not the same careful observation and record of fact as in his previous work. The critic said that the change was not fall merely, but catastrophe. *The Vale of Rest*, exhibited in 1859, was also adversely criticised by Ruskin. Millais himself admitted that there had been a change in his work; for in a letter of this year he says of Ruskin: "He does not understand my work, which is now too broad for him to appreciate, and I think his eye is only fit to judge the portraits of insects. But then, I think he has lost all real influence as a critic." Influence with whom? Presumably with the dealers and the purchasing public; for it was on the verdict of these critics that Millais was now relying. Adverse criticisms from Ruskin and others were in his estimation infamous attempts to destroy him. They aroused indignation. When purchasers held back he was depressed. When they came forward again he recovered his good spirits. "So much," he writes, "for the brutal criticisms! The fact is, I shall have my

own way after all. If dealers give my prices they must make twenty per cent on them."

It was not only the critics that saw a falling-off. His old comrade Holman Hunt saw it; but he excuses Millais on the ground that he could not be expected to go on producing good work when the country did not support him. Even men of the purest genius, he says, cannot do this. A man of genius, he maintains, has a right to marry when he has made for himself a commanding position, and then he must support his family. This is how, according to Mr. Holman Hunt, Millais put the case himself: the public and private patrons went like a flock of sheep after any silly bell-wether who clinked before them; they would not have what he knew to be best for them; he must live, so they should have what they wanted. They got it; he sold his pictures, could support his family; and in 1860 he took a shooting in the Highlands. Nearly twenty years later he advised Holman Hunt to set to work to meet the taste of the day, and not the supposed taste of the future, and he would soon get out of his difficulties; adding that he himself had just sold a picture done in two weeks that would pay the expenses of all his family, his own shooting and fishing included, for their whole time in Scotland. The problem of supporting the family had been adequately solved!

It is not a little disquieting to find the painter of *The Shadow of Death* and *The Light of the World* saying that a man of genius cannot continue to do his best unless he can get general applause and abundant pay. Madox Brown, who had perhaps some claim to be regarded as a genius, managed to do it. We need not blame either Holman Hunt or Millais overmuch. Perhaps the average Englishman could not afford to throw stones at them. Is this

one of the things they do better in France? So much was hinted in the last chapter. Burne-Jones said once of French painters: "The skill and daring of their work, and singleness of purpose and *esprit de corps*, their indifference to comfort, and even necessary food, proves them to be a set of splendid gentlemen, whom it would be difficult to match in this country, which I do think is spoiled and sullied by wealth."

It would be wrong, however, to think that the change from Millais' earlier to his later manner was only or mainly an instance of "just for a handful of silver he left us." As already suggested, he was not born to Holman Hunt's painstaking manner. It was probably as foreign to him as it was natural to his friend. Nor was he a poet like Rossetti. The later Millais was the real Millais. His son and biographer resents the often expressed opinion that his finest, his most intense work was done under Rossetti's inspiration; and mentions particular pictures that were completed before Rossetti ever saw them. But this is to take a very narrow view of the way in which one man may influence another. This is certain: that the difference between Millais' earlier and his later work is not only in the greater breadth of the latter, in the substitution of suggestion for detailed realisation of fact, but that there is in it less intensity, less imagination. His early work had been done to please himself and his companions, in pursuit of an ideal they had enthusiastically set before themselves. He was supported by the patient laboriousness of Holman Hunt, and inspired by the poet-painter and painter-poet whose influence on all who came near him was magnetic. When the Brotherhood was dissolved, each member was comparatively left to himself. Hunt and Rossetti continued and ended as they had begun. Millais,

who had taken an impress from them, now took an impress from, or, at least, readily responded to, his new surroundings. Not long after the time when the removal of his pictures from the walls of the Academy had been demanded he had become a privileged exhibitor. The public began to take pleasure in his works, and he was pecuniarily successful. When he was told that the critics were severe on him, he only said, "The wickedness and envy at the bottom of all this are so apparent to me that I disregard all the reviews (I have not read *one*), but I shall certainly have this kind of treatment all my life. The public crowd round my pictures more than ever, and this, I think, must be the main cause of animosity." It is perhaps not always wise to accept as consolation for the hostility of educated opinion the approval of the uneducated. Critics who have no cause of animosity still lament a falling-off in Millais' later work. But he had his reward: he became a popular painter.

For this kind of success he had just the right qualifications. He was a rapid worker. In the days of the Brotherhood he used to exhibit two or three pictures to Holman Hunt's one. He was also versatile. He could paint, with equal success, man, woman, child, animal, landscape—anything, one might say. He was not handicapped by excess of imagination. He was not a visionary. He had no particular quarrel with the world as he found it; so he did not dwell in dreamland, like Rossetti and Burne-Jones, and perplex the public with pictorial puzzles. The quality of his imagination may be gauged by a story that he wrote for the Pre-Raphaelite organ, *The Germ*. It never appeared, since the number for which it was intended did not appear. An outline of the story is given by his son in the Biography; we may, therefore, be sure that less than justice has not

been done to it. It told of a knight who loved the daughter of a king. The king lived in a moated castle, and, though the lady returned the knight's affection, the king forbade him to see her under pain of death. The knight waited until winter, and then, when the moat was frozen over, attempted to carry off the lady; but the ice broke as they were crossing the moat; they were both drowned; and the king was inconsolable. Years afterwards, when the moat was drained, the skeletons of the lovers were found, the lady's dress still clinging to the points of the knight's armour. Doubtless Millais told the story as he would have painted it—picturesquely; but as a story, as a plot, it would not have been particularly creditable to a child of ten. It will be recollected that Millais painted not a few pictures of pairs of lovers. M. de la Sizeranne complains of their monotony: "Whenever he paints a lovers' duet, he places his heroes standing, exactly in the same position, face to face." In *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*, Mr. Holman Hunt gives an instructive account of the beginning and growth of Millais' picture, *The Huguenot*. It was at first intended to illustrate a line in Tennyson's poem "Circumstance"—

> Two lovers whispering by a garden wall.

So Mr. Hunt quotes the line. The version I have says "orchard wall." Mr. Hunt told him he did not think much of the subject; that he did not think lovers ought to be pryed upon; that a poet might describe a meeting of lovers as part of a story; but that a painting of such a meeting had neither prelude nor sequel. Millais agreed; but he had designed the picture, and the background of it was advanced. Hostile critics of Pre-Raphaelitism have surely

made merry over this painting first the ivied wall, the obtrusiveness of which has given so much offence! Millais happened to see a sketch by Holman Hunt for a picture of a Lancastrian lady and a Yorkist knight, with castle parapet, rope-ladder, etc. Millais at once jumped at the idea of the rival roses for his lovers. Hunt objected that this would require a castle, not an ivied wall. Then Millais turned to Cavalier and Puritan—he got them in later—but Hunt urged that they had been worked to death. Then recollection of the opera suggested the Huguenot, and he said he would send his mother to the British Museum to find what kind of badge the Catholics wore. Did Millais get other such lifts out of the obvious in the Brotherhood days? The story intended for *The Germ* suggests that he might need them. Anyhow, it was the obvious in which, in later years, he chiefly dealt. His rapidity in work, his versatility, his instinct for painting prettily what nearly everybody had seen or would like to see, were guarantees of popularity. This does not mean that he deliberately played to the gallery. It does not necessarily mean more than that what pleased him pleased also the majority of those who thronged the exhibition rooms at Burlington House. What was it he said when he heard of the accusation that he had of set purpose chosen trivial, popular subjects? Was it not to the effect that had he done this, he would have painted, for example, an old woman who had been reading the Bible, and the tears that had come had dimmed her spectacles, and she had taken them off to dry them? This, he said, would have been a popular picture. Really, many things he painted were not much, if at all, above this level.

It is not made a complaint against him here that he abandoned the elaboration of detail which marked his work

in the Brotherhood days. Even Mr. Holman Hunt finds no fault with this; for, though he himself has kept to the detail, he says that it was only intended as a discipline, not as a method necessarily to be continued in after years. Millais valued it as a discipline. "This looks easy, does it not?" he remarked to one who was watching him paint one of his later landscapes; "but I could not do it had I not first painted *Autumn Leaves.*" What is to be regretted is that with greater breadth there came less intensity. I recollect the chief custodian of one of our national collections instancing *The Vale of Rest* to show that Millais had never painted with Pre-Raphaelite detail; but he was abandoning the detail when he painted this picture. And there is nothing like the marvellous rendering of twilight in it that there is in *Autumn Leaves.*

Nor, as time went on, did Millais interpret child-character as he did in that great work. Mr. Andrew Lang has said of it: "The spiritual note of the picture lies in the contrast between the carelessness of the young girls, who are heaping the fire for the fun of it, and 'the serious whisper of the twilight,' as Poe fancied he could hear the stealing of the darkness over the horizon." But the girl who is actually heaping up the leaves is doing so with the gesture and expression of one offering sacrifice on an altar. She feels the pathos of both twilight and autumn. The younger ones do not feel it; so there is contrast between one girl and the others, not merely between them all and the solemnity of the hour and the season. And there is further contrast, finely rendered, between the children of the family and the gardener's children. The picture is compact of beauty and emotion, of sight and insight. So, also, and hardly, if at all, in less degree, is *The Blind Girl.*

In *Sir Isumbras at the Ford*, the children epitomise childish fear and wonder. One would not part with these children of the earlier pictures for a wilderness of such as those in *Cherry Ripe*, *Cinderella*, *Pomona*, *Bubbles*, and others of the later pictures, where there is little more than mere prettiness and fancy costumes. These might all be admirably copied as tableaux for a children's party. They would lose nothing in the process. But how much would the children in the earlier pictures lose! Cinderella is obviously a pretty girl playing a part, or, rather, dressed for the part, and not playing it well. I think of Renoir's sleeping girl with the cat on her knee, a Cinderella of real life, the very thing itself; and the contrast serves to show that there may be loss to art through popular success. Millais' painting of children, after being of the best, became superficial, trivial. The child in *A Souvenir of Velasquez* was a pretty little girl he happened to see in church; and in the picture she is merely a pretty, a very pretty, little girl, fancifully dressed, and looking as if she were rather bored at having to sit so still. Charming as the picture is, it is the charm of representation, not of interpretation.

The casting round for a subject, of which Mr. Holman Hunt gives an example, as already mentioned, was characteristic of Millais all through. His subject-pictures have no unity of intention. They do not variously illustrate, as, for example, do the paintings of Jean François Millet, a particular phase of life and work. Millais was not a visionary. Nor did the strenuous life of his own time take such a hold upon his imagination that he must set himself to interpret it. He only made pictorial excursions in many directions. He saw something at an opera; he read something in a book; a thought flashed upon him; he met with an in-

cident in real life; he could make a realistic picture of it, and, in due time, the picture appeared. There was more than a touch of melodrama, something sentimental or sensational, in many of these pictures. The "lovers' duets" have already been mentioned. *The Escape of a Heretic*, *Mercy, St. Bartholomew's Day*, and *Speak, Speak!* border, at least, on the sensational. He is at a much higher level of story-telling in *The North-West Passage*. But, if we take his work as a whole, that is, from not long after the Brotherhood period, it unmistakably suggests that what he gave to the world was not drawn from what was deepest in his own nature. There was loss as well as gain in his marvellous facility. There was nothing in his work that was not pure, lovely, and of good report; but had he been one of the poor gentlemen whom Burne-Jones recognised amid the artists of France, the good qualities of his work might have been intensified.

When we turn to his landscape painting we find ourselves thinking what the man who painted *Autumn Leaves* and the *Blind Girl* might have done. Only then he could not have been the portrait painter he was, must we say? We ought perhaps to accept his landscapes as part of his recreation, or as holiday tasks. If so, they are uncommonly good, so good that we cannot but wish they had been better. Of his love of nature there can be no doubt. He had more capacity for it than he found occasion to exercise. His chief work lay in the town; it was when he laid it aside that he could get into touch with nature; and, even then, much of his time went in physical exercise in the form of shooting and fishing. We may say that he chanced upon rather than sought the subjects of his landscapes. They were, therefore, limited in range; nor did he interpret

more than a few of nature's many moods. He painted realistic views of places for which associations quite unconnected with art had won his affection; and he was content to represent them under quite ordinary atmospheric conditions. His love for plants and flowers amounted almost to a passion. The flowers in Kensington Gardens were a Godsend to him when he could not leave London. In this connexion may be mentioned also his love of animals, which is evidenced by the sympathetic rendering of them, so true to their animal nature, in several of his works. Millais was really a typical English gentleman, of the old school we may say, fond of the pleasures of both town and country, keenly observant of the people and things about him, interested also, in an unpretentious way, in history and poetry, and, beyond all this, possessed of a wonderful gift of painting.

His portraits are intelligent appreciations of some of the most distinguished people of his time. He marks off in them varieties of character, temperament, and intellect. And yet, though we feel sure that these are good likenesses, that he has seen these people as he painted them, and that the expression he has given them is true and characteristic, yet the portraits have not the quality of the very greatest, in which there are, not merely one, though it be a characteristic expression, but lights and shades that almost come and go, so that the face seems to change as we look at it. Such portraits seem to take their subjects unawares, while they are dwelling with their own thoughts and feelings, memories and hopes, and are absolutely without suspicion that any one is looking at them; or, if they do know that some one else is there, it is they who look, not who are looked at, and the look is a revelation of character.

Millais painted many portraits of women, at times, as with those of children, resorting to costume and fancy title, so that, for example, the Hon. Caroline Roche becomes Diana Vernon; and there are, of course, many portraits of women, as of men, in his subject-pictures. He could unfailingly render beauty, charm, and sprightliness, the self-possession of the woman in "society," and the grace, naturalness, and gentleness of what we account most womanly.

It is not unsignificant, when we are trying to assess the value of Millais' gift to us—and from first to last, with all failings admitted, we must admit its high value—that he does not seem to have craved for any other sphere of work, for any other access to the public, than such as was afforded him by the Royal Academy exhibitions. He had no desire to paint an epic on the walls of some great building. His imagination would not have sustained him through such an endeavour. His work was episodical. We may take a literary parallel and say that his subject-pictures are only so many short poems or stories. Holman Hunt has painted nothing but easel-pictures. Yet his devotion, in the main, to one theme, and the lofty seriousness that informs almost the whole of this work—only occasionally has he relaxed the tension—gives it an epic character. Millais rarely, if ever, struck a deeper note than the pathetic. Has he ever, for example, sounded the depths of human nature as did Holman Hunt in *Claudio and Isabella*? I have not trusted to memory, but have looked through a full list of his works, and can find nothing that is the same in kind. We get no tragedy from him; nor do we get any humour. From another painter—of whom something has already been said, and to whom we were to return, Ford Madox Brown—we

get the whole range of the drama, even to the full extent of the enumeration of its phases by Polonius.

We left Madox Brown at the time when he was painting such pictures as *Chaucer at the Court of Edward III* and *Wycliffe reading his Translation of the Bible to John of Gaunt.* We saw that these works were inspired by those of the Italian—actually—Pre-Raphaelite painters. They had not, therefore, either the independence of tradition, or the close realism, at which Holman Hunt aimed. But they had an earnestness and expressiveness, and an approximation to realism, very different from most contemporary English work. The *Chaucer*, begun in 1846, was completed in 1851; the *Wycliffe*, begun in 1847, was exhibited in 1848. The works exhibited by Holman Hunt and Millais in 1849 were certainly less dependent on tradition and more realistic than these of Madox Brown's. At this time they were ahead of him in these respects. The first two pictures of his that rivalled the work of the other two on their own ground were *Work* and *The Last of England*, both begun in 1852—the former completed in 1855, the latter not until 1863. Madox Brown was the first to move in the direction of realism; Holman Hunt and Millais then started and outstripped him. He caught up with them again.

The two pictures just named were painted laboriously in the open air, and with great elaboration of detail. They were marked by an intensity of feeling and a dramatic realisation of character to which the work of the Pre-Raphaelite brethren did not attain; and they were in advance also in this respect, that their subjects were taken from contemporary life, not from history or poetry; they were wrung from the painter by the struggle through which he and his friends had to pass to secure even a bare

livelihood. In both these pictures the aim of the artist was not to produce a sensuously beautiful result. He sought to express the thought and emotion aroused in him by contemporary life. Manet, painting a crowd in the gardens of the Tuileries, had finished when he had given the general impression upon the sight of form and movement, of play of light and colour, that could be seen if the crowd and its surroundings were looked at as a whole. It is true that some of the people in the crowd are recognisable; but that is all. We need not examine them more closely for characteristic action, gesture, or expression. In Madox Brown's *Work*, Thomas Carlyle and Frederick Denison Maurice are talking together. Maurice looks troubled, presumably at some pessimistic utterance by Carlyle, whose sardonic grin is made still more sardonic by a visible gap in his upper row of teeth. The picture can be examined most minutely, and every examination will disclose some hitherto unseen characteristic detail. One of the figures is a powerfully-built, bull-necked, gaudily-dressed beer- and pipe-seller, a scar on whose cheek proclaims fighting propensities for which his muscular arm clearly demands respect. Examine him more closely, and you will find that his shirt-front is decorated with little figures of pirouetting ballet-girls. The picture is a painted parable of the work or the idleness of all sorts and conditions of men and women—from the philosopher, the divine, the Member of Parliament, and the lady tract-distributor, to the navvy, the Irish reaper, the orange-seller, the tatterdemalion flower-seller, and the ragged children of the street. The contrasts are even carried into the animal world, the lady's flannel-jacketed spaniel—it is a blazing-hot day—being in the act, to the horror of his mistress, of chumming with the navvies' terrier and bull-pup. The

whole picture is a marvellous piece of craftsmanship, brilliantly glowing in colour. Does it overstep the limits of painting? Is it a literary trespasser in the field of art? It may have been suggested by Carlyle's "Past and Present," says the artist's grandson, Mr. Ford M. Hueffer. Madox Brown read, and, it seems probable, re-read Carlyle's book, and it would be with him as it has been with many of us: life, such life as we see in the streets, life anywhere, would seem different to him ever after. It would have in one way a more intense significance for him than for us. Madox Brown was a painter. He could set down in form and colour what he saw. But he was not content to record only the play of form and movement, light and colour, on his optic nerve. He painted the reaction of what he saw upon his whole nature. And, for my part, I can only say that I should be sorry if such pictures were never painted; if it could be said to the painter, "Thou shalt not in thy art show thyself as more than a being responsive to sensuous beauty."

The Last of England has the same qualities; but it is more concise. There are only two principal figures, an emigrant and his wife, looking sadly at the receding shores of their native land. The picture is an epic of emigration; a chapter in the long and infinitely varied history of the struggle for existence which is the common lot of all living things. The man and woman sit hand in hand. The woman's left hand clasps that of a baby sheltered beneath her shawl. Behind the principal figures are others, such as a man who defiantly shakes his fist at the land he is leaving.

There are dramatic energy and keen, sympathetic insight into human character and experience in all Madox Brown's works. He is the Browning of English painting. We need not expect from him softly modulated form and colour.

They would suit his subjects about as well as the metre and rhythm of "The Idylls of the King" would suit the subject-matter of "The Ring and the Book." Tennyson admitted the dramatic power of Browning's poetry, but complained of the lack of music. "I cannot help thinking," he said, "that there ought to be some melody in poetry; it should not be all thought." I once took one of the younger Academicians to see Madox Brown's paintings in the Manchester Town Hall, and his comment on my enthusiastic admiration of their wealth of dramatic incident was, "Yes, that is all very interesting; but what has it to do with art?" Yet in general effect these mural paintings are remarkably decorative, both in colour and design. There is no lack of art in Madox Brown's work; only it is art that is in harmony with the dramatic intention. If we take the subject along with the art; if we enter into the feeling that led him to paint *The Last of England*, or *Cordelia's Portion*, or *Cromwell, Protector of the Vaudois*, or *Jesus Washeth Peter's Feet*, we shall find that the art does suit the subject. Browning's poetry is not artless, much less inartistic; nor are Madox Brown's paintings. Only the art is not smooth and conventional; nor can it always be detached from the subject and enjoyed apart. But to ask this is to beg the whole question: to say that painting is wholly a matter of colour and light, of tones and values, and that no expressiveness must interfere with harmonious sweep and curve of line. Carried to its logical extreme this would mean that a portrait painter ought never to paint any but a conventionally handsome man or beautiful woman. Painting would have to forswear facts altogether, or emasculate them. Which is precisely what some people seem to be intensely anxious that it should do.

THE LAST OF ENGLAND — FORD MADOX BROWN

Work and *The Last of England* were the only pictures of importance by Madox Brown of which the subjects were taken from contemporary life. Hogarth, when he determined to be something more than a mere imitator of the old masters, found in the life about him material for almost all his pictures. The reformers of the mid-nineteenth century treated their own time with comparative neglect. In this, as we have seen, the movement differed from the realistic movement in France. There are those who consider the attempt to picture times gone by little more than waste of energy; who say that in the future people will not care to know what a painter in the nineteenth or twentieth century thought about the appearance of people and things in this, that, or the other century before or after Christ. I will content myself by saying that it seems to me this is quite likely not to be the case. If it be so, it will probably be because they will take more interest in what the painters of their own time think the past was like. Why should we interest ourselves in a modern historian's estimate of those long dead; and not interest ourselves in what a painter—one to whom a poem or an historical narrative inevitably calls up a picture—thinks those of whom he has read would be like in features, if there be record or description of their features, and in expression and gesture?

Of course, all depends on the insight and imagination of the painter. If he have not these gifts we shall get mere tableaux; which also, however, may have their value. Madox Brown, with whose work we are immediately concerned, was possessed both of insght and imagination; and his pictures of historical events and personages are so vivid and powerful as to be, to me at least, absolutely exciting. There are many such pictures that only awaken a languid

interest. His almost transport us amongst living people and actually occurring events. We wonder and rejoice with the widowed mother as the prophet brings to her the son who has been restored to life. We are with the Master and His disciples when St. Peter can hardly bring himself to submit to the washing of his feet. The face and form of Jesus declare His gentleness and meekness; St. Peter is all impulsiveness; and how well the painter has understood and shown the effect that this incident must have had on the other disciples! Judas has no scruples about having his feet washed by the Master. St. John joyfully recognises the significance of this humility; the others, amongst whom are those who wished to have the foremost places in the kingdom that was to be established, look on with only half-comprehending amazement which, in the case of some of them, amounts to consternation. No other painter has given such a penetrating interpretation of this scene, the full significance of which the Christian Church is even now so far from having learned.

Cordelia's Portion makes vividly clear to us the flaw from which all the tragic events of "King Lear" came as a necessary consequence. "He hath ever but slenderly known himself," said his daughter Regan. This was why he had to be stretched upon the rack of this rough world and involve others in his fate. Where other painters have made Romeo and Juliet but conventional lovers, Madox Brown, true to Shakespeare and to Italy, declares the elemental passionateness of their love, and more than hints at its inevitably tragic end by the gesture of Romeo, whose foot, seeking for the ladder, and whose stiffly outstretched arm, show him to be only too well aware of the danger he runs in staying longer, though Juliet, regardless of all but the happiness of

the moment, still clasps him in her arms while he kisses her.

To see the picture *Cromwell on his Farm* is to understand better—to understand fully—why, when the Huntingdonshire farmer took the field, the fate of King Charles was sealed. Here is a man amid a very pandemonium of noise—the lowing of cattle, the grunting and squealing of pigs, the crackling of flames, the shouting of a serving-maid, the quacking of a duck she nearly strangles—we almost hear the horrid din; yet he, amongst it, is oblivious of it all. He has been reading in the Bible in his hand, "Lord, how long? Wilt thou hide Thyself for ever?" "And shall Thy wrath burn like fire?" The fire at his horse's feet burns the words in upon him, and he thinks only of what he has read, and of the problems and the tasks that confront him; he has neither eye nor ear for the things immediately around him; he will soon be up and away, leading armies in the field, and ill will it be for those who have to contend against the force that here we see accumulating. The power and fierce determination of the man are seen again in *Cromwell, Protector of the Vaudois*, and the better seen by contrast with the calmness of Milton, who measures so carefully the words of the dispatch that is to go to the French king as to make Andrew Marvell almost impatient, while Cromwell trembles with ill-suppressed rage.

There is inexhaustible dramatic interest in the paintings in the Manchester Town Hall, and the most widely different natures are truthfully interpreted. The haughtiness of the Roman officer and his wife, the fervent thankfulness of Edwin's queen for the conversion of her husband, the fearless humility of Wickliffe when on his trial, the rash defiance of the powerful ecclesiastics by John of Gaunt—these remain

vividly in the memory; but even finer than these seem to me the figures of Crabtree, the amateur astronomer, watching the transit of Venus, and John Dalton, collecting marsh-gas. They rank in painting with Browning's Grammarian and Abt Vogler in poetry.

These men are enthusiastic devotees of knowledge. Crabtree, in the room above his draper's shop, has waited through the morning, on into the afternoon, hoping that the clouds would break and let the sun shine through; at last they have broken, and his instrument shows him the planet crossing the sun's disc. His pipe has fallen to the ground, and lies broken there, the smoke curling up from the smouldering ash, while his rapt gaze is fixed on the sight he has so eagerly anticipated; and he presses his hands to his side as if to quieten the tumultuous beating of his heart. His wife, who, though she cannot share to the full her husband's delight at this first observation of a natural phenomenon, yet knows what it means to him, and stops her boy from playing lest he should disturb his father. The younger child in her arms recks nothing of the great event. This group serves to emphasise the ecstasy of the astronomer.

John Dalton is not discovered at such a highly dramatic moment; he has but gone out from the town to a field-pond to collect marsh-gas. A boy, lying at full length on a plank laid across the pond, catches in an inverted bottle the bubbles of gas that rise to the surface as Dalton stirs up the mud with a pole. To the boy it is mere amusement to catch the bubbles. Dalton is keenly interested in the operation; simple though it be in itself, it is to provide him with the means of carrying on scientific experiments; for he, now but a humble schoolmaster, is to become famous as the discoverer of a great natural law. As a foil to his eagerness

there is not only the mere amusement of the boy who is helping him. By the side of the pond is a group of four children. One of them, a boy, is much interested in the gas-collecting. A girl touches his shoulder, telling him that Mr. Dalton is catching "Jack o' Lanterns." She carries a younger child, who, half fearfully, wants the boy to turn round and startle her. The fourth member of the group is offering cherries to a little goat. The children are a delightful little picture in themselves; and, like the group in the Crabtree picture, they emphasise by contrast, as already suggested, the earnestness of the student of science. Dalton himself is finely portrayed; it is as if life had been breathed into Chantrey's statue of him which is in the same building as the picture.

In almost all these pictures of Madox Brown's there is some touch of humour, kindly or grim. Around the central subject he gathers a wealth of subordinate detail that is never irrelevant or perfunctory, but links it up with the ordinary life which always surrounds and is in relation to even the greatest events. In the Manchester painting, *Philippa of Hainault examining the Work of Flemish Weavers*, a boy refuses to kneel with other children in the roadway, having found a point of vantage, from which to see the queen, at the top of the steps of the market-cross. In the same picture a weaver's apprentice looks adoringly at his master's daughter, who takes no notice of him, but teases a kitten. Here is a parable. The maiden he loves is more to the youth than is the queen, in whose visit to the town he betrays not the slightest interest. So we might go through all Madox Brown's works, enjoying the evidence of his many-sided interpretation of human nature.

It has already been said that the dramatic realism of his

work implies no abandonment of art, but only its accommodation to his main purpose. His master, Baron Wappers, was a pupil of David, and though he broke with the classical tradition, he did not forget all he had learned from David; and his own pupil, Madox Brown, acquired in his school a faculty for design which showed itself not only in his easel and mural paintings, but also in cartoons for stained-glass windows. There is a monumental quality in his work that distinguishes it from that of both Holman Hunt and Millais. At its best, also, his colour can be called great; it is strong, broad in general effect, and harmonious. In the mural painting, *The Romans building Manchester*, for example, he harmonises various shades of red in the most masterly manner, contrasting them with the grey of the sky and the brown and blue of the autumn woods across the river. He was a powerful draughtsman, though he developed mannerisms and showed curious defects, as in the drawing of limbs and the foreshortening of upturned faces. It is hardly apart from our purpose to note that, beyond practising various forms of pictorial art and making designs for stained glass, he even designed furniture, anticipating in part the work of William Morris and the Arts and Crafts Society.

His work did not become popular in his lifetime, nor has it yet done so. There are some in whom it inspires intense admiration; in others it arouses equally intense dislike. Perhaps we may regard both these attitudes as tributes to his originality and power. The Browning Societies have not yet popularised Browning, his counterpart in poetry.

Madox Brown, outside the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Holman Hunt and Millais within it, were the realists of the mid-century movement; and they have not been without their following. The most obvious influence has been that

of Millais. His versatility, showing itself in a wide range of subjects, in each of which he achieved noteworthy success, rendered this inevitable. Holman Hunt has so severely limited himself both in subject and treatment, Madox Brown's strong individuality so impressed itself on his art, imparting to it a peculiar character, an intense strenuousness in line, colour, and expression, that neither of them could possibly attract imitators and emulators as did Millais. One rarely sees a picture that might almost be a Madox Brown or a Holman Hunt; one often sees a picture that might almost be a Millais.

Of the immediate followers, the friends of the early days, not the least interesting, though he early abandoned art for literature, was Charles Allston Collins, the brother of Wilkie Collins. Two of his pictures, accessible to the public, *Convent Thoughts* in the University Galleries, Oxford, and *The Pedlar* in the Manchester City Art Gallery, have all the painstaking insistence on detail demanded by Holman Hunt's theory of what was good for the young painter at least. Despite its stiffness there is great charm in the former picture, and there is dramatic power in *The Pedlar*, though the painting is painfully hard. It was the sense of his technical deficiencies that led him to abandon painting. He was much with Holman Hunt and Millais in the Brotherhood days, and afterwards he stood as Millais' model for *The Huguenot* and *The Black Brunswicker*.

One can see the influence of both Holman Hunt and Millais in the work of Collins; the influence of Millais alone is to be seen in that of W. S. Burton. His picture, *The Wounded Cavalier*, hung next to Holman Hunt's *Scapegoat* in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1856, could never have been painted, one thinks, but for Millais' *Pro-*

scribed Royalist. It is the same theme differently treated—a Puritan maiden succouring a Cavalier; only, in Burton's picture, it is obvious that the help is given out of pure humanity. While the lady seeks to staunch the wound of the Cavalier, a Puritan youth is standing by. They have found the unfortunate man lying in the woodland, and, apparently, near to death. There may be already, or there may be soon, a personal attachment between Millais' Puritan maiden and the Cavalier to whom she is bringing food. Burton's picture strikes the deeper note. The painting of detail is marvellous. The composition, with respect to the figures at least, is conventional. They are arranged pyramidally, and a broken wall and some trailing undergrowth are placed so as to complete this conventional design. Yet, through all the subject-interest of the picture being concentrated to the left of a birch-stem that divides the picture into two not very unequal parts, the humanly untenanted space to the right of the stem gives an effect of unconsidered naturalness to the scene. This tree-stem has clearly played an important part in the fight between the Cavalier and the victorious enemy who has gone his way. The fight has taken place around it. A sword-cut, intended for the Puritan, has been intercepted by the tree, and the broken blade is still fixed in it. This mischance left the Cavalier at the mercy of his foe. Thus something of the course of the fight, its end, and the help that has come, perhaps too late, to the wounded man, are all either suggested or shown to us. It is interesting to note that a butterfly has alighted on the broken sword-blade. In Millais' picture, *The Blind Girl*, shown in the same exhibition, a butterfly has similarly alighted on the girl's shawl. There is a difference of motive in their introduction, but the

coincidence, if such it be, is interesting, and illustrative of the close observation of detail that characterised the Pre-Raphaelite movement.

Burton has not fulfilled, at any rate in the amount of his work, the promise of this picture. His picture of the following year, *A London Magdalen*, was rejected at the Academy; and ill-health, non-recognition, and trouble unconnected with his work, have combined to prevent him from putting his unmistakable powers to fullest exercise. Depth of feeling, sincerity, dignity, and excellent workmanship mark all his work. Of about the same age as Burton—he was born in 1830—is Arthur Hughes. His work is always delicate, delightful in colour, simple and pure in sentiment. Perhaps it is because Millais has over-shadowed him that his work is not better known. He has nothing of the obvious effectiveness of Millais. No picture of his has been sufficiently strong and assertive to command attention and make for him a name. It is easy to pass him by as an echo of the stronger voice. Yet what he has to say is his own, not another's, and it is delightfully said. *The Eve of St. Agnes*, *April Love*, *Silver and Gold*, *Home from the Sea*, and many other pictures are too good to be overlooked merely because he was not chief among the prophets.

In 1856 W. L. Windus, a Liverpool painter, exhibited at the Royal Academy a picture illustrating the old Scotch ballad "Burd Helen." The lady, whose lover has been faithless to her, follows him, dressed as a page. They come to the river's brink, and he, mounted on a powerful horse, makes no offer to take her upon it, but leaves her to swim across. As Ruskin said, the cruelty is almost incredible. He noted, as robbing the picture of some look of truth, the erectness of the horse's head. Although one foot already splashes

in the water, the horse exhibits no sign of fear or surprise. All the details of sky and moorland are painted with great literalness; how closely so, a passage in Ruskin's criticism of the picture would reveal to one who had never seen the picture itself or any reproduction of it. After the remark about the horse, he says: "I have some doubt also, whether, unless the spectator himself were supposed to be wading the ford, so as to bring the eye almost on a level with the water surface, the reflection of the sky could so entirely prevent the appearance of the pebbles through the water. They are rightly shown through the dark reflection at the horse's foot, and rightly effaced, in a great degree, by that of the sky; but I think they should not have been entirely so." This is a most exacting kind of criticism. We recollect that, three years later, Millais said that Ruskin's eye was only fit to judge the portraits of insects. The minute examination of Windus' picture makes Millais' later exasperation quite intelligible, when we recollect that he was then deliberately abandoning the minute insistence on detail that Windus had learned from him.

The cruelty of the lover in the picture just referred to is unflinchingly shown. So is the tragic result that may come of faithlessness or neglect shown in another picture by Windus, *Too Late*. Here, again, the landscape, open fields seen over a garden-hedge, is Pre-Raphaelite in treatment; and the painter does not shrink from contemporary costume. But he is far from being content with a merely pictorial motive. We are not simply to take pleasure in his rendering of the visible aspect of persons and things as he represents or interprets it. A child brings to a lady who is dying of consumption a lover who has been long away. She looks at him as if in half-uncomprehending wonder. A sister

clasps her in her arms, and leans her face against the wasted cheek. The man hides his face, while the child looks up at him wonderingly. The picture was too tragically sad for Ruskin, who said: "Something wrong here: either this painter has been ill, or his picture has been sent to the Academy in a hurry, or he has sickened his temper and dimmed his sight by reading melancholy ballads." This is really an eloquent tribute to the tragic power of the picture, which probes one of the sorrows of life to its very depths. It is impossible to get away from the face of the dying woman. Madox Brown said of it: "The expression of the dying face is quite sufficient—no other explanation is needed." Against this picture in the catalogue of the Academy Exhibition—it was shown in 1859—were Tennyson's lines:

> If it were thine error or thy crime
> I care no longer, being all unblest;
> Wed whom thou wilt; but I am sick of time,
> And I desire to rest.

This is what the painter had been reading. It may be said, Ruskin said as much, that such an extremely painful subject should not be painted. All I care to say here is that, whether or not it ought to be painted, it has been painted, in this picture, in a way that makes Tennyson's words, that would make any words, seem feebleness itself in comparison. After the two pictures just discussed, Windus did but little work of importance.

Frederick Smallfield, Matthew James Lawless, Robert Martineau, and W. J. Webbe are other painters who came under the influence of Holman Hunt or Millais. *Lambs at Play*, by the last named, was obviously suggested by Holman Hunt's *Strayed Sheep*. Mr. H. W. B. Davis

similarly painted sheep near the cliff-edges, evidently with this picture in mind. Robert Martineau's *The Last Day in the Old House* is now in the National Gallery of British Art. It is Hogarthian in subject: a wastrel who is utterly indifferent to the sorrow his wanton extravagance has brought on his wife and his aged mother, and the moral ruin into which he is dragging his son. In fact, his callousness is almost incredible. The picture is painted with great elaboration of detail. Henry Wallis was another painter who adopted the Pre-Raphaelite method. His best-known picture is *Chatterton*, the scene being the poet's death. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1856. Ruskin's appreciation was: "Faultless and wonderful; a most noble example of the great school. Examine it well inch by inch; it is one of the pictures which intend, and accomplish, the entire placing before your eyes of an actual fact—and that a solemn one." It may be admitted that to stand the test of at least an approximation to inch by inch examination is a merit in such a picture. The details of the garret and its scanty furniture, the glimpse of the outside world that we get in the morning light, neither the world nor the light of it having any more meaning for him whose lifeless body lies stretched beneath the window, the torn papers, the phial of poison—all this is material to the story to be told. It is not mere statement of fact for the sake of the statement; it has emotional value. Ruskin's criticism is concise, but accurate and sufficient. An entire fact, a central fact and its necessary accessories, is placed before us; and it is a solemn fact, one that appeals to deep emotions: the tragic ending of a life of promise.

In *The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters*, Mr. Percy Bate has given a comprehensive survey of those painters, English

and Scottish, whose art was either temporarily or permanently affected by the realistic movement. He rightly, I think, sees rather the influence of Madox Brown than of Rossetti in the historical paintings of William Bell Scott. Valentine Prinsep, although he joined in the decoration of the Oxford Union, to be referred to hereafter, was on the realistic side. J. F. Lewis, who was much older than the members of the Brotherhood, to a considerable extent anticipated the movement. I shall have to refer to him again. G. D. Leslie, G. A. Storey, and P. H. Calderon may certainly be cited among those who owed much to the Pre-Raphaelite movement. We see at times the influence of Holman Hunt and Millais, at times that of Rossetti; sometimes we can trace both influences in one picture.

Before we turn to the romantic side of the movement, we ought briefly to consider the work of some of the landscape painters who heard and obeyed the call to return to nature.

Mr. H. W. B. Davis, who has already been mentioned, clearly came very near to Holman Hunt in his earlier work, and has never, in his pictures of cattle and landscape, departed further from the strict letter of Pre-Raphaelite realism than did Millais in his later work. The same may be said of John Brett. His picture *The Stonebreaker*, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1858, aroused Ruskin's enthusiasm, as going in some points of precision past anything the Pre-Raphaelites had yet done. After pointing out the almost inevitable minor faults, he said: "For all that, it is a marvellous picture, and may be examined inch by inch with delight." Ruskin wondered what, if the painter could make so much of flints and a view from the Surrey downs, he would make of the Val d'Aosta.

Thither the painter went, the same summer, and executed what was little more than a marvellous transcript of a scene in the famous valley. Of this picture Ruskin said: "For the first time in history we have, by help of art, the power of visiting a place, reasoning about it, and knowing it, just as if we were there, except only that we cannot stir from our place nor look behind us." But he found the picture wholly emotionless. "I cannot find from it," he said, "that the painter loved, or feared, anything in all that wonderful piece of the world." There were "keenness of eye and fineness of hand, as much as you choose; but of emotion, or of intention, nothing traceable." Is not this really a plea for selection, indeed for impressionism? Brett painted every detail of the scene, so far as he could, without emphasising any particular. Cannot we say that this was his intention; and that he felt the beauty of each detail? Ruskin would not have it so. "I never saw the mirror so held up to nature," he said; "but it is mirror's work, not man's." Brett, however, was but following the instruction of *Modern Painters* to go to nature in all humility, selecting nothing and rejecting nothing. Or ought he, being now twenty-eight years of age, to have passed this elementary stage? Ruskin said further that it was historical, meteorological landscape, but "poetical—by no means." I have just called to mind a passage in which he praised art of a very different kind. Of David Cox's foliage he said: "It is altogether exquisite in colour, and in its impressions of coolness, shade and mass; of its drawing I cannot say anything, but that I should be sorry to see it better." Here is actually the much-dreaded word "Impression!" I have already quoted Ruskin as forbidding us to be offended with "the loose and blotted handling" of

Cox, and as saying that there is no other means by which his object could be attained, and further that what is accidental in Cox's mode of reaching his object, "answers gracefully to the accidental part of nature herself." This looks as if Pre-Raphaelitism were not the one and only sound gospel of art, even according to Ruskin. To the end of his life Brett painted in the spirit, and almost in the letter, of this early work. His coast-scenes and seascapes are like so many vistas through open windows. He recorded the facts, and left the spectator to think or feel about them as he might. In his Royal Academy Notes for 1875, Ruskin said of Brett's picture of that year, *Spires and Steeples of the Channel Islands:* "Mr. Brett, in his coast-scene above noticed, gives us things without thoughts"; and, in the same place, he states the principle: "Landscape painting shows the relation between nature and man; and, in fine work, a particular tone of thought in the painter's mind respecting what he represents." Clearly, detail should be a means, not an end; it should be kept in close relation to the thought or emotion to be expressed. It may be much or little, and yet the picture may be good art, true to what the artist has felt, not merely to the external facts, from which he has to select only such as will serve his artistic end.

Mention of the work of Brett inevitably brings to my mind that of Henry Moore, for I have been accustomed for years to see the *Northern Archipelago* of the former, and the *Mount's Bay* of the latter, facing each other in one of the rooms of the Manchester Art Gallery. Henry Moore began as a painter of Pre-Raphaelite landscapes and cattle-subjects. Ruskin praised his *Swiss Meadow in June*, exhibited in 1857. In the following year he exhibited his

first seascape, and to the sea he afterwards remained faithful. His work is not open to the complaint that Ruskin lodges against that of Brett. He invariably recorded some effect of nature that he had enjoyed, or some mood of nature to which he had responded. His later work was far from being detailed in its realism; but it expressed a sincere, unaffected and poetical love of nature. The waves, the clouds, and light breaking through the clouds and gleaming on the waves, were the staple of his subjects; it was a moving world that he sought to interpret; and the extreme of detail, such as the instantaneous photograph gives, would have been fatal to any suggestion, any illusion, of motion. As it is, when one stands before a seascape by him, the waves seem actually to be moving, racing after each other as if in eager chase; and, in the sky above, the clouds advance in their own more measured manner. His pictures, though so natural in effect, were none the less subtly designed. If he had a fault it was that his colour, particularly his blue, was sometimes monotonous, almost unvaried over so large a space that the picture as a whole lost the feeling of nature's infinite variety and of atmospheric vibration. He sought to record impressions, and somewhat more of impressionist methods would at times have been useful to him. J. W. Inchbold also came under the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites, and his landscapes combine realism with true poetic feeling; and there were others, also, who need not be individually mentioned here. To still more recent evidences of the influence of Holman Hunt and Millais realism I shall have to refer later on.

We have now to follow the fortunes of the romantic side of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, that side of it to which Mr. Holman Hunt would deny the right to be included in

it. We recollect that he regards himself and Millais as having been at any time the only true Pre-Raphaelites; and Rossetti as having been from the first so steeped in Madox Brown's mediævalism that no tuition could rid him of it. Certainly laborious painting of natural detail, not necessarily relevant to the main subject of the picture, was not to his mind. Close observation of the minutiæ of natural light, colour, and so forth, was quite apart from his purpose. Beauty was to his purpose, especially beauty of colour, which he held, and rightly held, to be chief among the essentials of the painter's art. In this he showed himself a Romanticist. The Classical school, as we have learned, put drawing in the first place.

We have seen Rossetti wearying of the drudgery of painting jars and bottles to which Madox Brown set him, going to Holman Hunt for instruction, joining in the formation of the Brotherhood, and painting and exhibiting *The Girlhood of Mary Virgin* and *Ecce Ancilla Dòmini.* Then he withdrew from the contest with the critics, leaving Holman Hunt and Millais to carry it on alone. Already his work was different from theirs, in both method and aim. There was to be a still greater divergence. We may put it that whereas Holman Hunt and Millais told any story they took for a subject in the way they thought it must have happened, or would have happened had it been a true one, Rossetti told his stories in what he thought would have been a beautiful way for them to have happened. This does not mean that the beauty was foremost in his thought. We have already objected to Mr. Holman Hunt's saying that "Rossetti treated the Gospel history simply as a storehouse of interesting situations and beautiful personages for the artist's pencil." He found the Gospel history to be

this, but not this only or mainly; any more than this was all that Dante's poetry meant to him. He once, indeed, wrote to Madox Brown: "I am writing a long ballad about a magic mirror. . . . I have painted the better part of a little picture besides, but don't know who is to buy it. I can't be bothered to stick idle names: a head is a head, and fools won't buy heads on that footing." This sounds like contempt for the subject in painting; yet many, perhaps most, of Rossetti's works have a quite definite subject: frequently they are pictorial versions of his own poems, or of Dante's poems, or other literary works; and when Mr. William Sharp asked him how he would reply to the asseveration that he was the head of the "Art for Art's sake" school, his response was to the effect that "the principle of the phrase was two-thirds absolutely correct, and one-third so essentially wrong that it negatived the value of the whole as an aphorism."

Rossetti stands alone in having expressed himself with great, and not greatly unequal, ease and power in both poetry and painting. William Morris, also, was both poet and artist; but while continuing his poetical work, he early abandoned pictorial for decorative art. Rossetti has been called literary in his painting and pictorial in his poems; which, in the extent to which it is true, only means that his thought and emotion formed themselves into concrete images; which is true of all of us in degree, and of some amongst us in exceptional degree. When a youth desirous of being a painter came to Rossetti, he was asked if he had any thoughts that could be expressed in design. This explains the saying about art for art's sake. Painting must have art, must have design; but it only does its final work when the design clothes a thought. He was not him-

self a really well-trained craftsman—he had been too indolent. To have to do a thing was enough to turn him against it. Technically his painting was inferior to his poetry. He once expressed his regret that a painting could not, like a poem, be teased into shape.

His art, his design, it has been already said, was based on colour. "I believe colour," he said, "to be a quite indispensable quality in the *highest* art, and that no picture ever belonged to the highest order without it; while many by possessing it—as the works of Titian—are raised certainly into the highest class, though not to the very highest grade of that class, in spite of the limited degree of their other great qualities. Perhaps the *only* exception which I should be inclined to admit exists in the works of Hogarth, to which I should never dare to assign any but the very highest place, though their colour is certainly not a prominent feature in them. I must add, however, that Hogarth's colour is seldom other than pleasing to myself, and that, for my own part, I should almost call him a colourist, though not aiming at colour. On the other hand, there are men who, merely on account of bad colour, prevent me from thoroughly enjoying their works, though full of other qualities. For instance, Wilkie, or Delaroche (in nearly all his works, though the Hémicycle is fine in colour). From Wilkie I would at any time prefer a thoroughly good engraving—though of course he is in no respect even within hail of Hogarth. Colour is the physiognomy of a picture; and, like the shape of the human forehead, it cannot be perfectly beautiful without proving goodness and greatness. Other qualities are its life exercised, but this is the body of its life, by which we know and love it at first sight."

This passage is instructive in various ways. It is interest-

ing to find Rossetti appreciating Hogarth's colour. Recognition of his colour as harmonious, though not brilliant, and as being carried through his design, is more common now than it used to be. Colour there must be; colour alone will make a picture great, but not of the greatest; colour is the beautiful body of a picture: other qualities are its life exercised. Such was the thoroughly sane creed of Rossetti.

He had very distinct preferences in colour; he could place his favourite hues in order of merit: first, pure, light, warm green; second, deep gold colour; third, certain tints of grey; fourth, shadowy or steel blue; fifth, brown with crimson tinge; sixth, scarlet. These he liked, each for its own sake, separately, apart from any others. Then, for the rest, he said that other colours, comparatively, were only lovable according to the relations in which they were placed. His own pictures and drawings are conspicuous for their rich, glowing colour. The works of the great Venetians hardly lose more by translation into monochrome than do Rossetti's, so thoroughly did his own practice embody his theory.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Rossetti existed in the present but lived in the past. He was a devotee of beauty, which was denied almost all its rights in the time and the place in which he had to spend his days on earth. No joyous picture, only, indeed, the saddest of all his pictures, had modern London for its scene. Another drawing gets as near to our own time as Dr. Johnson's day; for the rest, we are taken back to the Middle Ages, or to some dateless time—the time, that is, when beauty holds sway in life. The one drawing that does set us down in the mid-nineteenth century shows a drover who, just as, in the early morning, with a calf fastened in his cart, he is about to cross one of

the bridges that lead into London, sees in handsome but disordered dress the girl whom he has loved, but who has long been lost to him and to her village home. As she shrinks away from him, falling to the ground and turning her pain-stricken face to the wall, he seizes her by her hands and seeks to raise her up again, his face instinct with love and tender sorrow. The calf, taken into the town to be slaughtered, is symbolic of her fate. Whether for her there is any redemption on this side of the grave we are left in doubt. In the sonnet written to accompany the picture she is made to say—

"Leave me—I do not know you—go away!"

This was Rossetti's solitary attempt to express his emotion through the medium of such an incident as might be met with in a London street. After this there was no more realism; there was no care even about antiquarian accuracy; he merely used any material that was available to create a beautiful world in which the men and women of his imagination might live and move.

One ought rather to have said women and men; for woman, her love and her beauty, and man's love for her, was almost exclusively the subject of Rossetti's art. A cynic might almost sum up the romantic side of the Pre-Raphaelite movement as a cult of woman's beauty. Robert Buchanan's attack on "the fleshly school of poetry," which had special reference to Rossetti, was unjust; but the sensuous and the sensual are much in evidence in both his poetry and his painting, far more so than was customary at the time. To what extent this cult was an obsession, how far Rossetti was morbid, we need not inquire here. He has often been subjected to pathological study. Certain it is

that, especially in his painting, the one subject almost exclusively engrossed him. If he read the New Testament, it was the girlhood of Mary Virgin, the Annunciation, Mary Magdalene at the house of Simon the Pharisee, that attracted him as subjects for pictures. From Dante he took the love of Dante for Beatrice, and the fatal love of Paolo and Francesca da Rimini. From the Arthurian legend he took Tristram and Iseult and Launcelot in Guenevere's chamber. If he turned to Shakespeare's "Hamlet" it was to find Ophelia there. From Browning he got the suggestion of *The Laboratory*, where a woman is seeking for poison with which to kill off a rival. From Florentine story he chooses the Borgia family. Creating his own subjects we get such as the *Found*, already described, *Hesterna Rosa*, a picture of satiated sensuality, and all the long list of subjects such as *How They Met Themselves*—two lovers faced by their own apparitions—*Mona Rosa, The Loving Cup, Mariana, Veronica Veronese, Fiammetta, Lilith*, and many others. *The Blessed Damozel*, both in the poem and in the picture, carries the love that is but personal attachment—*l'égoisme à deux personnes*, in the French phrase—beyond the grave; *Astarte Syriaca* recreates the goddess who, in old-time belief, delighted in such love. Rarely does he appeal to anything higher than the sensuous emotion. It intrudes even when Joan of Arc is kissing the sword of deliverance. Of the love that endures in higher love—that is wholly disinterested, has no return on self—he rarely gives a hint. Such a sweetly simple picture as *Joli Cœur* seems almost out of place amongst so many in which not kind-heartedness, but the love that does little more than seek self in another, gazes out upon us from a world of luxurious beauty. Rossetti, in his pictures, has interpreted, almost exclusively,

BEATA BEATRIX — DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

one phase of love, and that not the highest; so that, had we him alone for guide, we might take this fragment for the whole. The generous emotions for which we use such words as devotion, charity—in the large sense—unselfishness, are not suggested by his pictures. Though there is no dallying with evil, yet the word purity never comes to our lips, as it inevitably does when we look at Holman Hunt's Isabella, while we are before any but his earliest works; nor do we find ourselves thinking of character and strength. Soul does not stand before us clear from, or nobly dominating sense. If the faces of the vast majority of living women did not say things that the faces in Rossetti's pictures rarely, if ever, say, it would go ill with mankind.

The picture here reproduced, *Beata Beatrix*, though an imaginative work of great power and beauty—it was the witness of his art to his love for the wife he had lost—does not reveal love ennobled by death, but only claims continuance, despite of death, for personal attachment, as also does *The Blessed Damozel*. It is a beautiful, deeply passionate assertion that what men call death is but a swooning into another life.

Notwithstanding his imperfect technical equipment, Rossetti's art became an exceedingly beautiful and subtly appropriate language for the emotions he sought to express. He was full of enthusiasm, and could infect others with his own zeal—witness his carrying off to Oxford, despite their protests, a number of young painters, Val Prinsep, Burne-Jones, William Morris, Spencer Stanhope, and others, who had no previous experience in mural painting, to decorate with pictures the still damp walls of the new Union building there. In his intercourse with his friends and fellow-artists he was, when in health of mind and body, con-

spicuously generous. There is little wonder that the man, his poetry and his art, have had an influence that still is strong.

One evening, in the year 1856, a young Oxford undergraduate found his way to the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street. He had gone with a definite object, to set eyes, if he could, on Dante Rossetti, who, as he had learned, taught in the art school of the college. He wished to see Rossetti because he had read "The Blessed Damozel," and had seen his water-colour of Dante, while drawing the head of Beatrice, being disturbed by people of importance, and his illustration to William Allingham's "Maids of Elfenmere," and because the creator of these works of literature and art had become to him a hero. This hero-worshipping undergraduate was Edward Burne-Jones, himself to become little, if anything, less than a hero to others. He had no thought of speaking to Rossetti; the genuine hero-worshipper never aims so high. It would be enough if he could see him. His purpose was accomplished, for Rossetti came to the college that evening. More than this, a few nights later Burne-Jones was actually introduced to his hero, had a "first fearful talk" with him, and was invited to go to his studio on the following day. He went, and so a lifelong friendship was begun. Rossetti's advice confirmed Burne-Jones in an already formed resolution to devote his life to art, and he left Oxford without taking his degree.

Of his earlier life it is not necessary to say much here. He was born in 1834 in Birmingham, where his father was in business as picture-framer. He was educated at the King Edward's School there, and when he went up to Oxford it was with the intention of eventually entering into holy

orders. Difficulties that do not concern us here, and counter-attractions at which we have briefly glanced, led, as we have seen, to a complete change of purpose. This happened also to his closest college friend at Oxford, William Morris, who can have but brief mention in this book, because he early gave up the practice of painting to pursue, along with poetry and other literary production, the arts that ally themselves to use.

It was Rossetti's recorded first impression of Burne-Jones that he was "one of the nicest young fellows in—Dreamland." It was a true impression. It was in dreamland that Burne-Jones spent his artistic life. He was a Celt, and whether or not all Celts are dreamers, Burne-Jones was one. In the world where men contend for wealth and power he felt himself a stranger. He was at home only in the ideal world where love and beauty alone have sway. He was not a misanthrope. He was full of kindness. Merriment and mischief were never put away as childish things. But he could take no pleasure in the things for which most men live. One or two brief sayings of his own will show better than much writing about him why he spent his working life in dreamland. "A pity it is I was not born in the Middle Ages. People would then have known how to use me—now they don't know what on earth to do with me." Again, "I have learned to know beauty when I see it, and that's the best thing." And again, "This is rather sad talk, and sounds as if I had an impossible ideal—and I have, and a bit of it shall come."

The old buildings of Oxford, the cathedrals and churches of northern France, had told Burne-Jones and Morris that civilisation had once been more beautiful than it was in their day, and had inspired them with faith that some day

it would be beautiful again. Morris, in after years, actively joined in Socialist propaganda; not in vain, perhaps. Quite recently a Socialist Member of Parliament has said: "The present aim of Socialists is to find work for the unemployed, food for the hungry, and clothes for the naked. After that it will make the conquest of the intellectual and artistic world. The foundation has been laid for the most beautiful edifice which has ever been constructed." As this was said in a public speech, we may pardon the orator for talking of a building as being already constructed for which only the foundation had been laid, and at once go on to say that the Socialist member's hope was exactly the hope of William Morris—yes, and of Ruskin also. It was also Burne-Jones's hope; but he shrank from such work as that to which Morris set himself—though on more than one occasion he uttered a protest against the tyranny of selfishness—and sought rather to draw his fellows to better things by translating into picture the lovely tales of long ago; and it may be that he, no less than Morris and Ruskin, has done something to hasten the coming of a better day.

For a time his art was little more than an echo of that of Rossetti, whose pupil he became, in the sense of watching the older painter engaged upon works which, to the end of his life, filled him with admiration. Then his own individuality, steadily asserting itself, gave to his own art an independent character. He sought by unremitting work, persisted in despite frequent ill-health, to make up for the lack of early training, for he was already twenty-two years old when he turned of set purpose to art; and he so far succeeded that, although he never attained to that consummate mastery of the brush which marks the greatest craftsmen, he executed a large number of works of singular and refined

LE CHANT D'AMOUR — E. BURNE-JONES

beauty. He was greatly influenced by the Italian masters, particularly the Florentines; that is to say, his art was Pre-Raphaelite in the sense in which that of Holman Hunt and Millais was not, and against which Holman Hunt has so strongly inveighed. After a visit to Italy in 1872 he said that the masters he cared for most were Michael Angelo, Luca Signorelli, Mantegna, Giotto, Botticelli, Andrea del Sarto, Paolo Uccello, and Piero della Francesca; and he further said that, on this visit, artistic excellence *alone* had little charm for him, so that he never wanted even to look at Titian, and saw the Raphaels at Rome for the first time as unaffected by them as he could see the cartoons in London. All of which means that Burne-Jones was far from eschewing the subject in painting, and that, in his own art, colour would be subordinate to drawing. His colour was never brilliantly glowing, like that of Rossetti; indeed, it is at times open to the charge of harshness, and is best when most restrained. His sense of line, also, does not always carry him all through his picture, but stops short in the individual figures and in the detail; so that among his best works are those containing only one or two figures.

Objection has often been made to the repetition of the same face, and its almost invariable lack of expression. His defence of this peculiarity was that his faces were not portraits of people in paroxysms of terror, hatred, benevolence, desire, avarice, veneration, etc. It was but a variation of this defence, or, perhaps we should say, explanation, when he said, in effect, that his figures were not individuals, but types. So Ruskin, in his Oxford lecture entitled "Mythic Schools of Painting," distinguishes between Rossetti as representing persons and Burne-Jones as being content with personification, so that "had both Rossetti and he been set

to illustrate the first chapter of Genesis, Rossetti would have painted either Adam or Eve—but Edward Burne-Jones, a Day of Creation." Dramatic or personal, Ruskin calls the one school of painting, mythic or personifying the other. The names matter little; the things matter much. Holman Hunt and Millais were more emphatically dramatic painters in this sense than was Rossetti. We may almost divide the landscape painters also into the two orders, dramatic and mythic, the former dwelling on detailed life and beauty, the latter generalising until it seems not so much the visible world that we see as the invisible power that lives and operates in it. The landscape in not a few of Burne-Jones's pictures—*The Mirror of Venus* and *Love and the Pilgrim*, for instance—is of the latter kind.

Burne-Jones, in his art, virtually withdrew himself from his own age, to dwell upon things he believed to be true and beautiful for every age. This is how, on one occasion, he described his life-work to me. He did not withdraw himself from sympathy with his own age, he was moved by its sorrows and pained by its hideousness; but he stood apart from its activities, and he would not portray it. It would not be well for every one to do this; but it was well for him; and nothing can be more mistaken than to regard such an attitude as morbid. To gather truth and beauty from the past, and, by setting them forth, to enforce their claim on the present and the future, is a sane and noble endeavour. When a lady wrote to Burne-Jones contrasting the ignoble faces she had seen in Regent Street with the divine hush of the New Gallery, and talked of artists withdrawing themselves from this wretched world like the gods of old, he begged a friend to tell him that he had not wasted his whole life in running after things no man would ever be the better for!

His life-work is summed up in the opening lines of Keats' "Endymion." To him a thing of beauty was indeed a joy for ever, and he sought to create shapes of beauty that would move away the pall from dark spirits, amid dearth of noble natures, days of gloom, unhealthy and o'er darkened ways. It is ill paraphrasing poetry; let me quote the poet, who almost describes Burne-Jones's work when he includes in such shapes of beauty—

> The grandeur of the dooms
> We have imagined for the mighty dead;
> All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
> An endless fountain of immortal drink,
> Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

It is thus one understands Burne-Jones's pictures. This is not the place to enumerate and describe them, even could one's halting prose keep pace with their swift-winged poetry. He lived in the myths and legends of Greece; the book of Genesis drew from him a visible psalm in praise of the mystery of creation; the adoration of the Magi, the death on the Cross, Christ in the Day of Judgment—these things, for painting or for window, he chose from the Christian Belief. One of the loveliest of his pictures has for its subject the figure of Christ stooping from a cross at a wayside shrine to kiss a merciful knight who has forgiven his enemy. It is needless, almost, to say how much the Arthurian legend meant to him, a Celt; or, again, how he delighted to turn into picture the story-telling of Chaucer. In such a painting as *The Golden Stairs* he creates his own allegory. What did he mean by this company of maidens, each with her instrument of music, descending from a higher to a lower room? Do they tell us of a music coming from above into human life, quenching its discords

and making ever richer its harmonies? So we might wander on among these things of beauty, which the unresting though unhasting artist designed through many years, until, while yet there were unfinished works upon his easels, and many a contemplated work was not begun, the brush was for the last time laid aside.

Madox Brown, as we have seen, got the opportunity at Manchester of painting pictures for places in a public building where they were permanently to remain. Such was the kind of work that Burne-Jones wished to do. He disliked miscellaneous exhibitions, and regarded easel-pictures as but a poor substitute for those designed for particular places and actually painted on the spot. He would have liked to paint only big things in vast spaces, and that the common people should wonder at them. Little opportunity, however, came to him for work of this kind, except in the form of executing designs for stained-glass windows, of which he did many for churches in various parts of the country. The one chance he got, apart from the window-designs, was that of designs for mosaics in the American church at Rome; and he did not see the completed work. It was a part of his dream that art should not be a mere luxury for the few, but the heritage, both in practice and enjoyment, of the many. Designs of his were executed in tapestry on Morris's looms; he also, of course, designed illustrations for books that Morris printed and published. His view of the place that art ought to occupy in life was large and generous, and he did what he could to make it prevail. These wider questions of art will arise again when we consider the work of other painters, such as G. F. Watts and Leighton in England, and Puvis de Chavannes in France.

The year following that in which Burne-Jones first became acquainted with Rossetti another young painter sought and obtained both his acquaintance and his friendship. This was Frederic Sandys, who, born in 1832, the son of a Norwich painter, had already made considerable advance in art, much in the Pre-Raphaelite manner of laborious truthfulness. Early in his career he executed many drawings for woodcuts; then he produced several oil-paintings; and lastly, his work mostly took the form of chalk drawing. His oil-paintings are strongly reminiscent of Rossetti's work, but with inevitable differences. He was a far abler craftsman than Rossetti, especially in his draughtsmanship; there is more dramatic intensity in his works than in those of Rossetti; it is as if the women whom Rossetti has shown to us quite tranquil, and prone we cannot always tell whether more to good or to evil, had been aroused to passionate action. Cassandra and Helen, Medea preparing poison in a brazier, Morgan le Fay looking at the shirt which she has woven for her brother King Arthur, and which will bring death to the wearer, she hating him for his purity and the love and loyalty it has won for him: these he paints, and the beautiful Vivien, not actively engaged in evil, but looking, it may be, from a window or balcony at King Arthur and his knights, contemptuous of their devotion to the good, and thinking by what means she can overcome it with evil. All these works are beautiful alike in draughtsmanship, design, and colour, and powerfully imaginative. The beauty of those who are so intent on evil helps to realise that depth of evil which is the corruption of the best.

Spencer Stanhope was one of the Rossetti-Burne-Jones group. He was enlisted to execute one of the pictures at the Oxford Union. Many of his paintings, such as *The*

Temptation of Eve and *The Waters of Lethe*, in the Manchester Art Gallery, are in tempera, and, being also decorative in design, are more suited for an architectural setting than for exhibition as easel-pictures; indeed, much of his work has been done as church decoration. It at once declares its kinship with, particularly, the work of Burne-Jones, though there is more expression in the faces and vigour in the action. J. M. Strudwick, after passing through the Academy Schools, became the pupil of Burne-Jones, of whom he is often regarded as little more than an echo. It is kinder, and more just, to regard him as a kindred spirit, for alike in sentiment, in decorative quality, in colour and in technique there are marked differences between his work and that of Burne-Jones. His world is one where everything is beautiful, and all or most of those who dwell in it seem as if the storms of evil had ceased to trouble them and had left them for ever calm; there is need no longer for strenuous virtue. Walter Crane is another artist who came under the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites. When only a boy he was attracted by the work of Millais. His own work has been chiefly decorative, and purely pictorial art has been the least successful part of his achievement. He has produced many pictures, however, his subjects being chiefly drawn from myth and legend, and he must be counted in the Pre-Raphaelite succession. Frederic Shields, again, after working at the lithographic bench, and later executing delightful drawings of child-life, came under the influence of Rossetti, to whose work his pictures at one time showed their indebtedness both in choice of subject and in treatment. Always a religious enthusiast, he has for a long while now been able to devote his art to what he holds to be the highest service. He has done work for the private

chapels of Sir William Houldsworth at Kilmarnock and the Duke of Westminster at Eaton Hall; while, more recently, the late Mrs. Russell Gurney entrusted to him the task of painting a series of pictures in the chapel known as the Chapel of the Ascension, which she caused to be built for the purpose in the Bayswater Road. This work, which is steadily approaching completion, is one of the most thoughtful and loftily conceived examples of its kind executed in our time. Fra Angelico cannot have brought more devotion to his work than has Mr. Shields; and even those who find great limitations in his art, particularly in his colour, who feel that his subjects are overweighted with symbolism, and that the action and gestures of his figures are often overstrained, can hardly fail, even if also they do not think as he thinks about the lofty themes of which he treats, to be impressed by the many noble qualities of his work and the deeply spiritual purpose that informs it.

There is an interesting and highly creditable incident in the career of Frederic Shields that deserves to be recorded here. He spent many years of his earlier life in Manchester; and this connection with the city led to the arrangement that he should share with Madox Brown the decoration of the large room in the Town Hall there. Each of them was to execute six mural paintings, and Madox Brown was to complete his quota first. When Mr. Shields saw his friend's work, he was convinced that the whole series should be done by the one hand, and he absolutely refused to do his share of the work, with the result that all the twelve paintings were done by Madox Brown. There can be no doubt that it was better thus; but the act of self-denial none the less deserves its meed of praise, and it is satisfactory to think that, at the Chapel of the Ascension,

Shields has found work for which he was better fitted than the illustration of the history of Manchester, and at which he could continue with unabated ardour through many years.

T. M. Rooke is another artist of merit, who worked at one time with Burne-Jones, and has painted subject-pictures of much power and beauty, taking his subjects mainly from the Bible and the old myths. In later years his water-colour drawings of mediæval buildings and towns, records of beauty that is fast disappearing, have been interesting features in many an exhibition.

In his book already mentioned, Mr. Percy Bate instances Sir Noel Paton as having come under the influence of Millais. His works, and the laborious detail in them, are too well known to need more than mention here. He was very prolific, finding his themes in history, legend, poetry, and the Biblical narratives. His work was always accomplished; but he failed as a colourist, and his treatment of some of the highest themes bordered at least on the sensational. Mr. Bate notes also the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites on several Scottish painters, but they need not detain us here. Mrs. Stillman and Mrs. de Morgan clearly belong to the romantic side of the movement.

Of the original members of the Brotherhood only Holman Hunt, Millais, and Rossetti take their place among the chief painters of their time. James Collinson was the only other member who did any considerable amount of painting, but his work was not of conspicuous merit. He became a Roman Catholic, left the Brotherhood, and his place was taken by Walter Howell Deverell, who, however, died in 1854 at the age of twenty-six, before his powers were fully matured. Madox Brown, of course, takes his

THE BOYHOOD OF RALEIGH — J. E. MILLAIS

place along with the three painters who led the organised movement; and when to these four we have added Burne-Jones, we have the five men who, by the quality and the amount of their work, stand out as the chief exponents of the two sides of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. Among those we have mentioned to whom minor place only is accorded, there is not one who has not done work of at least very considerable merit; and the whole group, leaders and followers, would leave English art grievously the poorer were it possible to remove their names from its roll. They form a numerous as well as a strong company of artists, and their work has been marked by sincerity both in craftsmanship and in thought and feeling. Millais is, perhaps, the only one of them all of whom we are at all inclined to think as being in any measure spoiled by success—many of them met with only too little success—and Millais' work, even when he was most below his best, was still so wholesome and so good as art that one can hardly think of it without regretting anything said in the way of adverse criticism. How delightful, within its limits, in design and in colour and in expression of the human interest of its subject, is even such a picture as *The Boyhood of Raleigh* here reproduced! Yet it is not of his best, and many of the lesser painters of the school have done far greater work than this.

The effect of the movement upon our art is by no means exhausted, nor is it likely to be. It insisted on things that are permanently, if not exclusively, valuable. Even those who could not closely follow the teachings of the school have learned from it the meaning of sincerity and high endeavour; and our exhibitions to-day show that the letter as well as the spirit of the movement still has power. Only

an example or two must be given. Mr. Byam Shaw almost startles us with a picture, *The Boer War, 1900*, that comes close in its rendering of detail of flower and leaf to Millais' *Ophelia*. There is good reason for the detail in each case. Ophelia is passing to her death, oblivious now of the leaves and flowers and birds she has individually loved, and their closely recorded loveliness adds to the pathos of the scene. The lady in Mr. Shaw's picture has grown familiar with every plant and bush by the stream-side. She has often been amongst them; but one who has been there with her can now be with her no more; and, in her grief, the old familiar things about her, so well known in every least particular, have lost for her their beauty. In other pictures Mr. Shaw shows his indebtedness to the romantic side of the movement. Miss Eleanor F. Brickdale and Mr. Cayley Robinson owe much, though in very different ways, to the Pre-Raphaelites. These are conspicuous instances; and there are many other painters now contributing to our exhibitions whose work must have been very different but for the Pre-Raphaelite example.

Have we sufficiently made clear to ourselves its characteristics? The reader may turn now with advantage to an earlier page (42), where is given Mr. William Rossetti's statement of the points upon which all the members of the Brotherhood were agreed. M. de la Sizeranne sums up the movement thus: "Looked at as a whole from Madox Brown to Millais, from Watts to Rossetti, from the Westminster cartoons to *The Last of England*, from *Isabella* to *The Huguenot*, as from *The Annunciation* to *Dante's Dream*, the movement of 1850 was this: new men longing for a new art, substituting strange, novel, individual gesture for commonplace generalisations; and fresh, dry, pure colour,

brilliant by its juxtapositions, for sunken, overlaid colour; in one word, they exchanged the line of expression for the line of decoration, and clear tones for warm tones. In its simplicity this was Pre-Raphaelitism." Similarly, Herr Muther says that the programme of the school was truth, strict and keen study of nature; "even at the expense of total effect, every picture was to be carried out in minutest detail," the painters abandoned abstract beauty of form for the "characteristic, energetic, angular; but their figures painted faithfully from nature are the vehicles of a metaphysical idea." This is how the Pre-Raphaelite movement appears to two foreign critics of our art. The subject-pictures generally tell a story, be the theme great or simple. In the great majority of cases our ability to understand the subject depends upon our knowledge of literature. The figures in the pictures do not explain themselves, and why they look happy or sad, mild or fierce, or what else; as the people we meet in daily life explain themselves to us. There are exceptions, of course, but they prove the rule. Then, what these people are doing has to be done naturally; gesture and expression must fit emotion, not the requirements of "abstract beauty of form." This characteristic is, of course, most in evidence in the work of the realists, and pre-eminently so in that of Madox Brown. Lastly, there is the insistence upon detail, in every part of the picture, in what is of chief importance to the subject, and what is of least or no importance, detail such as the eye could not see were the scene itself before us, except by long examination of it, bit by bit. Both the general effect of the scene, such as the Impressionists give, and fluid colour, are inevitably lost by this method; one kind of truth is obtained at the cost of another, and beauty is imperilled if not sacrificed.

It is not only in the work of a Holman Hunt that we find this insistence on detail, or in the work of those who were especially influenced by him and by the earlier work of Millais; we find it in the paintings of Burne-Jones, Strudwick, and others on the romantic side of the movement, though, with them, the decorative, as distinguished from the realistic purpose of their art—they never give us the least chance of thinking that, with a little more success on the part of the artist, nature itself would seem to be before us —enables them to put the detail to more artistic use.

The strength of Pre-Raphaelitism lies in expression of thought and the higher emotions. To those who think that such things should be left to literature, this is its weakness, for it means that sensuous beauty is not the sole or even the paramount consideration. Herbert Spencer entered the lists to combat Holman Hunt's theory of art. In an essay, "The Purpose of Art," included in *Facts and Comments*, he wrote: "Artists seek to magnify their office on the ground that art is useful for intellectual culture: that reason being the only one assigned. Years ago my attention was drawn to this mistaken conception by a disquisition with which Mr. Holman Hunt accompanied an exhibited picture—'Christ in the Workshop,' it may have been. The educational value of art was the theme of his proem. By implication it appeared that it was not enough for a picture to gratify the æsthetic perceptions or raise a pleasurable emotion. It must teach something. The yielding of satisfaction to certain feelings is not regarded as an aim to be put in the foreground, but the primary aim must be instruction." Perhaps—certainly, I think—this is too crudely stated. No artist would assign intellectual culture as the only claim of his art to be useful. The utmost the Pre-

Raphaelites would say is that art *may* teach something, *may* appeal to thought and the higher emotions, need not be restricted to gratifying æsthetic perceptions or raising a pleasurable emotion; and that, in thus taking other than the sensuous ground, it does not necessarily trespass on the domain of literature; that, indeed, it has means of interpreting ethical and spiritual things that are denied to words. And it is not the Pre-Raphaelites alone, nor only a few artists here and there in this and that country, who hold this view of the functions of art. Hitherto it has been general. Those who think otherwise are a minority, probably among artists, certainly among those for whom the artist works. Whether or not the future will more rigidly define the boundaries of literature and art we may leave the writer of the future to say.

CHAPTER V

PAINTING IN FRANCE

IT is not the aim of this book carefully to assay the art of various countries during the second half of the last century. It is written primarily for English readers, and emphasis is laid upon English, or, to use the more comprehensive word so much insisted upon nowadays, British art. Were this not so, the Pre-Raphaelite movement should not have had so much attention as I have given to it. It has had this attention because our own art must here be our chief concern, and because the movement has had a potent influence upon that art during the last fifty years. It has not been by the work of those alone who have been closely identified with the movement that our art has been saved from the tyranny of tradition and made free of nature and life. Nor has it been maintained here that the pioneers of the movement were wholly right in what they did and what they left undone, what they praised and what they blamed. There were painters who held on their way uninfluenced by the movement; there were others who took from it what seemed to them good and eschewed what seemed to them evil. In their work also tradition was modified and art advanced. They have formed the large majority of our painters, and an account of what some of the principal ones among them have done has yet to be given, and co-ordinated

with the work of the Pre-Raphaelites, before we shall have got even a summary of the achievement of our painters during the half-century. Other modern tendencies in art began to make themselves felt, and increasingly so as the century drew to its close. The growing influence of French art upon our own has led, as we have already seen, to strong protestations in favour of a narrow nationalism in art, regardless of the mischief that results from breeding-in in any department of life.

The Pre-Raphaelite movement, as we have seen, owed nothing in its inception to the contemporary art of other countries. With Holman Hunt it was a revulsion from the conventions and triviality of the art of his own country; Madox Brown disliked contemporary French art, and M. de la Sizeranne thinks he decided upon his methods almost in a spirit of defiance. He was greatly influenced by the old Italian masters, particularly those of the fifteenth century; so also, at a later date, as we have seen, was Burne-Jones; and doubtless the romantic side of the movement owed much to Rossetti's Italian blood—he never, we may note, actually went to Italy. From contemporary art the Pre-Raphaelites learned little or nothing. It was not so with the Impressionist movement in France. The Barbizon school, which, by its close study of nature, made Impressionism possible, owed no small debt to English landscape painting; and, again, in 1870, Monet and Pissarro, we recollect, were confirmed in their method of interpreting nature, both by English landscape and by English art. Turner had endeavoured to render the most subtle and fleeting atmospheric effects. Take *Rain, Steam and Speed*, the picture of which a reproduction appears opposite an earlier page. As the title suggests, the artist has not con-

cerned himself primarily with the stable elements in the landscape; they are but a means to an end; they are sacrificed, almost blotted out by the rain which, even in England, is but transitory. More fleeting still is the steam, first invisible, then, in its moment of change visible, soon invisible again. Then there are dimly seen through the rain-laden air, fugitive, also, themselves, not so much the train and the hare as the rush of the train over the viaduct, and the swift flight of the hare which is seeking to escape from the train. It was such work as this that arrested the attention of the two French painters and showed them the way along which they were to travel even further than Turner had gone.

So English art influenced French art. During the last quarter of the nineteenth century, however, French art fully returned the service rendered. English and Scotch students in large numbers went, as they still go, to Paris. The effects are visible—only too visible some will say—in all our exhibitions, even in that stronghold of convention, the Royal Academy. And for this reason it is desirable that before we complete our study of English painting we should follow the general course of painting in France during the half-century we are surveying.

The Impressionist movement in France, like the Pre-Raphaelite movement in England, was but one phase of the growth of the whole art of the nation. It was, however, so important as to justify our having taken it apart along with the work of some of the painters who were most closely associated with it, if not participators in it. By the mid-century art had won for itself the right to find its subject-matter in modern life. In their various ways, Delacroix, Courbet, and the Barbizon landscape painters had freed art from the oppression of classicism. Painters were now free

to take their subjects from modern life, as well as to interpret history, legend, and myth. We have seen that one marked difference between the Impressionists and our own Pre-Raphaelites was that, whereas the latter went chiefly to books, the former went to life for their subjects, and this actuality pervades the work of many more French painters than the Impressionists and their close allies.

In completing our survey of French painting we will first take account of its portrayal of contemporary life; and to begin with, we will take the work of the painters who, like Millet and Courbet before them, were attracted by the life of the country rather than by that of the town. The former life is the basic one. The country can do without the town, but not the town without the country. Life in the country, also, comes close to nature, which indeed is all around it; and art has a noble, if not its noblest sphere, when it deals with nature and the elemental facts of human life.

We begin, therefore, with the life of the fields which, under the hand of Millet, became an epic, and almost a tragic one. By Jules Breton, who was some thirteen years his junior, it was treated more as an idyll, though he did not depart so far from the hard facts as did George Mason and Frederick Walker and this country. His reapers and gleaners are strongly-built women easily capable of the work they have to do, hard though it be. He takes an optimistic view of the life of the peasant. We can see the influence of Millet's peasants in the miners and iron-workers of Meunier. If the Belgian sculptor had learned from Jules Breton instead of from Millet, the King of the Belgians would never have feared that his works might powerfully reinforce the socialist propaganda.

A generation later than Jules Breton came Bastien-Lepage, born at Damvillers, in Lorraine, in 1848. As a boy he lived in the country. School-days over, he went to Paris, and, engaged part of the day in post office work, he spent the rest of his time painting under Cabanel. In after years he sharply criticised the methods in vogue in his student days, in particular the imitation of classical art. He set himself, when, after the war of 1870, he returned to Damvillers, to paint the people and things around him; he threw off the classical yoke, and became and remained through the whole of his short life—he died in 1884, when only just over thirty-six years of age—an uncompromising realist. It has been suggested that, had he lived, he might have softened the vigour of his realism, escaped from a narrow literalism into a broader treatment of his subjects. This was not to be; and we have to accept him—or as do some, reject him—as an uncompromising recorder of facts.

If he did not quite know the peasant's life from within, as did Millet, he was closely familiar with it, and his rustics will carry conviction to those who have come into close contact with the toilers in the fields. The man and woman in his *Hay Harvest* recall the Mat and Dolly of the chapters that Richard Jefferies called "The Field Play." The beggar, whom the child watches as he turns away from the door, while he puts in his wallet the food that has been given to him, does not differ in essentials from tramps and beggars we have known; and many a village in other lands has its aged Père Jacques, though not everywhere will he go with his grandchild gathering firewood among the trees. Lepage's village lovers, his haymaker, his girl with a cow, are all authentic renderings of an unlettered, hardworking peasantry. Their surroundings also, field, orchard, garden,

and simple homestead, in which industry seems hardly to get the better of the large untidiness of nature, are recorded with a fidelity that the landscape of our Pre-Raphaelites, with all its minute elaboration of detail, cannot equal. Mr. Holman Hunt's lovers, in *The Hireling Shepherd*, cannot be accepted as unquestioningly as the couple who, in the picture of Bastien-Lepage, have in their bashful awkwardness a more serious barrier between them than the rickety fence; and all the minute elaboration of detail in the landscape in the former picture does not bring us as near to nature as the French painter's more suggestive rendering.

In such pictures as *The Annunciation* and *Joan of Arc* he clothed old stories in modern dress, believing that, thereby, the spirit of them was more fully expressed. Here, in one particular, at least, he came very near to what has been both alleged and denied to be a tenet of the Pre-Raphaelites: the painting of an exact portrait of the living person who most nearly realised the artist's conception of a character taken from history or literature. As a portrait painter he found his way to the character of his sitters, seeming almost to tell the story of their life. The friendship between him and his Russian pupil, Marie Baskirtscheff, and their death within a month of each other, from the same disease, consumption, form one of the most pathetic stories in the annals of art.

Léon L'Hermitte belongs to the same generation as Bastien-Lepage, and, like him, was born in the country. His art has been chiefly devoted to the life of the peasantry. He sets them before us in sober colour and clear light; a strong, fairly prosperous, well-clothed, contented people they seem to be. There is no pervading note of sadness as with Millet, no idealism as with Jules Breton, little that is

pathetic as with Bastien-Lepage. These people work hard, but pay-day comes round, and their religion brings poetry into their lives. Church, churchyard-wall, houses, farm buildings, are all in good repair; the painter by no means regards the peasant's lot as an undesirable one. These accounts—may we put it?—of the life of the peasant vary according to the temperament of the artist, according also to actual variety in conditions of life. Not any one of them is exclusively to be trusted.

Somewhat younger than the men just mentioned, Dagnan-Bouveret has also given a quite cheery version of village life as the most important part of his life-work. He likes to dwell upon the times when toil in the fields or the woodland is suspended, so that the higher elements in human nature may be called into play. Women receiving the consecrated bread in church, a group of women, *Bretonnes au Pardon*, seated on the grass, while one of their number reads from a book of devotion, and two men stand by listening reverently, while above other groups in the distance the church spire rises: such are the subjects of two of his pictures. In another we see a number of woodmen in the forest. They also are resting from their toil, and are listening entranced to a youth playing upon his violin. They are robust, he is slight and pale—one of their number who cannot work as they can, but who is capable of doing other things which they cannot, and in return for which, as their faces show, they will gladly let him share the fruit of their labour, for man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. This picture vividly realises the right relation of the specially gifted to those who in no particular rise above the general level. Not to live a life as widely different as may be from

the many, but to be one of them, cultivating the special gift for the love of it, not for gain, and gladly using it so that others to whom it is denied may yet enjoy the beauty it creates—in a word, not to be ministered unto but to minister—such is the artist's true place, as it is the true place of each among his fellows. We often lose sight of this relation in the complex artificialities of life. Here we see it in its simplicity and elemental strength.

Charles Cottet, another painter of the life of simple folk, will serve to bring this phase of art quite to the present time. He has painted in quiet, even sombre tones, the people of Brittany. He takes us among such people and such scenes as we read of in Pierre Loti's *Pêcheur d'Islande*. Let us look, for example, at his triple picture in the Luxembourg. In the central panel the fishers are having a last meal with their friends before they put out to sea. It is not only the dim light of the lamp that makes the scene a solemn one, or the night visible through the open window. The event is in itself solemn, a veritable sacrament; a communion, it may be a last communion in this world. These men and women may never again break bread together on this side of the grave. The hour of parting must come—has come, if we turn to right and left of the central picture. To the right we see the fishermen out in their boat; they have the air of those in whom the sadness of the farewell has not yet been dispersed by the need for action and the thought of return. To the left, the women, seated upon a cliff, are sad also, and, as their attitudes seem to say, murmur a prayer; for they watch the boat as it passes away into the darkness, and soon the last glimmer of its light will be gone. In all this there is nothing sensational. It is a plain record of an everyday event; but of an event, the

going down to the sea in ships, that has ever been felt to be impressive; and the painter has shown it to have epic dignity. He has also shown his sense of the sacredness that the love which centres upon even the humblest home imparts to human life. This threefold picture, thus rendering homage to love, is worthy to be an altar-piece.

Such are some of the chief realistic painters who have variously followed the lead given by Courbet and Millet, in sympathetically studying the life of the peasantry and the fisher-folk. The name of Butin may be mentioned as another of those who have found by and on the sea subjects for their art. There is no need, however, to add name to name. It is enough to see that it has become possible to go out into the country and to the fishing hamlet, and paint what is there in all essentials as it is. To some painters the interest will be almost purely pictorial; light, colour, and form will be their chief, perhaps their sole concern. Others will add to these interests, will perhaps make them subserve, the intimate human interest. However this may be, and there is room for both renderings, it has been discovered and fully shown that there is truer poetry in the mere facts of daily life than in all the pastorals ever painted.

From the realists who have studied the life of the country and the sea, men born, for the most part, amid the scenes and people they have painted, and remaining deeply attached to them, we pass to those who have interpreted the life of the town. Alfred Roll, a Parisian by birth, has combined both interests, the town-workman, at his work or on strike, and in angry mood, alternates with milkmaids and cattle in the fields, and idyllic scenes in which nymphs play their part. Jean François Raffaëlli, also a Parisian by birth, has made the city and the district just outside the fortifications

his special study. He comes very close to the Impressionists, in fact, he exhibited with them; and, under their influence, while putting in the forefront of his endeavour the realisation of various types of human character—*caractérisme* is a word he has used to define his aim—he has also sufficiently attended to play of light, and realised the all-pervading atmosphere, so as to give his pictures something of the illusion of reality. In pure landscapes he shows himself to be almost one of the school.

But subject-pictures have been the staple of his work; and here, while Manet and Degas painted the Paris of the boulevard, the theatre and the music-hall, he was fascinated by the debatable ground that skirts the city. The spreading of the hideous town, as William Morris describes one feature of the growth of our civilisation, awakens emotions which the artist can put to use. In the vacant space left outside the walls of Paris, neither town nor country prevails; a halt has been called to the spread of the town, yet the country has been destroyed. Such a district as this has its own peculiar type of inhabitant and passer by. Needless to say, the rich do not frequent it, nor do the rank and file of the artisan class; but we find there those whom we may call the camp-followers of the city, who keep body and soul together by activities that can hardly be dignified with the name of work. This pitiful, waste land, and the pitiful, waste lives that are on and about it, have found Raffaëlli the subject of many a picture in which both the scenes and the people in it seem to make a mute appeal to us from distances that our sympathy, but not our help, can reach. Raffaëlli does not moralise; he does not preach to us; he merely sets the facts before us. The facts speak, however, as do many other pathetic and tragic facts of life. Whether

he will or not, the painter, if he show human life as it is, inevitably is in so doing a teacher.

Raffaëlli has gone within the city and painted life there also, the life chiefly of the workers and the very poor. That which Madox Brown crowded into one picture, to the danger both of his art and of the credibility of his facts, Raffaëlli has set forth in many pictures and drawings, which separately are convincingly true, and which, collectively, assembling, yet not bringing into impossibly close conjunction, workers and idlers of many kinds, help in that imaginative realisation of life as it is, which is so much needed to take away the reproach that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives.

In the Luxembourg, in the Caillebotte room, containing the Impressionist pictures, Raffaëlli is represented by a large canvas showing a politician addressing a public meeting. He stands on a platform. Some of his chief supporters are with him. Behind him rises tier above tier of auditors; in front, a few men, immediately below the platform, suggest a still larger audience that he faces. We cannot, perhaps, call this picture beautiful, but it is impressive. Clearly the speaker holds his audience. He is seeking so to direct their thoughts and stir their emotions that they will devote themselves to the furtherance of purposes which probably affect the workmen of the city and the vagrants of the banlieue. Not beautiful, the picture, perhaps, but the speaker and his audience are set before us with almost the illusion of life. Subtle gradations of tone put them at the right distance from each other and surround them with air; and sombre as is the general effect—a meeting composed of black-coated men is never a brilliant spectacle—the painter has not forgotten the claims of colour; he has used dull

red about the platform and in the ties of some of the audience, to relieve what would otherwise be a monotony of black coats and sallow faces.

James Tissot, after finding subjects in the picturesqueness of the early Renaissance, took the fashionable world for his subject. He lived and painted much in England. In later years he turned with enthusiasm to the life of Christ. He is represented in the Luxembourg by four pictures, which form a series illustrating the parable of the Prodigal Son. They are commonplace in colour, packed tight with detail, and quite Hogarthian in their treatment of the subject. The parable receives not only a modern, but an English setting. The drama begins in a seaport inn, where the father is giving the son good advice before he goes into a far country. Other members of the family are present, including the elder brother, who looks moodily out of the window. In the second picture the prodigal has reached the far country, and is in a dimly lighted room where Japanese girls are dancing. In the third picture we are at an English seaport again, and the prodigal, almost in rags, kneels on the landing stage, clasping his father's knees. He has worked his passage home, the last part of it in a cattle-boat. Again the elder brother is present, looking on indifferently. In the fourth and last picture the fatted calf is being killed in thoroughly English fashion. The family is having an *al fresco* meal somewhere up the river. The elder brother has been rowing. He comes up the steps from the river, where are his boating companions, with a sweater tied round his neck. He is also just filling his pipe. His father invites him to join in the merry-making. His response seems doubtful. At the moment he is scowling at the returned prodigal. And at this point, as also in the

parable itself, the story ends. Looking at these pictures in the Luxembourg Gallery, we could more easily think ourselves in the National Gallery of British Art, were it not that the English people and English scenes have the air of being seen from the outside.

Giuseppe de Nittis, an Italian who made Paris his home, was a close associate of the Impressionists, joining with them in their separate exhibitions. It was when painting with him that Manet first made trial of *plein air* methods. He studiously rendered the varying effects of atmosphere, never forgetting that we do not live in an exhausted receiver. He found his subjects in the streets, the quays, the squares, the gardens of Paris, and at the race-course outside the city. The scene itself, and the people in it, divide the interest. In this his pictures resemble the earlier ones of Degas, and some of those of Manet and Renoir. He visited England, and painted London as he had painted Paris. Like Monet and Pissarro before him, he revelled in the atmospheric effects produced by broken gleams of sunshine, and by mist and fog.

Paul Albert Besnard and Eugène Carrière, both born in 1849, have, each in his own way, carried forward the rendering of light and atmosphere which the Impressionists made the chief end of their art. Besnard, who gained the *Prix de Rome*, has abandoned academic work to produce pictures remarkable for subtle effects of light and for brilliant colour. Nothing is too daring for him to essay. His *Portrait d'Artiste* in the Luxembourg, showing an engraver at work in his studio under the semi-transparent screen, is not only a fine character-study, but is a subtle study of the play of cold grey light. The prevailing colour is blue-grey, with the brown of the copper-plate upon which

the engraver is working, and of a vase, for contrast. Also in the Luxembourg are his *Entre deux Rayons* and *Femme qui se chauffe*, each a brilliant study of the play of light upon flesh. In the former picture a woman is between the window and the fire, and there is a mere drift of light and colour—orange, deep red, and pink against purple-blue. In the latter picture, where a nude woman is seated on the ground before the fire, the flesh tints pass from blue through white and pale pink to full pink and gleaming gold. In the Luxembourg, also, is a landscape by him, *Port d'Alger au Crépuscule*, and here blue, green, purple, and gold are transformed into vibrating light. Besides other pictures, in which, similarly, Besnard has played harmonies of light and colour on flesh and costume and landscape, he has taken part in the decoration of the Hôtel de Ville, and there the decorative quality of his art, and his capacity for working on a large scale, are obvious.

The aim of Carrière, who died in 1896 at the early age of forty-seven, was markedly different from that of Besnard. Subtlety, not brilliancy of light attracted him. He was pre-eminently a painter of children and their mothers. His pictures are wholly simple and natural; they are lyrics in praise of domestic love. He is an Impressionist in the sense that his figures are swathed in atmosphere, so as to give the illusion of reality. This effect might be taken to be the only aim of his art by one who only looked casually at his pictures. But the look must be very casual that does not discover the sympathetic rendering of character. Again, although, in order to concentrate the interest upon the facial expression as well as to give the sense of reality, all detail is merely suggested, there is no lack of draughtsmanship. Here is no covering of incompetency by fine names and

theories, which is Mr. Holman Hunt's summary of Impressionism. The drawing is masterly both in expressiveness and in rhythm. In the picture, *Intimité*, in the Moreau collection at the Louvre, the group of a mother and two children is finely composed. In every particular the drawing is admirable. One hand of the mother, and one of a girl perhaps fifteen years old, are seen; and the contrast between the firmness of the former, the result of years of labour, and the softness of the latter, is one of the many truly human touches in the picture. The contrast goes even further than this. It is perhaps in keeping with her mood that the girl's hand should be limp and expressionless. She is closing her eyes and yielding to the baby's kiss and embrace. Yet a girl's hand can hardly be as expressive as that of a woman; and the mother's hand here is not only firm, but it shows the capability that comes with use. Her face has an air of tender solicitude for her children, and tells also of years of household care. Grey and black prevail in the picture, relieved by the brown of the hair, and the pale carmines of the children's faces. There are no definite lines anywhere; but the more defined edge of the girl's sleeve, and of the wedding-ring on the woman's finger, give assurance of solidity; the gold of the ring being invaluable also in the colour-scheme of the picture.

It was easy, of course, for those who first saw these misty-looking canvases to say that evidently the chimney had been smoking. This kind of thing goes along with the soapsuds and whitewash criticism which so angered Turner when his *Storm at Sea* was first exhibited. I must not go over old ground; but probably not every critic has discovered how indistinctly we see everything but the one small object upon which our gaze is fixed. And, even

L'ENFANT AUX CONFITURES — EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE

though Carrière adopted a somewhat rhetorical device to give the illusion of reality, and to suggest the "breathing-sphere" in which we live; it not only was justified by its success in both these ways, but it brings all the figures in his pictures into what seems more than a physical relation with each other; and, on the purely æsthetic side, it gives occasion for subtle play of tones. It is interesting to find that Carrière expressed his indebtedness to Henner, Rodin, Degas, Monet, and Fantin. It is impossible not to go further back and think of Rembrandt and Velasquez. He is certainly of their lineage.

To refer in detail to others of his pictures would only be to vary in particulars what has been said of *Intimité*. He is well represented in the Luxembourg by *La Famille* and *Maternité*. The variety of expression in the five children in the former picture, according to both age and temperament, and the essential difference between the expression of all of them and that of the mother, are most sympathetically rendered. In the latter picture a mother, with a child asleep on her knee, leans forward, takes the face of an older child in her hand, and kisses him. There are the same concentration and intensity here as in the first-named picture; and so we might go through the full list of his works. Our illustration does not show him in the same vein as the three pictures just mentioned; but it is a delightful child-study, and exquisitely painted. The youngster has found a pot of jam; he is using his fingers to transfer the jam to his mouth, and to his cheeks—and almost certainly to his clothes. Conscience is by no means making a coward of him; and his mother has not yet arrived upon the scene. He is supremely happy.

In the *Théâtre de Belleville*, Carrière successfully applied

his method to a subject outside the domestic shpere. Of his *Christ sur le Croix* in the Luxembourg I hesitate to speak. It has seemed to me that he has been content with the mystery and the gloom, and missed the higher expressiveness that the subject requires. His portraits do not call upon him to leave ground where he is a master.

I said on an earlier page that when we came to such work as that of Miss Mary Cassatt, Degas' American pupil, we should see to what irreproachable uses his methods could be put. Carrière, we know, was influenced by Degas, and nothing could be further removed than his pictures from the kind of charge often preferred in this country against Impressionism, if not against French art as a whole. By perhaps the most important part of her training, and by years of residence and work, Miss Cassatt belongs rather to France than to her native country. She is an exponent of the Impressionist methods, and has worked a great deal in pastel, as well as in oil, water-colour, and colour-etching, delighting in pure and brilliant colour, and always surrounding with air the children and their mothers, whom, like Carrière, she takes for the subject of most of her pictures. Her women and children have the charm and grace of simple goodness, and we always seem to take them unawares, to have the chance of watching them for a moment, at the work or the play of home, or enjoying its affection. Realism has been accused, to its disadvantage as compared with idealism, of tending towards sensationalism. Of course it lends itself to sensationalism in ways that idealism does not. There is even an idealism that is incapable of either good or evil; that is mere emptiness. It is negative like asceticism. Such pictures as those of Carrière and Miss Cassatt go far to prove, what perhaps needs little

proof, that the purest ideal is in the real, that the kingdom of heaven is not far off, is very near—is within. Why are the ballet-dancers and the drink-soddened women of Degas so horrible? Because they are not cloistered nuns or saints of the calendar? No; but because they are not like the children and the women in the pictures of the two painters just named, who, in the practice of their art, though not in their choice of subject, were influenced and helped by Degas.

Among the most interesting of the later Impressionists is Maxime Maufra, who has combined with art, conceived in the letter as well as in the spirit of that of Monet, something of the older methods of design. He has given to the full the illusion of atmosphere that makes us forget the canvas, while so designing his picture as not to disappoint even those who look for the arrangements of form and colour which give pleasure when we are not able to forget canvas and frame. Thus, in an introduction to a catalogue of a recent exhibition of his works, M. Arsène Alexandre says of him: "Distinguished from the Impressionist group properly so called by regard for composition and by pictorial instinct, this fine painter, profoundly enamoured of nature, has remained faithful to the pursuit of light, of truth, and of intensity, which Impressionism has henceforth imposed upon all who paint outside as well the decorative as the academic formula." A landscape by Maufra is not open to the charge, often made against Impressionist works, of being a mere fragment of reality; it is as if nature had been surprised in the act of picture-making. No one unacquainted with his method would suspect, on seeing his pictures from the calculated distance, that there is not in them even an approximation to detail, that form is so summarily rendered

as actually to be not merely generalised, but quite inaccurate when closely examined. Yet, when seen as intended, the pictures have both truth and beauty, and this in no small measure. To quote further what M. Alexandre says of Maufra: "He has been able, by his magnificent determination, to astonish our sight with scenes true, joyous, and enchanting, in which the pictorial matter is richer than ever, but is never indiscreet. He is equally removed from wearisomely careful manipulation and from that intolerable calculated clumsiness which conceit, or ignorance, or simply dry theory, seeks to establish as individuality." Clearly M. Alexandre is not blind to the vagaries of Impressionism.

Maufra was born at Nantes in 1861. His father was engaged in business, and sent his son to Liverpool to learn English and to act in the interests of his father's firm. He both attended to business and sketched in and near Liverpool, and having by speculation acquired a small capital, he betook himself to art. Mr. Wynford Dewhurst, in his book, *Impressionist Painting*, quotes Maufra as declaring to him his indebtedness to Turner and Constable, whom he studied while in England, and as saying that Monet and Pissarro were under a similar indebtedness to the same painters as had been Delacroix and Manet before them.

Henri le Sidaner, born on the confines of Normandy and Brittany in 1862, studied art first at the *École des Beaux Arts* at Dunkirk, and then at the *École des Beaux Arts* in Paris, under Cabanel. He was much attracted by the work of Manet, and came somewhat later under the influence of other painters who were engaged with the problems of light and atmosphere, to which he also has addressed himself, solving them in the Impressionist manner and creating works of wonderfully subtle beauty. Two of his pictures,

La Table and *Le Dessert*, are in the Luxembourg. The former is a night-scene in the open air. The cold light of the moon gleams on buildings in the background. In the foreground, under a tree, is a table, at which there has been an *al fresco* meal. The dessert is on the table, and a lamp is burning there, but the diners have gone away, and we who look at the scene are alone with the grey moonlight and the golden light of the lamp. These are the real subjects of the picture; and, as with Monet's poplars, haystacks, and cathedral fronts, the objects here—buildings, table, chairs, and the dessert on the table—delightfully grouped though they be, do but give occasion for the varied play of light, which is so much exquisite visible music, in tones of delicate grey, gold, green, and brown. *Le Dessert* is an interior, where again a table is laid, but no one is present. The symphony of light is played in the same colours, only here the contrasts are stronger. Series of pictures of such cities as Bruges and Venice have had motives of light and colour similar to those of the Luxembourg pictures, and he has treated figure-subjects in the same manner. Burne-Jones's complaint against the Impressionists was that they got atmosphere, but nothing else; they did not get beauty. Whether or not it was because he was preoccupied with one kind of beauty alone that he said this of the first Impressionists, it certainly is the very reverse of true of such artists as Maufra and Le Sidaner.

Auguste Emanuel Pointelin, older than the two painters last mentioned, and Didier-Pouget, have loved and interpreted the subtle moods and beautiful effects of nature which are the gift of the light and the air in their many changes. Pointelin is akin to Corot; Didier-Pouget delights to go out among the hills, when the haze spreads a delicate,

transparent veil over the land, softening every outline, and saturating the air above with beautifully tinted light.

D'Espagnat, Toulouse-Lautrec, Gauguin, Guillaumin, and Van Gogh, a Dutchman who has made France his home, are others who have used Impressionist methods. Vuillard and others have evolved a form of decorative pictorial art, applied chiefly to interiors, which has much the effect of tapestry, dry colour being used and effects of light being subordinated to decorative arrangement and colour.

An extreme scientific theory and practice of Impressionism, known as *pointillisme*, carrying much further than Monet has done the laying on the canvas of dots of pure pigments calculated to produce from a given distance the same effect, only with greater brilliance, as would have been produced had the pigments first been mixed on the palette and then transferred to the canvas, was worked out by Seurat, and adopted by Signac, Anquetin, Van Rysselberghe, and others. Camille Pissarro tried it for a time, and then abandoned it again. Experiment has succeeded experiment, and will continue to do so. Here we must not carry the story of Impressionism further than the point at which, as is being more and more generally admitted, it has made a most valuable contribution to the resources of art for the interpretation of nature and life.

We leave now the painters who have taken modern life, and the world as modern eyes see it, for their subject. They are not by any means all of them Impressionists; though many of them who are not followers of Monet have none the less been not a little influenced by the Impressionist point of view. All these painters, whatever may have been their failings, have helped to bring art into closer touch with nature and life, which they have seen and

interpreted for themselves, and not merely through the eyes of their predecessors.

Yet the older formulæ of art, with the modifications that time inevitably brings, even to the most conservative quarters, have still been applied. If at the Salon of the *Société Nationale des Beaux Arts* the modern methods are so largely in evidence as to give to its exhibitions a distinctive character, at the old Salon there is a patchwork of old and new. At the Luxembourg, the galleries of which are wholly inadequate for their purpose, old and new methods jostle each other, except where the peace of common consent reigns in the Caillebotte room, and in the neighbouring room where are examples of the art of other countries that has been largely based on French Impressionism. The older formulæ have lived on because there are certain classes of subject which are not so readily treated according to *plein air* and kindred methods, as landscape and modern life and portraiture. They have also lived on upon their merits. After all, as has been said before, impression of reality is not everything, and there are beauties besides those of light, tone, and value. The end of art is not yet. Impressionism has seized upon and opened our eyes to truth and beauty hitherto unseen; but it is not therefore entitled to close our eyes to all other truth and beauty.

We might, after following the course of French painting down to Ingres and Delacroix, have considered first the work of those who, during the latter half of the nineteenth century, kept nearest to either the classical or the romantic principle. The alternative was to push on at once with the pioneers and then halt, and from the vantage gained take account of those who were slowly pursuing the beaten track.

The latter is the course that has been taken here, and we have now briefly to consider the work of those who have done little more than establish the victories already gained by art, leaving others to win for it new territories from nature and life.

In landscape painting the work of the Barbizon group lasted over into our period, and its methods have been adopted, with differences of course, by a succession of painters. The elder Daubigny, Chintreuil, and Desbrosses were among the older members of the group who have not yet been mentioned. Rosa Bonheur, younger by ten years than Troyon, and outliving him by over thirty years—she died just before the century's close—carried on with true sympathy his work of representing animals in landscape. Many others have followed who have, in the main, painted landscape and animals in the same manner—that is to say, they have not, like the Impressionists, put vibrating light and colour in the first place—or, even, almost alone—but they have been interested in the character of hills and streams and trees and the living creatures amid them ; they have not overlooked elements of power and beauty in nature which the Impressionists, intent upon one gain for art, have been apt to miss; and even with regard to the changing moods and effects of nature, the gift, as I have already put it, of the light and the air, these painters—or some of them at least—have not only not left them unexplored, but have given in some ways a fuller and deeper interpretation of them than the Impressionists have yet done; and only where that which the Impressionists have gained for us can be combined with what the older schools have retained for us shall we desire all our painters to break away from the limitations of those older schools.

One type of picture that has had much vogue in France, the military picture, need not detain us long. It is referred to here mainly on account of the work of one painter, Ernest Meissonier. Speaking in general terms, it may be said merely that this kind of picture has become more realistic in treatment. It had its classical period, when the modern soldier was approximated as closely as possible to the Greek or Roman soldier; then it passed through a romantic-heroic stage under Horace Vernet, Gros, Raffet, and others; under such painters as Alphonse de Neuville, Edouard Dètaille, and Aimé Morot it has approached such realism as perfected photography in colour might give, with the one advantage over the most perfect of possible cameras: the painter's freedom to compose.

Meissonier, born in 1815, belonged to the generation before that of the first Impressionists, though, living until 1891, his life outlasted that of Manet and others of the group. Meissonier painted pictures of even considerable size almost with the minuteness of miniature; and no change in the tendency of art around him availed to broaden his style. The laboriously painted detail of his pictures was too much even for Mr. Holman Hunt, who contrasts the small remuneration that Madox Brown obtained for his work in the Manchester Town Hall with "the extravagant glorification which greeted Meissonier's microscopic representation of two dull old gentlemen playing chess, or the picture representing nothing more ennobling than a sign-painter painting his board, or again, a draughtsman sketching in a barrack yard with a crowd of dull onlookers, or, as the highest flight of military interest, Napoleon on his white horse." Mr. Holman Hunt was angry that such pictures as these were bought by English

people at high prices, to the neglect of what he considered more meritorious English work; and perhaps this makes him something less than just to Meissonier, whom, let us remember, Ruskin praised; indeed, he was one of the purchasers of Meissonier's work. Mr. Holman Hunt also contrasts the mechanical painting of a brick wall by Meissonier, with the much more subtle and really beautiful treatment of such material by Millais; and in this he is certainly right. In fact, there is in Meissonier's work much of that neglect of texture to which Mr. Holman Hunt himself was given from the time of his first visit to the Holy Land.

That there was nothing particularly ennobling in Meissonier's pictures is no good reason for condemning him as an artist; and it is not wrong to pay well for a well-painted picture without asking whether the possession and enjoyment of it will accomplish for us the same kind of good we expect from the Sermon on the Mount or the Ten Commandments. It is the mechanical precision and the metallic hardness of his works that forbid us to admire in them much beyond their mere skill and laboriousness which have been indulged, one might almost put it, at too great a cost. Manet's comment on Meissonier's *Cuirassiers* was that everything was steel except the cuirasses!

Pope, in the "Essay on Man," puts the questions:

> Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
> For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.
> Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
> T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?

For the purposes of art we may vary the second question, and ask what is the use of inspecting the parts if we fail to comprehend the whole. It is interesting to recollect that

Madox Brown applied the adjective "microscopic" to Mr. Holman Hunt's work, just as the latter applied it to that of Meissonier. The French painter can be credited with more satisfactory composition than the English one; but the complaint holds good against his work that he has sacrificed the whole to laborious insistence on even the smallest parts; and this he continued to do while, around him, breadth of treatment was growing apace in acceptance.

The example of Delacroix, and of those who, after him, took art further along the road upon which he had set out with it, did not prevent others, such as Charles Gleyre, from still walking in the way of Classicism. The classical style was almost inevitably modified; but it was only modified, not abandoned, by a succession of painters.

Alexandre Cabanel, born in 1823, and William Adolphe Bouguereau, born in 1825, carry over into the second half of the nineteenth century that which we might regard as more properly belonging to the preceding fifty years. So do Charles Henner and Jules Lefèbvre, who came a few years later, though Henner advanced in the painting of flesh softened by the atmosphere and the play of light. We have seen that he was one of the artists to whom so modern a painter as Eugène Carrière expressed his indebtedness. Paul Baudry, who belonged to the same generation, also painted in a modified classical style, but infused more life into it than the painters who have just been mentioned. Henner, Lefèbvre, and Baudry were just about the same age as Manet, and all of them survived him; yet he became a modern of the moderns while they only to a minor extent broke with the past. Baudry won the *Prix de Rome*, and spent five years in Italy, chiefly at the Villa Medici. He copied Michael Angelo, Titian, Correggio, and others, and

his art was founded on that of the Italians of the fifteenth century. Decorative painting on the great scale was that which he desired, and his wish was gratified by his receiving the commission for the paintings in the Opera House at Paris. Both in this work and in his easel pictures, mythology and allegory based on the old myths are put to great use. The nude is, of course, paramount; and Baudry gave it a distinct modern Parisian note. His nymphs are elegant, highly artificial Parisian women. His *Truth*, seated at the edge of a well, is a coquette. It is as if one who went to Greek art for inspiration should be unmoved by the idealism of Pheidias, and by all that was nearest to it in the later sculpture—the Venus of Milo, for example—and should seize upon all that was most seductively sensuous in the art of an age so conditioned as to lead realism along doubtful paths. The art of the later Renaissance was to the earlier art what Greek art, after the close of the fifth century B.C., was to that of Pheidias; and Baudry did but interpret in Parisian fashion the lighter, it might be said the baser, side of the art of the Renaissance. Along with Baudry should be named Élie Delaunay, who aided him in the work at the Opera House. Delaunay was a child of the Renaissance, but he, like Madox Brown and the Pre-Raphaelites, found guidance rather in its earlier stages; and his art, if less brilliant than that of Baudry, appeals to higher emotions.

Hippolyte Flandrin was a pupil of Ingres who won the *Prix de Rome*, studied in Italy, placed draughtsmanship before colour, and became a painter of religious subjects, in his treatment of which he was little more than an echo of the earlier Italian masters. Ary Scheffer, though of Dutch and German extraction, was so much influenced in his art

by the French painters that he is generally accounted as one of them. He was a Classicist in that his draughtsmanship was superior to his colour. He was more akin to the Romantic school in his choice of pathetic or melancholy subjects such as the Marguerite of "Faust" and Paolo and Francesca da Rimini.

In such ways as these did the classical influence persist during the second half of the century.

Here, perhaps, is the best place to speak of two painters whose names stand high on the roll of modern artists—Gustave Moreau and Puvis de Chavannes. They did not merely carry on the work of either the Classical or the Romantic school. They defy any exact classification. Moreau is allied to the Romanticists, Chavannes to the Classicists; but in the case of each of them a new spirit seems to have come and to have moulded the form of his art into something that also is new. Before their works we find ourselves thinking, not so much how they have pictured external things, as how they have used such things as symbols with which to give utterance to their own thought and emotion. With them, as with the Impressionists, the subjective element strongly asserts itself. We may say that they set problem-pictures before us, which also Watts, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones and men of lesser name have done in our own country.

In a house in the Rue Rochefoucauld in Paris there is one of the most remarkable collections of pictures, drawings, and studies to be seen anywhere. The word "collection" is not the right one; these works have not been brought together, they are in the place where they were produced; they are the greater part of the life-work of Moreau, who, born in 1826, lived in this house, which came to him from

his father, until his death in 1898. He was under no necessity to sell his pictures; he disliked exhibitions. For the most part he kept his work around him, working first at one canvas and then at another, as the subject inspired him; and now the house is maintained as a museum, and paintings in all stages of progress are arranged in the two studios, one above the other, in which the painter used to work. It should also be mentioned that several of his pictures are in the Luxembourg.

His master in art, Théodore Chassériau, had taught him to admire the earlier Italian masters; and before this he had copied the mural paintings at Pompeii. He was attracted by the richly decorative art of India, and he delighted in beautiful art-work of all kinds. Though his home was in the heart of Paris, he lived apart from the life of his own day. Released from the necessity of earning a livelihood, he could choose, we may say, in what age or ages he would live. We have said of Rossetti that he existed in the present but lived in the past, and this was true also of Moreau. He fed his emotions and his imagination on the myths and legends of the days long gone by, and then he set them forth in pictures that have no close parallel in the work of any other single painter. He has often been compared to Burne-Jones, but we must at least add Rossetti to eke out the comparison. We do not feel satisfied even then. We need something also that is akin to the spirit of William Blake, an intense imaginative realisation of life other than that which is revealed by the senses. We may liken him to a composite portrait of these three artists.

The world he has conjured up is not an actual one, yet he has so realised it that it becomes credible, almost even inevitable. It has burning suns and glittering stars, it has

LA CHIMÈRE — GUSTAVE MOREAU

gloomy forests and brilliantly hued flowers. The animals that inhabit it are such as we read of in ancient lore, and the people in it are human, yet strangely different from the humanity we know, and dwell in halls of fabulous magnificence. It is as if the painter had distilled beautifully shaped and coloured essences of familiar things. To say that he believed in this world of his imagination would be inadequate. He lived in it—lived in the world within the world. This was what he saw. If the inner world were not like this, it was because his vision was too dim to see the beauty of it in its full intensity.

In this imagined world are gods, goddesses, and heroes —Jupiter, Apollo, Hercules, Orpheus, Odysseus, Penelope, Europa, Leda, Galatea, and many another. Here also are Moses and David, Buddha and Christ. There is nothing here of the dry literalism that buries the spirit of the past under the letter of it. Yet how unfamiliar is the spirit that pervades these strange imaginings! How the old-time stories and beliefs must have worked upon the brain and the emotions of the painter before he could thus re-tell them. The sumptuous æsthetic setting of them can hardly fail to be repellent if we come to them wholly unprepared. It is as if the myths and legends of the West, and those of the Old and New Testament, had been translated into the language of the *Arabian Nights*. They are, in fact, retold here by a recluse, to whom they bring no call to action, but only delight and wonder at them, and for whom, nurtured as he was in art of exotic splendour, they inevitably clothe themselves in form and colour too rich and glowing, too fantastic, we may say, to have any correspondence with the way in which all but a very few of us can ever have imagined these things for themselves.

Comparison has often been made between the art of Moreau and the poetry of Baudelaire; and we are familiar with the use of the word "decadence" in reference to both of them. It is often used also of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and their followers. Are all these men morbid; and, if so, are they more morbid than those whose activities have made the world hideous in the course of what one of the leading men in commercial Lancashire has recently called the soul-strangling pursuit of wealth? Do the mad who boast themselves sane drive the sane ones mad? However this may be, Moreau created a world of strange, disquieting beauty, one into the full significance of which it were too long and difficult to enter here.

No such trouble and perplexity as we may well feel before his works are caused when we turn to those of Puvis de Chavannes; rather would they give rest and confidence to a perturbed spirit. Like Moreau, he turns away from the world we know because he has a vision of another one. Unlike Moreau, he does not see a world that is passionately agitated, groaning and travailing in pain, but one in which an infinite calm abides. We may liken the one to the surface of the ocean, now ruffled by the breeze, now lashed by the storm, and rarely wholly still; and the other to the ever untroubled depths below. The difference between the worlds imagined by the two men is due, of course, to the difference of their temperaments. We need both visions; we need to feel that the heart-beat of the universe, in alternate systole and diastole, will give us both work and rest; if we be assured of which, the paradox becomes true that work and rest are one.

The deep quietude that abides in the pictures of Chavannes caused it to be said of him in his early days—he was born

at Lyons in 1826 and was a pupil of Couture—that he was infatuated with tranquillity. There is certainly an ascetic vein in both the spirit and the manner of his work. It is not surprising that he has been said to be nervously degenerate, not whole and strong enough to face life as it really is. I recollect, years ago, looking at his great picture in the Sorbonne, and feeling that the sacred grove, with the listless figures motionless or slowly moving in it, was not the most convincing symbol not only of the pursuit, but of the attainment of knowledge which, for us, at least only means the need for further pursuit. Yet, perhaps, were it not for the conviction that beneath the unrest of knowledge which so often seems but to enlarge the bounds of ignorance there is perfect knowledge, a veritable, tranquil sacred grove, that, in brief, the universe is rational, we should not have the heart to live. At least, surely, reason must go if it could not escape from the conclusion that it was faced by only colossal unreason. The weary student may well be soothed and strengthened by a vision of the calm on which his troubled quest of knowledge is securely based.

Chavannes became a decorative artist on the large scale. Perhaps no other painter of modern times has had such fine opportunities, and has made such splendid use of them. How our own Watts and Burne-Jones would have rejoiced to have his chances! In some ways, undoubtedly, they could not have used them so well. There has been a long tradition in France of painting on the large scale. In England there has been no such tradition. It is not possible to think of such a fiasco having happened in France as the futile attempt of Rossetti and his companions to decorate with mural paintings the walls of the Union building at Oxford. When Chavannes appeared, and showed marked

ability for mural painting, it was certain that, being a Frenchman, such work would be found for him to do. Watts, who could have done fine, if not as fine things, in the same kind, was reduced to asking the directors of the London and North-Western Railway Company to let him decorate, at his own expense, the waiting-hall at Euston Station; and, when this offer was refused, he had to content himself with but little more than the fragmentary record of his visions by means of easel-pictures. It was quite otherwise with Chavannes. He was commissioned to execute mural paintings for the museums of Amiens, Lyons, and Marseilles, for the Panthéon, the Sorbonne, and the Hôtel de Ville at Paris, for the hôtels de ville of several provincial towns, and, outside his own country, for the Library at Boston, U.S.A. It was for the American Church in Rome, we recollect, that Burne-Jones got his solitary commission for pictorial work on a large scale.

In work of this kind Chavannes bore in mind that his pictures had not an independent existence, that they were part of the decoration of a building. He aimed at no illusion of reality which would induce forgetfulness of the wall behind the picture. For this reason he avoided realistic colour, modelling, and light and shade, thus preserving an only slightly varied tone throughout the picture. Grey was the predominant colour, varied with sober blues, greens, reds, etc. Not only are the sentiment and action of his pictures tranquil, they are studiously quiet in their decorative effect; the wall has been covered with delicately modulated colour, which takes away all sense of bareness without the picture seeming to clamour for attention to the exclusion of the rest of the building of which it is but an accessory. This can by no means be said of all the mural paintings

which those of Chavannes have for companions. To take one glaring example: the paintings of Chavannes in the Panthéon at Paris have for their subject the legend of Ste. Geneviève, the patron saint of the city. They are quiet in tone, and differ in this respect from nearly every other picture in the place. But, on the wall beneath the eastern apse, there is a particularly garish painting by Edouard Détaille, representing a wild rush of horse-soldiers "*vers la Gloire*," Glory being personified by an actress astride a winged horse. Above this picture is a mosaic by Hébert, representing Christ revealing to the guardian angel of France the destinies of the country, while at one side is standing Ste. Geneviève, and at the other Joan of Arc. Détaille's picture, vulgar alike in realistic treatment and in sentiment, is a painful contrast, not only from the mosaic above it, but from the quiet beauty and refined feeling of the pictures of Chavannes; yet, presumably, according to some critics, the latter is morbid and the former healthy!

Whatever he paints, be it a dream of classical antiquity, mediæval painters at work in a monastery, allegories of the seasons of the year, of war and peace, of the Muses and the poets, Prometheus tortured for giving fire to mankind, or what else it may be, he seems to have materialised something of the spirit that lives in all history, in all phenomena. The quietude, the delicate harmonies of tone and colour, seem to unite the spiritual and the material; the painter's thought and emotion, his vision of the past, his longings for the future, his touch of the world within the world, seem to be—*are*, we may say—disclosed to us, not in the way of information only, but of emotional influence. One writer, referring to a series of allegorical paintings by Chavannes, says: "It taps on my school satchel"; and he imagines a Japanese,

an appreciator of the great works of the artists of his own country, but ignorant of the Greek and Latin classics, wondering what the figures in it mean, for he has not the special key to their meaning, and the figures have not the natural constraining power of plain truth and beauty. To this effect writes Max Nordau; but, alas! exactly the same thing may be said about many Japanese pictures; they also are utterly incomprehensible without a special key, and have not plain truth and beauty. We need not go through the schools of art and tabulate what would have to be dismissed to the rubbish-heap were this kind of criticism applied to them all. It is enough to note merely that Chavannes painted, not for the Japanese, but for people with Western traditions and knowledge.

Applied to easel-pictures Chavannes' method is hardly adequate, though his picture *The Poor Fisherman*, thrust into rather than placed in a miscellaneous crowd of pictures in the Luxembourg, is not finally to be judged amid such incongruous surroundings. It may be taken—to refer to the subject of it—as an allegory of humanity, with difficulty winning a subsistence by land or by sea, yet toiling on in patience and in faith. The babe is asleep on the grass; an older child gathers flowers; the fisherman silently prays that he may get that which will feed them all. Another of his pictures, *The Beheading of John the Baptist*, shows clearly that, although in a moment the headsman will have severed the Baptist's head from his body, the victory lies with him, not with his murderers. *The Reapers* needs no comment.

The limitations of Chavannes' technique have often been urged against him. He was not a great master of the brush; in aiming at simplicity he became rudimentary. This is what has been said of him. But the means he used

THE REAPER

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

were well adapted to the end he had in view. It is idle to compare him with Raphael or Rubens, and say that he did not paint as they painted—and this has been done—unless it be to point out that without having the technical skill and resource possessed by these painters Chavannes has produced works which are of great beauty within their limits, and which, also, touch the strings of new emotions and evoke strains that are silent when we are before the works of the masters with whom, in point of technique, he may not compare.

The art of Moreau was so emphatically the expression of an exceptional individuality that we hardly expect to see it repeated with only minor variations. That of Chavannes was simpler in its derivation, and departed less from customary methods and ideas, and his name comes to our lips when we see the work of other, younger painters. His influence is plainly seen in the mural paintings executed in the Panthéon and elsewhere, and in easel-pictures and portraits, by Ferdinand Humbert; and Henri Martin, in paintings such as the large *Sérénité* in the Luxembourg, also shows himself to be a follower of Chavannes. Each of these painters, however, comes nearer to the Impressionists by rendering atmospheric vibration. This tendency is noticeable in the works of many painters whose subjects are of the Classical and the Romantic order. It may be an exaggeration to say, as did an enthusiast for the Monet school to me recently, that there is nothing left but Impressionism; but certainly, as it has been said that in the paintings of Masaccio and his contemporaries men first began to move about in a world prepared for them, so it can be said that gods and goddesses, nymphs and heroes, now begin to move about in a world where the breathing of

which their human form suggests the necessity seems to be possible. This is a characteristic of the art of that fine poet-painter Émile René Ménard, who has been called "the singer of the clouds, of the high heaven, of the tranquil sea, and of the silent mountain forests." This description alone would suggest to us that he was one for whom beyond all the many voices of nature there was one deep, still voice that most he loved to hear. That voice is best heard in silence, for it is not without, but within us, who are a part of nature—or of whom nature is a part, for nature leaves us unsatisfied. It is nature thus writ large that Ménard paints, or sings—the word fits better. His pictures are like solemn odes or chants. The spirit that informs them is the one that informs the landscapes of Watts, but the expression in those of Ménard is more subtle. His colour is simplified to a few clear, full, harmonious notes. The air, that which makes possible life in the world, and creates its beauty—we are on old ground again—vibrates in every scene, and the revealing light plays everywhere, at its fullest, or minished through dimness towards dark. Nature, in these pictured psalms seems to say to us, "Be still, and know that I am God." The cattle are there, nature raised to higher life than tree and flower. Man, higher still, is there. Homer tunes his lyre by the edge of the sea, and shepherd calls to shepherd to come and hear his song. The gods are there, they commune with men; and the shepherd Paris gives the apple to the goddess of his choice, with the dire results of which the song of Homer told. The old stories cannot die. They arose out of life, and life has not changed so much that they are not still essentially true to it. These pictures, therefore, even though a Japanese would not know who Paris and Aphrodite were, do more in their story-

DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA

HONORÉ DAUMIER

telling than merely "tap on the school satchel." The story and the landscape are completely unified by art; each not merely does no injury to, but explains and exalts the other.

In such pictures as these, Realism, and some measure, at least, of Impressionism, unite with a lofty Idealism. We have now for a brief while to observe Romanticism and Realism occupied with their own familiar tasks.

The right to paint as they wished, and not as they were bidden, which Delacroix and those who fought with him had won against Ingres and his fellow-classicists, was maintained, with but little advance on new ground, by a number of painters, some of whom lived until near the close of the century. Honoré Daumier, who was born in 1808 and died in 1879, powerfully aided Delacroix by caricatures which were really trenchant criticisms of the productions of the Classical school. It has already been said that he and the other draughtsmen of his time did much by their work in that kind to enable painting also to get into touch with contemporary life. He was painter as well as draughtsman, and, as is shown by the picture here reproduced, he broke away from the academic conventions, basing his art upon colour and a broad and vigorous treatment of his subjects. This was, indeed, what the Romanticists achieved. They made good the painter's right to emphasise colour rather than drawing, to treat his subjects according to his own conception of them instead of according to externally imposed conventions, and, further, to choose his subjects where he would.

Delaroche, who has already been mentioned as taking several subjects from English history, barely lived past the half-century; Decamps, who went to the "gorgeous East" for his subjects, died in 1860; and Marilhat, who painted

largely in Egypt, died, though younger than Decamps, before our period begins. These men sought to render the brilliant, burning light and colour of the East. Fromentin, who, born in 1820 and dying in 1886, lived the greater number of the working years of his life in the second half of the century, gave a romantic, brilliantly coloured, but unconvincing picture of Arab life. Gustave Guillaumet, who also made the East his province, was born in 1840 and died in 1887. He belongs, therefore, as to his work, wholly to our time. He had a profounder insight into the difference between East and West than his predecessors, who only idealised its brilliance and picturesqueness. He was impressed by the intense, vibrating light and heat, and his pictures seem also to say that he knew how deeply they have affected Eastern life and thought. In Eastern lands the European feels as if time had been set back. At home he easily goes back to the Middle Ages; he may get even so far as imperial Rome; in the East he is back among the patriarchs. When some fellaheen of modern Egypt saw the wooden effigy of a headman, old by how many thousand years we only approximately calculate, brought up from the tomb in the sand, they cried out that it was the headman of their own village! It is of this continuity of Eastern life, which the West with difficulty breaks, that Guillaumet's pictures speak to us. Of this we think when we see the colour-washed stone or mud of his buildings, and the interiors with such primitive furnishing. In his *Evening Prayer in the Sahara*, the desert is darkening as the light fades in the unclouded sky, into which ascend the pillars of smoke from the encampment fires. The irregularly conical tents seem to the eye to rise higher than the distant range of hills, and so give us the measure of the vast

spaciousness of the scene. The herdsman keeps watch over the sheep and cattle; by the well stand the camels; in the foreground the men prostrate themselves in prayer. Hardly in any particular was life different from this in patriarchal days. Such a picture can hardly be described as either romantic or realistic. It escapes into the ideal. Our terms, which we use to guide us, mislead us unless we are wary. The real holds the most truly ideal. If we wish for corroboration of this, let us think of Millet's *Angelus*.

Robert-Fleury, Boulanger, Léon Cogniet, and Gérôme were among the painters who maintained the Romantic tradition after the death of Delacroix, while making it, as Delaroche had already done, more the medium for historical illustration. Monticelli was a brilliant colour-poet. The delicately graceful portraiture and fantasies of Aman Jean belong to the latest phase of Romanticism.

Where shall we place Alphonse Legros? Born at Dijon in 1837, he settled in England in the sixties, and became Professor of Etching at South Kensington, and subsequently Slade Professor of Fine Art at University College, London. In Fantin-Latour's portrait group, entitled *Hommage à Delacroix*, painted in 1864, and now in the Moreau collection at the Louvre, Legros takes his place before the portrait of the leader of the Romanticists, along with Manet, Whistler, Baudelaire, Duranty, and others. Thoughtfully, almost to sadness, he looks out at the spectator. He has nothing of the eager vivacity of Manet and Whistler; and in his art, be the subject landscape, the life of the poor, or some sacred theme, we find a noble austerity, in form and colour and feeling, and hear the deep undertones of life and nature.

Courbet, as we have seen, pushed on further than Delacroix; he would have nothing to do with even recent

history; a painter's concern was, in his opinion, only with what he could see. His Realism paved the way for Impressionism. But there were others whom we must call Realists who yet were not as uncompromising as Courbet. They were willing to take their subjects from history. J. P. Laurens, who chose the darker side of ecclesiastical history, the strong measures of repression and persecution taken by the Church to maintain its authority, as material for his art, belongs to this category. Léon Bonnat, best known as a portrait painter, also painted pictures taken from history and legend as well as from contemporary life. Luminais, Bréhan, and others ransacked history for deeds of violence and blood. *The Moorish Headsman* of Henri Regnault is a well-known picture in the Wallace Collection, London. His Salome is a mere animal. These and other pictures of his have a brilliant warmth of colour going beyond that of Delacroix. Later still in date—he was born in 1859—Georges Rochegrosse has treated scenes from history in the same realistic manner. Roybet found many of his subjects in recent history, and took the Spanish painters for his model in the treatment of them. François Bonvin, who belonged to an earlier generation, painted domestic scenes in the manner of the Dutch masters. Ribot painted scenes from common life, under effects of light thrown out against broad backgrounds of dark shade and shadow, with remarkable power and rendering of character. Chaplin, in his pictures of the semi-nude, passed beyond the sensuous to the sensual. Antoine Vollon has painted interiors, landscapes, and above all, still life. Charles Cazin mingled history with poetic landscape.

It remains, before we turn from painting in France to painting in other countries, to say a word about portraiture.

Many of the painters already discussed have been portraitists, and this side of the art of some of them has been referred to, though in the main we have been occupied with landscape and subject painting.

Has there been a change in portraiture akin to that which we have been tracing in the treatment of landscape and figure-subjects? The answer is a very decided affirmative. One wonders what would be the effect upon David and Ingres could they visit the exhibitions at the Salons to-day and see portraits composed of dabs of pigment which sometimes are not lost sight of individually, even when we have got back to the opposite wall of the room, and which cause M. X. or Mme. Y. to have the appearance of being half-obscured by a steady downfall of confetti! This is the extreme of change that has taken place from the clear, decisive draughtsmanship of the Classical school, which makes their portraits look as if light shone upon them, but as if atmosphere were a thing unknown in the world in which they lived. Such are the extremes. There are many intermediate stages. Quite unintentionally, through their being unfinished at his death, two of David's portraits now in the Louvre—the *Madame Récamier* and the *Madame Chalgrin*—anticipate Impressionism. Some of the preliminary painting, done in a bold stipple, remains visible, and quite gives the effect of atmospheric vibration. One is reminded of the outdoor studies of Constable which, as already mentioned, are much more luminous than the pictures which he afterwards worked up from them in the studio. David, however, was a fine portrait painter, a master of characterisation, and he could also interpret feminine charm and beauty. It is significant that in the work of Ingres as a portrait painter his drawings rival, or

rather excel, his paintings. He, like David, was a true and sympathetic interpreter of character, and his portraits still hold high place in this respect.

No attempt can be made here even to mention any considerable number of the portrait painters who have worked in France during the last half-century. We are concerned only to note what the art has gained during the period. The gain has been not in power to produce a likeness, to seize an expression, or to interpret character. All this was done long ago perhaps as well as ever it will be done. We may find that the portraits by Baudry and Delaunay are reminiscent of those of Ingres, that, away from the classical influence, Ricard was a colourist, that Bonnat was a virile painter and interpreter of character who has left a valuable record of many notable men of his time, that Gaillard was a literalist, and Dubois more subtle. We may note the hard brilliance of Carolus Duran, and the verve and vivacity of Boldini; but we can equally establish such differences between contemporary painters in other periods. Perhaps I have said too absolutely that portraiture, in certain all-important respects, cannot now progress. At least, as character changes from age to age, so characterisation changes; and it changes also according to the value placed at different times on various qualities—if this be not another way of putting the preceding statement. Anyhow, into these questions I am not prepared to enter. I cannot undertake to show how the portraiture of each half of the nineteenth century reflects contemporary life. The one point upon which I wish to dwell for a moment is the gain to portraiture by the illusion of life obtained by means of the illusion of atmosphere, which, as we have seen, has brought gain also to landscape and subject painting.

It is instructive to note that M. Rodin and his followers have sought to obtain this advantage for sculpture by a deliberate lack of finish and softening of hard edges calculated to make the figure look as if it were not really hard and rigid, but mobile, and even as if we saw it through a slightly hazy atmosphere.

In painting, of course, we may go back to such masters as Velasquez and Rembrandt and find in their work the effect I have mentioned, and this is precisely what the painters themselves have done. To take only one instance: we have seen that Manet in his portrait painting was influenced by Velasquez and Frans Hals. And has not the deliberate lack of finish in sculpture been attributed to Michael Angelo? Certain of the portrait painters of our time, however, have carried effect of atmosphere further than it had been carried before. Eugène Carrière, we recollect, made the atmosphere so visible that the joke of the smoky chimney was made against him. Fantin-Latour, to whose *Hommage à Delacroix* reference has been made, rendered the effect of atmosphere with great subtlety. A remarkable example of this is the double portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, now in the National Gallery. I have known a lady to step back from a room in which there was a portrait-group by Fantin-Latour under the momentary impression that she was unexpectedly face to face with a number of gentlemen. If the portrait be commonplace, the illusion of life, of course, will give it no distinction. If apart from the illusion it be distinguished, then it gains by all the difference there is between mobility and immobility, between expression and gesture that seem to have been arrested and fixed for ever, and those that seem but momentary and certain soon to change.

The effect is obtained by no one method only. The

picture may be smoothly painted, all contours being carefully modelled, all hard edges avoided, all values accurately rendered. Or there may be no finish, but only vigorous lines and simple washes; figures and objects may be defined in part by hard lines that do not exist in reality; there may be no colour; yet, as in a black-and-white reproduction of a drawing by Berthe Morisot that lies before me, the light seems so to flash and gleam, to soften even at the distance of a few feet, to shine so dazzlingly nearer to, and so to die away in shade and shadow, that the illusion of reality, of life amid an atmosphere that can be breathed, is extremely vivid. This advantage the portraiture of the later years of the nineteenth century possessed over that of its earlier years.

With this brief note on one conspicuous feature of the development of portrait painting in France during the last fifty years, our study of French painting during that period comes to an end. What is it that we have seen? We have seen the art, in the immediately preceding period, struggling to free itself from the tyranny of tradition, those who engaged in the struggle being subjected to contempt and even derision. First Romanticism won the right to exist, then Realism; and lastly, freedom was gained for the painter to select and emphasise, or even to isolate, any element of beauty or expression in nature and life that especially impressed him. Art became free, for those who cared for the freedom, from the tyranny alike of tradition and of nature. Has liberty come, in some instances, to mean license; has the artist become a law unto himself? It often seems so as we walk round exhibitions to-day. On the other hand, tradition and nature have not been deprived of their liberty, but only of their exclusive

authority; and they may be trusted to hold their own in the course of time and change; already we find that some of the Impressionists are taking up again, because they have enduring value, traditions that had been, perhaps inevitably, cast aside in the time of revolt.

We have now to follow the course of change in other countries, and afterwards to see how and under what influences painting has fared in our own country outside the Pre-Raphaelite movement.

CHAPTER VI

PAINTING IN OTHER COUNTRIES

THE title of this chapter must be taken to mean painting in other countries than France and England. The painting of our own country, apart from that of the Pre-Raphaelites and their following, which has already been considered, will occupy us later. As I have said before, this book being written primarily for English readers, emphasis is laid in it upon our own art, and the more material we have for comparison before completing our survey of it, the more useful that survey will be.

In the opening of his book, *English Contemporary Painting*, M. de la Sizeranne says: "There is an English school of painting. This is what first strikes a visitor to any International Exhibition of Fine Arts, in whatever country it may be held. Passing through the galleries set apart for Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Belgium, Holland, even for the United States or for Scandinavia, you might imagine yourself still to be in France, and you are, as a fact, always among artists who live in Paris, or who have studied in Paris, or who follow, at least from afar off, either the discipline of her school or the revolutionary movement of Parisian art circles. A great many labels are required to convince you that the Atlantic rolls between Mr. Sargent and the studio of M. Carolus Duran, or that the Baltic has

been crossed to reach M. Werenskiöld and that M. Roll did not cross it. But on reaching the English pictures you feel, on the contrary, that you are no longer amongst fellow-countrymen, and it is doubtful even whether they may be your contemporaries." M. de la Sizeranne says further that all countries except Britain would be coloured like France on an æsthetic map, "as if they were colonies of French art."

We may perhaps be allowed to assume that this is an exaggeration, although the great influence exerted by French art upon the art of other countries is undoubted. To such influence the space given to French art in this book is a tribute. But there has been action and re-action. If much has gone out from Paris, much has also gone into it. Did not Delacroix alter his own work after seeing Constable's *Hay Wain*? The Barbizon school owed much to Constable; the Impressionists owed much to Turner. This is not an attempt to claim France as an æsthetic colony of England, but only a reference to admitted facts which show that something of not the least importance in modern French art has not come merely by native genius or talent improving on the past. M. de la Sizeranne himself says that it is the glory of Constable to have initiated a new movement in Europe. Still, it is true that during the nineteenth century French art influenced that of other countries, with the exception of England, more than it was itself influenced in return. Not that the influence was by any means always a good one. We shall soon find painters returning to their own country, there to unlearn much that they had been taught in Paris.

It might be a question to which country we should go first after leaving France, were it not that our own art had

been so often and so greatly influenced by the art of the Netherlands that gratitude alone might well lead us to turn our steps thitherward; so we will go at once to Holland.

After the great time of the seventeenth century, Dutch painting fell very low in the eighteenth. In the former half of the nineteenth century it feebly echoed the Classicism and Romanticism of France. We gain nothing by even merely naming the painters of this time. But the old spirit was only dormant, not dead; and it awoke again just at the beginning of the period that has been marked off for consideration in this book.

The awakening began with Josef Israels, who was born at Groningen, in the north of Holland, in the year 1824. He was of Jewish parentage, and his father was a banker. In early days he wished to become a rabbi, and studied earnestly with this in view. However, when school days were over, it was to his father's business that he went. But he was to be neither rabbi nor banker, but painter, and he went first to the studio of Jan Kruseman, an academic painter at Amsterdam, and then to Paris, where he studied under Picot, a pupil of David. That is to say, this young Dutchman, with the original works of the old masters of his own country around him, painters who were the pioneers, if not the founders of modern art, must needs turn his back upon them and go to a foreign city to become an imitator of imitations. Such for a time he became. From Picot he passed to Delaroche, and returned to Amsterdam in 1848, having been about three years in Paris. He at once set himself to paint historical pictures of the approved pattern, taking his subjects from the Old Testament, Shakespeare, the history of his own country, and similar sources. These pictures are regarded now much as are re-

THE LATE HOUR

JOSEF ISRAELS

pented sins after conversion: as things to be forgotten and not repeated.

The whole character of his art was changed, however, by a compulsory return to nature, which, like that of the Barbizon painters, was much more thorough than the return of Holman Hunt and Millais. Israels had been delighted with the picturesqueness of the narrow streets of the Jewish quarter of Amsterdam, and yet he had become an academic painter. The change came when illness compelled him to leave the town, and he went to Zaandvoort, the village on the coast near Haarlem, which is now a household word amongst artists. Here, away from galleries and studios, he discovered the sea and the sky and the lives and surroundings of simple folk to be both intensely interesting in themselves, and also the very best of material for art.

Israels, then, did not learn these things from Millet; he learned them direct from life and nature. His plot in the æsthetic map of art has not to be marked with the French colour. In fact, he washed the French colour off it. He had gone to Paris to learn what afterwards he unlearned. Millet had only just left the studio of Delaroche when Israels entered it. In 1857 he exhibited at the Paris Salon two pictures having the seashore for subject. In 1859 Millet's *Death and the Woodcutter* was rejected at the Salon.

Israels is often called the Dutch Millet, and the comparison is perhaps inevitable. He is not, however, a mere echo, or even a mere variation of Millet, either in the subject-matter or the method of his art. Millet painted an epic of labour. Israels has painted lyrics; subdued or sad, mainly, but still intimate, bringing us into sympathy with this and that individual man and woman and their children; whereas we think of Millet's people chiefly as representatives of

many more, a great army of toilers for whom we feel a strong but not individual sympathy.

Israels, also, was more intimate than Millet in his painting of the surroundings of the people in his pictures. This almost follows from his attitude towards the people themselves. Individualising them, he of necessity treated their surroundings in the same manner. This is not to say that he entered minutely into detail. Both in his portraits—for this is what essentially the figures in these pictures are—and in the accessories it is the essential only that he gives. He will let us know how the simple dwelling is furnished, what the chairs and tables are like, and the bedstead and the crockery, and so forth, because all this is necessary if we are to have the sense of intimacy with these people. But these necessary details are not minutely described. They do not assert themselves. They are there, and we know they are there; that is all. We need not try to apply Ruskin's "inch by inch" criticism to these pictures.

Tone and the play of light amid shade and shadow are what we find in his work rather than truth of local colour. He lived and painted, we must remember, where Rembrandt had lived and painted, and where were many of his great predecessor's finest works. Greys and browns, with only absolutely indispensable relief from other colours, answer all his purposes. The breadth of his treatment and the subtlety of the light and shade give that sense of reality, of life, that we have marked as one of the chief gains of art in the last half-century. We are with these sailors toiling on and by the sea, and these children playing on the shore; we are with these women working, nursing children, attending to the sick, weeping by the dead. These pictures, because of the human sympathy of the painter and his knowledge and

ON THE HEATH, LAREN A. MAUVE

consummate art, do not seem to us to come short of life itself. And it is not the mere externals of life that they set before us; they take us right to its feeling, loving heart.

The awakening of Israels was not to be a solitary one in Holland. Christoffel Bisschop, only a few years younger, also turned from what he learned in Paris, and painted the homely life of his native Friesland, filling his interiors with sun-lighted air. We have already had to refer to the work of another Dutch painter, Jongkind, who was older than Israels, and also found his way to nature, becoming a forerunner of Impressionism. He, except by birth, belongs rather to France than to Holland. But we soon have to add to the names of Israels and Bisschop, as painters who belong essentially to their own country, such now familiar names as Mauve, Mesdag, Maris, and others. A quite distinct school of art arose in Holland, faithfully interpreting, as had the old Dutch masters before them, the land and its people. If they borrowed from outside, it was only to assimilate their borrowings to native gifts which altogether exceeded them. When we look at Dutch paintings we do not think ourselves in France—*pace* M. de la Sizeranne—we think ourselves in Holland; and we think of the old Dutch masters, with a difference that is by no means wholly to the disadvantage of the modern painters.

All these painters have the modern feeling for light and air; they convey the impression of reality and life. Anton Mauve is a painter of landscapes, not chosen, however, for any special beauty. The most ordinary waste or cultivated land will serve. For are there not the sun, the mist and the rain to create everywhere beauty that is now brilliant, now tender and tinged with melancholy, now passing into power and awe? It is the delicate, tranquil beauty of nature

to which Mauve responds, and he paints it either alone, or with men and women, natural as nature itself, busy with their simple tasks.

The brothers Maris form an interestingly varied group of painters, apart from the rarity of three brothers devoting themselves to the same art. There seems to have been nothing in their ancestry to account for the gift which each was to put to good use. They were not of pure Dutch descent; their paternal grandfather, in fact, was a Bohemian who settled in Holland. James, the eldest brother, was born in 1837, Matthew, two years, and William, six years, later. Their father was a printer at the Hague, and the first evidence we have of the practice of art in the family is his encouraging the children to draw. James and Matthew both went to the Art School at the Hague, and later into the studio of Van Hove, at Antwerp. James was afterwards a pupil of Hébert in Paris, and Matthew joined him there. They were to depart widely, however, from anything that could be learned from the pupil of Delaroche. William Maris, the youngest brother, received his teaching mainly from his brothers. James, who died in 1892, was mainly a landscape painter, as is also William. The former took for his subject the typical scenes of Holland, the wide stretches of country, the canals, the towns, red-bricked and red-roofed, the sea and the heavily-built fishing-boats. Of course, on land there are windmills everywhere, and, above all, the sky, which in Holland, as in our eastern counties, will not let itself be overlooked, in fact, is more there than elsewhere, an all-important factor in the landscape. All this he painted strongly, yet at need delicately, with a quick response to changes of mood and effect. William has gone amongst the meadows and the trees and

FANTASY MATTHEW MARIS

painted them, and the pools among them, reflecting from myriads of points the brilliance of the sun; and amid all the splendour the cattle feed, or wander, or seek shade under the trees, or cool themselves in the water. Matthew, the second brother, has gone a wholly different way in art. Is he more than his brothers of the race of his grandfather? Certainly neither the wide landscape nor the pastures and cattle of Holland have sufficed for him. His brush is guided by an inward vision. His "Lausanne" is like a dream of the Middle Ages; and, indeed, he has sought, for his art, more beautiful things than those about him. Israels found his poetry in the actual life of his poor neighbours; Matthew Maris paints a young prince and princess—young lovers, as it seems—in old-time costume; *The King's Children* is a drawing that takes us into legend or fairy-tale; and *The Christening*, *The Flower*, *He is Coming*, and *The Spinner*, are pictures of irresistible charm, something at least of which they owe to the dress and architecture of other days. Another picture, *A Fantasy*, where a maiden is seated disconsolately by the fire while a youth is stealing up behind her, might well be taken as symbolical of the painter's own art, seeking to surprise beauty. His maidens and children would be delightful in any garb; but the quaint beauty in which he has dressed them removes them into that imaginary land the sight of which sets the spirit longing, not in vain it may be, for the world, as man shapes it to his use, to become more beautiful than it is now. When the painter of these idylls has turned to landscape, it has been not to portray it or merely to interpret its moods, but to use it as a means for the expression of his own emotion.

H. W. Mesdag paints, with great fidelity and power, the

sea—the sea that sailors know, grey under a grey sky, or over which the storm-clouds hang. Albert Neuhuys painted genre scenes more brightly, with less insistence on the shadows of life, than Israels.

Around these and other older painters has grown up a younger generation, which has received abundant help and encouragement from such men as Israels and Mesdag; and, particularly in landscape, genre, and portraiture, Dutch painting shows itself full of life; and, although it has not been unaffected by French Impressionism, it has had and maintains a markedly individual character.

From Holland we naturally turn to Belgium, for our own art has owed hardly, if any, less to the southern than to the northern Netherlands.

Belgium, like Holland, has a great tradition of painting that goes back to earlier times even than those of the Van Eycks and Memling. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Flemish painters made up in this country for the lack of native talent. Having had in earlier days such painters as those named above, and others of hardly less note, in the seventeenth century the country could boast of Rubens, Vandyck, and Jordaens; and they had successors of merit. In the first half of the nineteenth century there came the almost inevitable Classical and Romantic periods. François Navez was the pupil of David, and painted, among other portraits, a fine one of his master. His subject-pictures, *Hagar in the Desert*, and so forth, were entirely orthodox. But after the revolution of 1830, which established the independence of Belgium, there rose up against the David of Belgium a Delacroix in the person of Gustave Wappers, under whom, we recollect, Madox Brown received a great part of his training. Wappers'

Episode of the Belgian Revolution cast to the winds all the rules of Classicism, and went boldly for expression, movement, and colour. Nicaise de Keyser, Van Eycken, and many others enthusiastically followed the new leader. Wappers was at Antwerp. At Brussels, Louis Gallait, a pupil of Delaroche and an historical painter of mediocre gifts, also gathered pupils about him. Henri Leys, at the Hôtel de Ville at Antwerp and elsewhere, became the painter of events of the sixteenth century.

This is all a familiar kind of story. So is it to read that soon after Courbet's *Stonebreakers* was exhibited at Brussels in 1851, though at the time it was received with derision, Realism found its protagonist in Charles De Groux, who took his subjects from among the poorest and most miserable of the poor, and earned for himself the title of "the painter of social inequalities." Again, the mid-century justifies itself as a significant date in the history of modern painting. Constantin Meunier, who became known chiefly as a sculptor, but who was also a painter, and to whom reference has already been made in connexion with Millet, was the true successor of De Groux. He went to live in the coal and iron district of Belgium, near Mons, and painted the miners, the iron-workers, and the factory operatives at their toil. Both his pictures and his sculpture are a terrible indictment of the conditions under which some of the most laborious and monotonous work that falls to lot of only too many people to-day is carried on. Nothing that is gained by the degradation of men to something that almost sinks below the human is worth the awful cost. Meunier has set the degradation before us with tremendous power; and if it be alleged against him that he has told the worst as if the whole were equally bad, it can

be replied that the whole is so bad that passionately indignant overstatement is entirely pardonable, and, it may be, has its own especial use.

Realism, then, has found its place—we may say its mission—in Belgium. But all life is not such as De Groux and Meunier pictured, and Henri de Braekeleer was a Realist who, with the example of the old Dutch masters before him, found his subjects among the working-folk whose toil brought them enough with which to live comfortable, if simple and uneventful lives. Louis Dubois, Jan Stobbaerts, and others became, under the Courbet influence, vigorous painters of the contemporary life of the people. Alfred Stevens, on the other hand, after beginning with similar work, became the painter of the women for whose pleasure and luxury the masses toil. He completes the painting of social inequalities. He was born in Brussels; his father was a connoisseur of art. His older brother, Joseph, became a painter of animals; a younger brother, Arthur, became a critic and dealer. Art was well-nigh as strong in the Stevens as in the Maris family. Alfred went with Roqueplan to Paris, and there lived and died. His art is the reflection of the life he lived: luxurious life in the great city. The women he paints could not, if they would, toil or spin. They are the highly cultivated flowers for which the men and women whom De Groux and Meunier painted are the hotbed. Some day such flowers will not be produced, at least not quite like these, nor at such terrible cost. Meanwhile there such women are, there they were in Stevens' day, very beautiful, very beautifully dressed, with surroundings in the best of taste, receiving presents of strange Japanese idols, because the art of Japan was then all the rage in Paris. How thoroughly Stevens understood

THE PRESENT ALFRED STEVENS

these women, how exquisitely he painted them—their beautiful hair and features, their delicate complexions, their ease, their grace, their dress, so elegant; how wonderfully he painted the satins, the silks, the transparent muslins and laces, showing the softly veiled flesh-tints beneath, with the mild, warm sunlight making subtle play about it all! How lovely are these flowers—if we can forget the cost which Meunier so grimly counted!

Stevens had an exquisite sense of colour than which nothing could be more suited to the subjects he painted. In the reproduction that serves to illustrate his work here we can realise the subtle light of the original, and we can almost imagine its colour, play of gold and blue against the warm background, delicate pink of the flesh, and forcing notes of red in the ear, nostril, and mouth of "the present." And what of the woman's face, and the look fixed upon the grotesque little monster before her? What is she thinking? And is there any kinship between her and the spirit that the cunning Eastern craftsman has sought to embody in the fawning, cat-like creature he has made? It is a strangely fascinating picture, whether it states a human problem or not.

De Jonghe and other painters played a similar rôle to that of Stevens; and, lest the reader should think that I have put social contrasts too much to the front in writing of these painters, suggesting what was far from their thoughts—though this cannot be maintained with regard to Meunier—let me mention the picture by which Charles Hermans, another Belgian painter, is best known, *The Dawn*, now in the Gallery of Modern Paintings at Brussels. In the early morning revellers in evening dress are leaving a restaurant; two women are clinging to a man who is so nearly reeling-

drunk as to make it likely that the trio—one of the women, at least, being also drunk—will soon be following the dropped bouquets into the gutter. In the street are men going to their work. The wife of one of them, as she holds his arm, casts a saddened glance at the sorry spectacle at the restaurant door. A fur-coated, silk-hatted man within the doorway looks as if the sight of the working-folk were awakening in him some sense of shame. Here is a picture with a purpose, a Hogarthian picture, as it has inevitably been called. I neither condemn it nor defend it, but only instance it. I may add, however, that it is an excellent piece of realistic work. Still other painters came, who in their pictures of the people were almost carrying on a socialist propaganda. On the other hand, Emile Wauters turned to history painting, to Eastern subjects, and to portraiture. His best-known picture is *The Madness of Hugo van der Goes*, now in the Brussels Gallery; it shows the choristers singing to calm the painter's overwrought nerves and brain, and the pathetic scene is powerfully rendered, with fine, sympathetic feeling, and yet with dignity and restraint.

We have had the Classical, the Romantic, and the Realistic, and now—passing the horrible imaginings of the etchings of Félicien Rops—we come to a kindred spirit of Gustave Moreau in the painter Fernand Khnopff, who has sought to make outward forms reveal the innermost realities, in various pictures in which the Sphinx appears, *The Secret*, and other enigmatic works. *The Secret* is a double picture; there is a masked woman looking at a masked head; and there is the beautiful little Gothic annexe of the Hospital of St. Jean at Bruges reflected in the still water of the canal. What does it all mean: masked face searching masked face,

the outside of the building hiding the inside, the reflection in the water hiding the depths of the water? There is an unknown reality behind phenomena: is this picture a strangely beautiful affirmation of the agnosticism of Herbert Spencer? Others of Khnopff's pictures touch deep chords of feeling, whether they convey any clear meaning or not; we seem to be deep down with the subliminal self.

We have hitherto followed the subject painters of Belgium. There has been no lack of landscape painters. Passing with only this general reference the painters who, before and about 1850, produced mere studio compositions, we find Alfred de Knyff doing what Constable taught the Barbizon painters to do, and what he himself learned from them: painting nature green when he saw it green. This was too much for the Belgian critics, as Constable's truth had been for Sir George Beaumont and his like, and that of the Barbizon painters for the critics of Paris; for they had all been brought up on brown. Hippolyte Boulenger, who was born in 1838 and died in 1874, painted from nature, and became a devotee of light and air. On his initiative a number of artists, in 1868, formed the *Société Libre des Beaux Arts;* its first exhibition was held in 1870, and in 1871 it began to issue a publication, *Art Libre*, in which the members of the society set forth their views. Even if there be new things under the sun, this is not new; it is the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood of Belgium, with its journal corresponding to *The Germ.* Not that the kind of art practised and advocated by the Belgian Society was the same as that for which the Pre-Raphaelites fought. In this respect it may be compared rather to the New English Art Club. Not detail, or the brilliance of nature's colouring, were what the Belgian painters sought in breaking away

from convention and claiming the right to paint nature as they saw it. Truth of tone, not of detail—harmony, not brilliance of colour, were the aims they set before themselves. Baron, Heymans, and others carried on the movement, though the painting of detail did not go wholly without support. Clays, Bouvier, and others were marine painters.

We hurry on quickly, with the general features of this art in view, to come to those painters who have been influenced by the Impressionists; and when we have reached them and look back, we find that painting in Belgium has run a course almost identical with that run by French art during the same period, and this because Belgian art, the close relations of the two countries explaining it, was largely modelled upon the art of France. Emile Claus is one of the painters who followed the Impressionists in seizing fugitive beauties of light and colour and painting them in all their brilliance. Born in 1849, the son of poor parents, it was only with great difficulty that he obtained a much-desired training in art. After some years of portrait painting and subject painting in Spain and Morocco he turned to landscape and became the recorder of the beauty with which the sun can invest the homely landscape and farm-buildings of Flanders. There is no watching for the spectacular effects which only come at rare intervals, but keen enjoyment of the beauty which nature gives as a daily, nay, far oftener than a daily portion, and the interpretation of it in terms of art. In him, and not in him alone, Belgian art shows itself sensitive to the new freshness and intimacy of touch with nature, and fulfils the promise that was born with Jongkind.

Like Holland and Belgium, Germany had a long tradition of art before the modern period began. Then, in the

seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, there came, in part under the influence of France, a time when classical art reigned supreme. Later in the eighteenth century, Chodowiecki and others gave to the art a more realistic bent. Then, later still, the classical fetters were riveted on again. Much was written for and against the contention that Greek art had created forms that were binding for all time; and, as in France, pedantic Classicism, protest notwithstanding, held the free spirit of art enchained for many years. Anton Rafael Mengs—the Christian names chosen for him by his father are a sign of the times, and a particular prophecy with regard to himself—and Carstens were the leaders of this reactionary movement. With whatever intelligence and sympathy they might interpret Greek thought in the forms bequeathed by Greek art, they were not expressing emotions native to their own time, and were leaving untouched what was of paramount importance, the interpretation of the life and the nature about them. We may dream of the past; we may rightly, in a measure, live in it; because the past had often what the present lacks, and not to forget it is to enrich the present and ensure a better future; the mistake is to live wholly in the past, and this is what these artists of the Classical period sought to do.

German art made the great step towards deliverance by a change of bondage. To enthusiasm for the pre-Christian art of Greece, followed enthusiasm for the Christian art of the early Renaissance. This was a more plausible attitude, at least; for though no one any longer believed in Zeus, most people did believe in Christ. The Classical period was followed, we may say, by a Gothic period; just as, in this country, there was also a Gothic revival which

had a powerful influence on the romantic side of our Pre-Raphaelite movement. It was enthusiasm, as we have seen, for the Gothic buildings of Oxford and northern France that determined Burne-Jones and Morris to devote themselves to art. The mediæval picturesqueness of Nuremberg inspired in the writer Wackenroder, just before the close of the eighteenth century, enthusiasm for the Middle Ages. Who that has wandered until weary, if not footsore, through the streets and into the churches and mediæval public buildings of Nuremberg, and revelled in the wonderful sky-lines produced everywhere by the infinitely varied beauty of the high-pitched roofs, with a love of Gothic art already awakened at home, or, perhaps, in France, cannot understand the joy with which such art came to a German as a revelation of an era of creative, national art in his country's past? Wackenroder's story of the joys of an art-loving friar was the beginning of a German Pre-Raphaelite movement. Frederick Schlegel anticipated by nearly half a century Holman Hunt's conclusion that corruption entered into art in and after the time of Raphael and Michael Angelo; and he sought to turn the painters back to the earlier Italian artists, and even to the primitive Germans.

Art was indeed caught up in the new enthusiasm; not Classical Rome, but Christian Rome, was the shrine at which, in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, such painters as Overbeck, Cornelius, Schnorr, Führich, and Steinle went to worship. Of course there was war between these enthusiasts for things mediæval and the enthusiasts for things Greek, and the latter took up as a contemptuous epithet for the former the old term of derision—Nazarenes. To-day we are inclined to cry a plague on both their

houses. Pale imitations of the forms in which the Greeks imagined their gods, and equally pale imitations of the Italian picturing of the Biblical records, have little interest for us, though, as we have seen, Madox Brown was much impressed by Overbeck and Cornelius and their work; and in this way, they are linked with the history of our own art, in addition to having a distinct place in the history of German painting. Into detail respecting their work we must not go. It must suffice to say that with Munich as a centre, there developed an art based on that of the earlier Italian painters.

Away in the north, on the other hand, with Düsseldorf as a centre, there sprang up a Romantic school, which had no contempt for the later Italian masters, and went freely to myth, legend, the Bible, and the history and literature of any period for its subjects. The painters furnished pictorial illustration to the literature that was then in vogue. To this race belong such painters as Hildebrandt, Steinbruck, and Stilke. Then came Alfred Rethel who, born in 1816 and dying in 1859, belongs to the period just preceding the one selected for study in this book. In his designs for frescoes in the Kaisersaal at Aix la Chapelle he told the story of the deeds of Charlemagne. His art was essentially German, an art of vigorous expression, not of beauty, as was that of Albert Dürer. Its character has become familiar to many who have never seen or heard of his larger work, through reproductions of the two small designs, *Death the Assassin* and *Death the Friend*, the former representing Death dancing and fiddling on bones, as the dancers at the Parisian masked-ball lie plague-stricken on the floor and the terrified musicians steal away; and the other, Death tolling the bell for the old sexton who sits dead in his chair

in his room in the church-tower, lighted by the rays of the setting sun half-sunk below the horizon. Moritz Schwind, born in Vienna in 1804 and dying in 1871, held as his artistic creed that an artist should devote himself to that which he himself deeply felt, to that which took hold of him, whatever it might be. He particularly inveighed against imitation of the Italian masters in language that reminds us of Holman Hunt's, urging that such imitation divided a man from his own personality. But Schwind did not, like our realistic Pre-Raphaelites and the French Realists and Impressionists, go straight to nature and to life for inspiration; he lived in the past, in myth and legend and the picturesqueness of earlier days.

Schwind asserted that foreign influence was disastrous to a nation's art. The generation of German painters that succeeded him came to the exactly opposite conclusion and looked to the influence of French and Belgian art for the salvation of that of their own country. They were right. There is nationality in art, despite Whistler's saying to the contrary; but this does not mean that a nation is never to learn anything from the art of other nations. In the former half of the nineteenth century German painters learned little or nothing from their contemporaries abroad, who, however, had much to teach them. At the mid-century the Germans found their way to Paris, to Antwerp, and to Brussels; they became acquainted with the works of Delacroix, Delaroche, Couture, Wappers, and Gallait, and many another. There was nothing here, of course, completely to revolutionise their art, but there were differences in design and colour, there was a struggling towards a more vigorous and realistic treatment of the same themes as those the Germans had been accustomed to treat, that greatly

modified their work. Karl Piloty based his art on colour. Feuerbach, who was genuinely inspired by the old mythologies, remained, for the most part, a classical painter, as, coming rather later, Hans Makart treated classical subjects in a scenic manner. Victor Müller, like Delacroix, by whom he was greatly influenced, added one more to the number of illustrators of Shakespeare, of whom there have been so many, of very various merit, in the poet's own country. History painting on the big scale, as we see it now in the Louvre, was taken from France to Germany by Richter, Schrader, and others. In fact, one influence of French and Belgian art on that of Germany during the latter half of the nineteenth century is seen in the long succession of history painters, even the names alone of whom we must not chronicle here.

Genre painting had its place in Germany in the earlier part of the century alongside an art engaging the mind in higher things, or at least in things more highly esteemed. It was here, almost inevitably, that painting came nearest to life, except in portraiture; and in our own time Germany has had its counterparts of our own Wilkie, Mulready, Webster, and others, in its Knaus, Defregger, Vautier, and the rest. In all works of this kind there is much detail and incident; the pictures are prosy stories of the life of the people. If they awaken emotion it is not by any subtlety in the art, but because there are things the plainest recital of which can move us.

So, also, with landscape painting: during the former half of the century it is a matter of little more than picturesque views and scenic effects. The great majority of the painters of those years, and, indeed, many of those painters who have lived on until our own time, were men in

whose opinion only the exceptional could be of real and lasting importance. There was little quiet, immediate intercourse with nature and life; the relation of the artists to their surroundings may be compared to that of strangers who, when they are introduced, must keep up a conversation. Friends can be together and need no important or sensational topics—indeed, little or no talk at all; silence does not mean awkwardness; they have a sympathy that needs not to be constantly put to proof. Intimacy between art and the subjects of art did not exist fifty years ago as it exists to-day.

This coldness was broken through in the region of history by Adolf Menzel. He was born in Breslau in 1815, spent his life in Berlin, where he was a very familiar figure, and died there in 1905, the whole city lamenting his loss. His achievement was to realise that history was being made in his own time, and to raise the painting of contemporary events to the dignity of historical painting. We and those who shall follow us may or may not be interested in scenes from the life of Christ painted by an Overbeck or a Cornelius, or in an epic of Charlemagne designed by a Rethel; all will depend upon their imaginative gift, without which their work will be mere tableau; but we must be interested when Menzel paints *King William setting out to join the Army*, or in the sphere of industry, *The Iron Foundry*. Why should the war of Troy be matter for an epic and not the war of Germany and France, or Vulcan in his smithy be fine material for art and not the indubitable actual Vulcan of to-day? The question has been answered by showing that there is no good reason for such things to be.

Those who saw the exhibition of Menzel's life-work

at Berlin in the spring of 1905, know how keenly observant and unwearyingly industrious he was. At the same time it was evident that he was hardly more than a chronicler of facts; there is little imagination in his work. His realism has not the dramatic intensity that informs the art of Madox Brown; nor has it the subtle, sensuous charm and personal intimacy of that of the French Impressionists. He gives only a plain, prose record. He went so far into the past as to make the life of Frederick the Great the subject of many pictures; but contemporary life, from State ceremonials to Sunday crowds in the Tuileries Gardens, scenes in Alpine health-resorts, a crush in the Piazza d'Erbe at Verona, and the exhausting toil of the ironworker, were the chief material of his painstaking art. He was a German version of our English Frith.

While Menzel was recording contemporary scenes and events, Franz Lenbach was painting a series of powerful and finely interpretative portraits; doing for Germany that which Watts more than any other of our painters did for England during the same time. Little more than the head is of moment in Lenbach's portraits, and, in the head, chiefly the eyes, through the startlingly vivid expression of which the very soul seems to become visible. His Emperor William I, in the decline of his life; Bismarck, the man of iron plainly seen as such, with an intensity of expression that makes the face seem almost visibly to quiver; his Moltke, Strossmayer, Döllinger, and many other portraits, will make more vivid the reading of history for the people of the future, as indeed they already begin to do for us. They cast aside all accessories; a wizard might have called forth the naked spirit.

Passing even unnamed other exponents of realism, we

have to note that Germany has also had its representatives in the same field of imaginative art as that in which Moreau and Chavannes, Watts, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones, and, in Belgium, Khnopff, have worked. These men differ from the Classicists and Romanticists of earlier generations, in that mythology has not been approached from the outside, as something lending itself peculiarly to the ends of art by giving occasion for use of the forms created by the Greeks, and held to be of paramount æsthetic value, but as a means for the expression of genuine emotion. Wordsworth, who, as we have already had occasion to call to mind, "walked with Nature," and felt always that he was communing with the great spirit that informed nature, could none the less in a moment of depression almost long for the gods of Greece to return, so that he could

> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

Though the gods of Greece be dead, we cannot yet *dispense* with them as aids to the expression of thoughts and emotions identical with or akin to those that called them forth. In Germany, Feuerbach, we may say, lived in the very atmosphere of the old myths; Arnold Boecklin, his friend and almost his exact contemporary, older by only about a year, used them to express his own emotions when face to face with nature. He was an imaginative landscape painter; he felt that in nature there was a life akin to his own, though vastly exceeding it in power. He painted *A Villa by the Sea*, and the bitter wind that bows the stately heads of the cypresses becomes a symbol of the grief of the woman who stands with bowed head by the waves, and a prelude to his *Island of the Dead*. Silence in the forest

haunts his imagination and takes the form of a strange wild-eyed monster passing amid the pines. The sight of a boisterous sea raises the vision of mermen and mermaids disporting themselves in it. When rocks fall headlong down the mountain-side, what is it but Pan frightening the shepherd? And there must needs be terrific monsters dwelling in a gorge like that of the Via Mala, the name of which is evidence of the prevalence of such a feeling, as is the legend, not confined only to one Swiss pass, that there are wild chasms over which no bridge could have been built without the Devil's aid. Himself a man of powerful physique, it was the power of nature that most laid hold of him; he looked as if he would answer the lightning with a flashing eye and the thunder with a shout. His colour answers to his own exuberant strenuousness; so intense, so uncompromising, refusing each of them to abate one tittle of its utmost power, are his reds and blues and greens, that to eyes unused to them they are little less than intolerable. Yet softly blended and harmonised colours would have been little to the purpose for the expression of such exuberant vitality. We may compare his feeling towards nature with Madox Brown's penetrative sympathy with his fellow-men. It is as if the spirit of nature had gripped the one and the spirit of humanity the other, and resistlessly forced the hand to express, not the mere form, but the very essence of nature and of humanity. For there is a sense in which the art of Boecklin is as realistic as that of Madox Brown. His gods, mermen, mermaids, and nymphs are no ghosts; they are real with a flesh-and-blood reality. There is no question of both the power and the spontaneity of his art.

Hans Thoma is a landscape painter who in many of his pictures bids forth again the gods of old; while Max

Klinger can perhaps only be likened to Gustave Moreau in the fecundity of an imagination that uses everything, Pagan and Christian alike, to body forth the unseen. Before his pictures we feel as if a spiritualist medium were clothing revelations in the forms of art. Franz Stuck, born in 1863, and therefore wholly of our own time, has, like Boecklin, made the gods and satyrs and nymphs of Greece live again; but though he treats these with a certain dramatic power, he seems to lack the qualities—spiritual, we must call them—that are needed for anything that can be accounted an adequate setting-forth of themes drawn from Christianity. Michael Munkacsy's pictures, *Christ before Pilate, "Not this man, but Barabbas!"* and *The Crucifixion* have been seen in this country. They are attempts, melodramatic in character, at a realistic portrayal—and perhaps a naturalistic interpretation—of events described in the Bible.

Fritz von Udhe has learned what the French have had to teach of the realism that fills the picture with light and air, and having painted many pictures with familiar scenes of contemporary life for subject, he has ventured upon the doubtful path of giving to the narratives of the Gospels a wholly modern setting. Yet the sincerity and the spirituality of the treatment of these themes are beyond question. It is in a modern schoolroom that Christ gathers the little children round him; to such peasants as we see in field and village to-day he delivers the sublime teaching of the Sermon on the Mount; in a farm-kitchen such peasants invite the Lord Jesus to be their guest; the Last Supper is eaten with Christ by men of our own time; and whether or not we think that religion needs or is really helped by such an expedient as this, we can find no fault with the way in which the painter, having determined it to be right, has

carried it out. The doubt—to many it will be more than a doubt—of its value to religion we need not here seek to resolve.

It is not possible here, it is not needful to our purpose, to give anything approaching a complete survey of the art of Germany to-day. So varied is the work of its exponents, so numerous are they, that not a few pages, but volumes would be required had this to be done. We need only to see, with help of a few conspicuous instances, that German artists, like those of other countries, have passed from a narrow conception of their mission, imposed upon those who preceded them by too great reverence for tradition, to a catholic understanding of what it is both lawful and expedient for them to do. One more painter only need be named, Max Liebermann, who has adopted, in painting scenes of modern life, the general aims of the French Impressionists, and has in this given a lead to many younger painters. He was born in Berlin in 1847. An early desire to be an artist was opposed by his father, a merchant who had other wishes for his son. But the bent towards art was too strong to be resisted, and it was with his father's consent that the youth eventually had his way. After studying at Weimar he went to Paris, from there to Holland, and again to Paris, studied the works of the Barbizon painters, visited Millet at Barbizon, and came under the influence of the Impressionist group. It was not, however, until after other wanderings, and the painting of pictures of religious subjects, that he found his vocation in the painting of scenes from everyday life treated in an Impressionist manner. *An Asylum for Old Men*, painted in Amsterdam, whither he had gone because his religious pictures had given offence in Munich, obtained a medal of

the third class at the Paris Salon of 1881; and now, reputation having thus been made, he returned to live in his own country. He has also spent much time at Zaandvoort, the Dutch village already mentioned in connexion with Josef Israels, whom he met there during his stay in Holland. The subject of Liebermann's art is simply life being lived in a world that has an atmosphere and in which the sun shines. His pictures are purely pictorial; they tell no story and seek to enforce no moral. The people he has painted are the working poor, but he has taken no gloomy view of their lot. They toil, but they seem healthy and happy in their toil, and they are always in the sunshine. It dapples everything as it shines through the trees in the Amsterdam asylum picture; it floods the rooms in which are working the cobbler and his boy, the sempstress, and the flax-spinners. His pictures of women and girls out in the open, mending nets, or—as in our illustration—tending sheep or goats, remind us strongly of the work of Millet—only these people are happier than those of Millet. It takes *all sorts*, we say, to make a world. It takes many artists of very various temperaments to interpret even a little corner of our world; and, even then, how much is left untold!

Here must end our brief survey of German art. Did it profess to be a record of all painters of considerable merit, much would have to be added. As a survey to aid in forming a general estimate of the art of our own country in relation to that of others, it may suffice.

The countries whose art we have already considered—France, Holland, Belgium, and Germany—are the most important for the purpose of enabling us to understand the general progress of painting during the period we have under review. To them we must add America or, strictly,

THE WOMAN WITH THE GOATS — MAX LIEBERMANN

the United States of America, whose artists—we can hardly say, as we shall see hereafter, whose art—have had a marked influence on the art of our own country. First, however, we must say what seems needful about the art of other European countries, to which I purpose to refer in only the most general terms. Russia may be left out of account altogether; not because painting in Russia lacks interest and importance, but because it is not in close relation to the art-movements that have influenced and still influence the art of the rest of Europe and America and our own country. Of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden but little need be said. They are among the provinces of European art, taking from the great centres much more than they have to give. Their painters treat historical, religious, genre, and landscape subjects with only local differences—interesting, however, to note—from the way in which they are treated elsewhere. Without the aid of illustrations, however, what could be said here would only be in the way of record of things much less familiar than are the works of the French, Dutch, Belgian, and German painters already discussed; and a comprehensive record for the purposes of reference is not what this book professes to give. Occasionally an artist from one of these countries becomes as familiar to us as are our own painters. Such an one was the Norwegian painter Fritz Thaulow, whose works for years past have been regularly seen in our own exhibitions. He was the master-painter of snow and of reflections in running water, where the curves due to movement add beauty of form to exquisitely lovely variations of colour. The Swedish painter Anders Zorn, who has so brilliantly rendered effects of light and colour, has also become well known outside his own country. To say more

than this, without saying very much more, about those whom we may call our kinsfolk in the north, would be to do them an injustice.

Turning south, we find Spain, after a long period of stagnation, producing in the latter half of the eighteenth century a revolutionary artist of extraordinary power in the person of Francisco Goya—a necromancer he might well be styled. Then came a period of Classicism and Romance, such as we have seen in other countries—even those northern ones we have just glanced at did not escape it. In 1838 was born Mariano Fortuny, who, after studying art in Rome, spent several months in Morocco, a visit that led to his painting a number of pictures of Eastern life. Then he won applause for the works with which his name is now almost exclusively associated, the marvellously executed pictures, with their wealth of glittering detail, of high-life in Spain in the previous century.

Fortuny, who died in 1876, had many imitators in his own country and abroad. There was ready appreciation of such dexterous and superficially brilliant work. His methods were applied in Spain itself not merely to the re-creating of the past, but to the delineating of the present. Rico, Madrazo, Domingo, and Pradilla are among those who have done work of this kind; while other painters, and some of those also who painted in Fortuny's manner, have executed large historical pictures in the manner of the French Romanticists. Of such are Casado's *The Bells of Huesca*, *Pradilla's Surrender of Granada, 1492*, and many others. Such work as this has lasted over from an earlier time—and may yet continue; but it is not new. Other painters, such as Ignacio Zuloaga, La Gandara, Hermen Anglada, and Sorolla y Bastida, have been caught up in the modern

THE BALCONY

IGNACIO ZULOAGA

movement. Such men disport themselves at times, as if with the joy of children bathing in a sunlit sea, in light and colour, without concerning themselves with subject, with doings and happenings whether important or trivial. Indeed, we have sometimes mere play of brilliant colour, out of which it is with the utmost difficulty that we make anything in the way of representation. There is the spirit of Goya in the picture by Zuloaga here reproduced, but the manner of its painting belongs to the latest phase of the art.

Italy has very little to offer that is to our purpose. The modern movements in art have originated and progressed to the north of the Alps and the Pyrenees alike. The stamp of Fortuny has been deeply impressed on Italian painting, particularly in the south, where climate, surroundings, and temperament all alike invite towards colour, verve, and vivacity. Italy, of course, has had and has her painters, many painters, of religious, historical, and genre subjects and of landscape. This goes without saying. But Italian art has given to Europe little that is originative or inspiring, while it has given much that is trivial or sensational. The names of Morelli, the Neapolitan painter of religious subjects, and of Segantini, an imaginative painter of the landscape of the mountains, who is well known outside his own country, stand out prominently. Into his pictures Segantini knows how to bring a Dantesque element, as in *The Punishment of Luxury*, now in the Liverpool Art Gallery, where those who, like Dives, once had their good things, now float in the clear, cold, biting air above the frozen snows.

An Italian who has made his reputation outside his own country is Giovanni Boldini, who was born at Ferrara. When quite a young man he left Italy for London, and

afterwards settled in Paris. With extraordinary and varied skill, and a rapid choice of what is essential to his purpose, which is like an artistic shorthand, he has painted portraits of fashionable women, and of children and scenes of life in the open air.

Spain and Italy, we find, then, do not detain us long. It is an abrupt change at once to cross the Atlantic. But there is advantage in considering the art of the United States immediately before completing our account of that of our own country.

Painting in America only came to have any importance towards the end of the eighteenth century, after John Singleton Copley and Benjamin West, both of whom were Americans, had settled in England, and the American pupils of the latter had begun to return to their own country. It was only to be expected that colonial art would come under the influence of that of the old country; but we shall find that after the English influence declined, the art of France and Germany became and has continued to be of paramount importance for America down to the present day; indeed, one of the difficulties in writing of American painting is to know how to deal with men who, having received their training in Germany or in France, have settled in France or in this country, and, when they have settled here, have become members of our official and unofficial art institutions. English influence on American art gradually declined after the political severance of the colonies from the mother country; American artists gradually began to seek instruction elsewhere than in England, as at Düsseldorf, Rome, and Paris; and the art of America is now in the greater part a branch of European art, with the influence of France largely preponderating.

Glancing briefly at the earlier history of American art, we find Copley painting portraits and subject-pictures of no little merit, among the best of the latter being *The Death of Chatham* and *The Death of Major Pierson.* West also painted historical pictures, and created a revolution in such art by representing the soldiers in his *Death of Wolfe* in the military costume of the time, not in that of the Greeks or the Romans. He became President of the Royal Academy, and numbers of young Americans studied painting under him. Of these, C. R. Leslie, who, though born in England, was of American parentage, and G. S. Newton, became virtually English painters. Stuart, the painter of the well-known portrait of Washington, spent five years in Ireland after leaving London, and then returned to America. John Trumbull, who was also one of West's pupils, painted portraits, and also historical pictures after the manner of those of West, including *The Battle of Bunker's Hill* and *The Death of General Montgomery.* He also executed in the Capitol at Washington a series of paintings commemorating the establishment of American Independence.

Of the painters in the United States after the decline of the English influence, Chester Harding, who had prepared to go to England to study, was persuaded, for family reasons, not to do so, and settled in Boston, but he eventually carried out his intention, and for some time successfully practised his art in England; but prosperity declined, and he returned to America, where he continued to work as a portrait painter. Charles W. Peale, Neagle, and Inman were other artists of merit in the second quarter of the century. Landscape painting was pursued by Doughty, Durand, and Thomas Cole. They, and others who shortly followed them, were close literalists. A little later George Inness studied

in Germany, Paris, and Rome, and sought to get beyond the merely imitative stage in landscape painting. He worked out and stated his own philosophy of art. "The purpose of the painter," he said, "is simply to reproduce in other minds the impression which a scene has made upon him. A work of art does not appeal to the intellect. It does not appeal to the moral sense. Its aim is not to instruct, not to edify, but to awaken our emotion." A work of art, he said further, should awaken only a single emotion, upon the beauty of which the beauty of the work would depend, and its greatness on the quality and force of the emotion. Detail should be elaborated only so far as is necessary to reproduce the artist's impression. To make thought clear and to maintain unity of impression are the artist's aims. Meissonier's detail made his thought clear. To some minds Corot lacked objective force, but Corot's art was higher than Meissonier's. This was the substance of the American landscape painter's philosophy of art; and it is a very good philosophy—except, the present writer must say, when he opposes the awakening of an emotion to appeal to the intellect and the moral sense. These water-tight compartments need to be carefully used. The emotions are reached through the intellect, and morals are not wholly unemotional. In his art Inness passed from laborious detail to fulness of tone and breadth of handling, and later to greater freedom of touch. Wyant and Martin were contemporaries of Inness. Portrait painting was continued by Charles Loring Elliott, Healy, Huntingdon, and others. Among the subject-painters, Emanuel Leutze, the painter of *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, and other incidents in American history, was born in Wurtemberg, but his family emigrated to the United States while he was an infant. For twenty years of his life

he lived at Düsseldorf and painted some of his principal pictures there, so that he was, if anything, more a German than an American. Such was the condition of painting in the United States before and about the middle of the nineteenth century.

After the Civil War, young Americans desirous of studying art abroad went to Paris rather than to Germany or England. As to England, the painters began to come here not to learn their art, but to practise it and to profit by it. Several artists, however, among whom was the imaginative painter Elihu Vedder, found their inspiration in Italy. Vedder, indeed, has spent the greater part of his life in Rome. He has painted such subjects as *The Questioner of the Sphinx*, *The Cumæan Sibyl*, and *Marsyas*, and executed illustrations to the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám. Among the artists who went to Paris were Edward Harrison May and William Morris Hunt, the former being English by birth, but American by residence from the age of ten years. They were both pupils of Couture. May was an academic painter of subject-pictures. Mr. Samuel Isham, in his book on American painting, can only say of him that he "should probably be considered an American artist, but from his work he might have been a Frenchman, or even a German." Hunt found his way from Couture to Millet, spending two or three years at Barbizon, and then returned to America and painted portraits, subject-pictures, and landscapes. Another young American—by birth, though not by parentage—John La Farge, was under Couture, though only for a short time. He also studied the old masters in Munich and Dresden, and in England made acquaintance with the works of the Pre-Raphaelites. After his return to America he began to study law, for art had not been

thought of as a profession. Hunt, however, persuaded him to devote himself entirely to art. He executed mural paintings for Trinity Church, Boston, and the Church of the Ascension, New York, as well as many designs for stained glass; and he also painted easel-pictures. He was a fine colourist, and his religious subjects are treated with dignity and considerable depth of feeling. Along with La Farge should be mentioned Francis Lathrop, who, after studying at Dresden, went to London, where Whistler introduced him to Madox Brown, with whom he worked. This brought him into contact with the Burne-Jones and Morris group, and their influence is to be seen in his art. He assisted La Farge in his decorative work; and the Pre-Raphaelite associations of the two American artists are an interesting exception to the general lack of English influence.

Winslow Homer is a versatile painter of subject-pictures and landscapes, whose distinct merit in realistic works is the more interesting as he received no foreign training.

It would be time now to say something about Whistler and his art were it not that, after mere recognition here of his having been an American, I purpose to consider his life and work in the next chapter, which will deal with English painting. For, although an American, he was wholly trained in Paris, and did his most important work in England; and it was here that his influence was most strongly exercised, here that he made his friends—and his enemies. In the same way such artists as F. D. Millet, E. A. Abbey, and even Sargent, though Americans by birth, can no more be separated from English art than West or Copley; but while this has to be said, the fact that they are Americans has not merely to be admitted, but proclaimed. And it may be

pointed out also, that to take them along with our own painters is not to say that they have learned their work here, but, on the contrary, that they have so influenced our own art as to make a knowledge of their connexion with it indispensable to its understanding.

Many American artists have also settled in Paris. They are not distinctively or even largely American as respects their art, in which they have been trained in Europe. We have already seen that Miss Mary Cassatt, the American pupil of Degas, has made Paris her home; and that only the sentiment of her pictures, and the people who have sat for them, not her technique, suggest that she is not a Frenchwoman. The salons are open to artists of all nationalities, and foreigners find that they can as successfully practise their art in Paris as in their own countries. Americans obtain a clientele in Paris, and then fear to take the risk of starting anew either at home or in London, although they would then be among their own kin. Thus, many Americans by birth are in art the children of Manet, Monet, Bastien-Lepage, Carolus Duran, or—as, in art, the child may have many parents—of more than one French painter, and they are also resident in France though they may not become French by residence. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that many American painters have learned their art in Munich or Düsseldorf or elsewhere, if also they owe something to Paris.

Julius L. Stewart is one of the painters who has made Paris his home. After being under Zamaçois, one of Fortuny's pupils, he went to Gérôme. In *The Hunt Ball* and other pictures he shows himself to be French in technique and American, or Anglo-Saxon, or Scotch, or whatever may be the race or blend of races, in the characterisation of

the dancers. William L. Dannatt first went to Munich and then to Munkacsy in Paris. He has painted Spanish subjects with great vigour and vivacity, owing much to Manet and Degas, as well as to his actual teachers. Julian Story, Walter McEwen, J. Ridgeway Knight, and Walter Gay should also be mentioned. McEwen and George Hitchcock and Gari Melchers have painted in Holland. Alexander Harrison, a pupil of Gérôme, but owing more to Bastien-Lepage and the Impressionists, became a painter of the sea, and in his work the realisation of light, air, and movement does not mean the neglect of form. Frederick A. Bridgman and Edwin Lord Weeks are devotees of the splendour of the East.

Such are some of the American artists who have made Paris their home, or at least their head-quarters. Once more, let it be said, comprehensive list-making is not our task.

Of the American painters who studied at Munich, F. Duveneck and William M. Chase are the most prominent; the latter, departing from the heavy painting of the Munich school, under the influence of the work of Velasquez and the direct influence of Whistler, has taken a high place among American artists, painting in various mediums, and with great variety of treatment; and he has also covered a wide range of subjects. It might almost be said, indeed, that he has painted everything; and always his colour is luminous, and in later years his work has become remarkably fine also in tone.

Wyatt Eaton studied under Leutze in Düsseldorf, then under Gérôme; lastly, he came under the influence of Millet and Bastien-Lepage, and his pictures of country life have often called up the name of the Barbizon master. Other

pupils of Gérôme were J. Alden Weir and Will H. Low. They also, like Eaton, admired Millet. Weir, however, adopted methods akin to those of the Impressionists, and applied them to portraiture and landscape, while Low, after painting portraits in the manner of Carolus Duran, returned to America to paint figure-pictures in the Impressionist manner, and then to betake himself to classical subjects.

American figure-painting has become exceedingly varied, both in subject and treatment. The Classical ideal and the Romantic ideal have both been pursued. In real life, the elegant society lady, mother and child, children of all ages and degrees, and genre subjects have all been treated by numerous painters.

Bryson Burroughs has used the powers of an admirable draughtsman and true colourist to re-tell the myths of the classical and the northern lands, as well as for subjects drawn from real life; while A. B. Davies has created a romantic world of his own. Kenyon Cox, a pupil of Gérôme and Carolus Duran, has painted the nude and the draped figure and put them to the service of allegory. He also is a notable colourist. Thomas W. Dewing is the painter of elegant women, who are splendid creatures, graceful in movement or repose, beautifully dressed, surrounded with every luxury, in the best of taste. Dewing has set them before us with delicate, illusive art, in which he has added much to what he learned in Paris under Boulanger and Lefèbvre. To subtle play of light and atmosphere is due no small part of the beauty of his pictures. Other painters have singled out the charms of maidenhood; of such are Thayer, Benson, Reid, and others. The family groups, mothers and their children, of G. De Forest Brush, may perhaps be best described as Madonnas of daily life. They

have the best purity—that of the home. Horatio Walker and Robert Blum stand high among the genre painters, of whom there are many, and by whom the preference has been given, perhaps, to foreign subjects, though American life has not been neglected. It is said, however, that the American city-dweller does not care for genre pictures dealing with familiar scenes.

The greatest living American portrait painter, Sargent, whose work we are to consider later, has practically separated himself from his country, and foreign painters who have gone over to America have interfered with the growth of native portrait painting, beyond which, of course, the travelling American can choose from the widest possible area who shall paint himself and his wife and his daughters. Many of the painters already noticed have, of course, painted portraits. Among those whose names are more closely associated with this branch of art is J. W. Alexander, who by skilfully calculated breadth of treatment in all but the face rivets the attention on a subtle interpretation of personality. Irving R. Wiles allows his canvas to be more generally interesting, yet the face is still the centre of interest. Wilton Lockwood's portraits are close studies of character, with a convincing air of reality, due to subtle modelling and suggestion of atmosphere.

Numerous American painters have devoted themselves to the landscape of their own country, a country which is half a continent, and is correspondingly varied in climate and in scene. To enumerate any considerable number of them would be impossible. Some general characteristics of recent American landscape painting may, however, be mentioned, and a few names cited to illustrate them.

These painters have not gone to nature as novices to

learn on the spot a brand-new language of interpretation. The earlier painters, many of them, had done little more than this. But the later ones know all about their predecessors in the art. They have only to adapt a language to their own need, not to create one. They know all about the German and Dutch painters, about the Barbizon group and the Impressionists; and they have not failed to use their knowledge. Mr. Charles H. Caffin, in *American Masters of Painting*, says that the work of some of the marine and landscape painters is what is most distinctively American in his country's art, and that the foreigner "would be least likely in these to detect the influence of Europe." These painters, he says, "like most other true students of nature, have found, each for himself, their own necessary language of expression." This may well be true, and yet the language be an American version of some other tongue. It is at the beginning of an appreciation of the landscape painter Dwight W. Tryon that Mr. Caffin thus writes of the originality of his fellow-countrymen's work; and Tryon was a pupil of Daubigny, and was not uninfluenced by the Impressionists. Yet it is true that Tryon does speak his own language. He expresses, in his own way, his own emotion, not that of Daubigny or Monet, or a mere compound of both. H. W. Ranger, however, has evidently seen nature through the eyes of Corot; and we can tell at a glance that Childe Hassam could not have painted his street scenes, his interiors, and his landscapes as he has done had not Monet painted before him. Mr. Isham, in his book already referred to, mentions the tonal quality in much American landscape, and attributes it to study of the works of Barbizon masters and other foreign painters. At the same time he insists, like Mr. Caffin, that

the American painters express their own emotions. Only a slight acquaintance with American landscape painting is needed to induce acceptance of the judgment of these writers, with abundant opportunity for studying the art on the spot, that a really living school of landscape painting is developing in America. It has borrowed, but borrowing that is assimilation of what, when once discovered, is valid everywhere and for all, is true originality. The scenery of the United States—one would rather say nature in the United States—is being interpreted by men of true feeling, who in this, as men do in all things, profit by the experience of those who have done the same thing before them. At this we must leave an interesting side of American art. What more could be said, with profit to the reader, would both go beyond our limits of space and be but statement at second-hand of a perhaps not legitimate kind.

One interesting feature of painting in America is the growing encouragement of mural painting, and the bringing into relation with architecture of all the other arts and crafts. This encouragement has been given both by public bodies and by private individuals, and already has become quite considerable in amount. Such work has the greatest value in itself; and it has the indirect effect of doing much towards the formation of a national school of painting.

It is perhaps too early yet to say that there is such a school in America. It seems more correct to speak of painting by Americans than of American painting. Yet this is not said as a reproach, but as a prophecy. The painting by Americans is so good, as even those who have only seen it in Europe know well: so good in purely artistic quality, and so clear and sympathetic in its inter-

pretation of life and nature, that a school, or more than one school, of painting must surely be developed to give expression, in their own land, to the emotions of the people of America. As yet, for the most part, individual Americans are merely giving expression to their individual emotions, and many of them are content—or find it pays better—to do this abroad rather than at home. This is but a temporary condition. Even now one hesitates not to use the expression American painting—it has been used here, indeed, repeatedly. And the cosmopolitan nature of the American population cannot in the end prevent those who are united by political ties and by living in the same, though a wide, land, from having an art which shall be truly national.

With these brief notes about America ends our survey of the progress of painting in countries other than our own. To our own country we must now return.

CHAPTER VII

PAINTING IN GREAT BRITAIN

IT remains for us now to follow the general course of painting in our own country outside the Pre-Raphaelite movement. We have isolated that movement, and endeavoured to grasp its by no means simple character, because it did so much during the half-century we have in review to free our art from the heavy weight of tradition. We have also compared it with the almost contemporary movement in France, by which there also art obtained greater freedom. Then we have left for a time the art of our own country and briefly surveyed the progress of painting in France and elsewhere, because towards the end of the century painting here was and still is powerfully affected by the developments taking place abroad.

English painting until quite recently has been little affected by contemporary art in other countries. It has been a vigorous national development, guided, where it has received guidance from without, by the study of the older European schools of painting. This is why it has been possible for M. de la Sizeranne to say that England is the only country outside France that possesses a distinctly national school of painting. He says that this is only true of our art in the last century, that in the eighteenth century our æsthetics were those of the rest of Europe, that Reynolds and Gainsborough were great masters, but

that their work was merely eighteenth-century painting, not English painting. We may dispute this dictum, saying that nowhere else was there such subtlety both of colour and interpretation of character as in the work of the English portrait painters of that time. Turner and Constable, and our other landscape painters, he credits with striking a new and powerful note at the beginning of the nineteenth century, but he goes on to say that Turner no more belonged to one portion of the globe than a comet to one region of the sky, and that he could not be imitated either at home or abroad. Yet M. de la Sizeranne himself admits the influence of Turner on the French Impressionists, which, as we have seen, they themselves are also glad to recognise. Of Constable he says that his glory is rather to have initiated a new movement in Europe than his good fortune to have founded a national art in his native land. This is a very remarkable statement. We cannot permit ourselves thus to be robbed of our landscape painting. There was no need for Constable to found a national art, nor for Turner to be imitated if such an art were to exist; for, besides these two men, there were the Cromes, Vincent, Stark, Cotman, and the other Norwich painters, and then David Cox, De Wint, and others, who painted chiefly in water-colour. Here was surely abundant vitality of varied character, sufficient to constitute a national school, and capable, as we have seen and as M. de la Sizeranne admits, of profoundly modifying the art of France, and through France that of other countries.

The Pre-Raphaelite movement, in which an awakening from stagnation that must in any event have come was hastened by a few young painters who persistently shook the academic sleepers, also owed nothing to foreign in-

fluence. The simple creed of Holman Hunt and Millais was fidelity to facts, and in formulating their creed they owed nothing to Madox Brown and whatever impetus towards realism he may have received in the studio of Haron Wappers. Indeed, they showed him the way to the thoroughgoing realism that became the mark of one side of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. Nor did Rossetti and those who followed him owe anything to contemporary Romanticism abroad, unless we can say that, through Madox Brown, Rossetti came to some extent, at second-hand, under the influence of the German Nazarenes. Anyhow, the really potent influence under which he came was that of the Italian painters who preceded Raphael, and this was even truer still of Burne-Jones, who repeatedly studied their works in Italy itself, and expressed his growing admiration for them.

English painting, then, went its way, learning from the past, but comparatively heedless of what was being done elsewhere in the present. This attitude, however, has recently been changed, as we shall shortly see. But first we must turn to the work of the painters who have been little or at all influenced either by the Pre-Raphaelite movement or by the more recent developments of art abroad. In doing this we need do no more than refer to those painters who lived and worked during the latter half of the century, but did not break any fresh ground.

One painter, however, we may name, who actually died before the mid-century, William J. Müller, whose work, though he received his only art-training from J. B. Pyne, is much more closely allied to that of Constable than to that of his teacher. This may be because he soon forsook all tuition except that of nature. He is mentioned here be-

cause, several years before the Pre-Raphaelite movement was projected, he wrote: "I paint in oil on the spot; in deed, I am more than ever convinced of the *actual necessity* of looking at Nature with a much more observant eye than the most of young artists do, and in particular at skies; these are generally neglected." This is interesting, as showing that the Pre-Raphaelites were not alone in their conviction of the need for a return to nature. Müller's idea of the return was, however, different from theirs. He was no devotee of elaborate detail. I have already referred to the note on the back of his *Eel-bucks at Goring*, to the effect that it was left for some fool to finish and ruin.

Another painter, older than Müller, but who survived him —living, indeed, until 1876—John Frederick Lewis, must be mentioned here because he, if anything, anticipated the realistic side of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. Ruskin said that he "worked with the sternest precision twenty years before Pre-Raphaelitism had ever been heard of; pursued calmly the same principles, developed by himself for himself, through years of lonely labour in Syria." He began to paint with very much more minuteness in detail just about the time that Holman Hunt and Millais were determining to adopt the same method; but as he was away in the East from 1843 for a period of eight years, there was no chance of his getting into touch with them. Perhaps because he came gradually to render detail more faithfully, and also because he painted in the brilliant sunlight of an eastern clime, the detail is less obtrusive in his work than in that of the Pre-Raphaelites, there is more sense of light and atmosphere and more unity of design. What with the Pre-Raphaelites was revolution, a turning away from the methods they had previously adopted, was with

Lewis an evolution, an addition of greater detail without essentially changing the character of his work, so that Redgrave, who calls the work of the Pre-Raphaelites laborious idling, can say of Lewis that "there is not one touch too much or one thrown away in his work, and that the result is always very perfect, conveying an impression of power without too great a sense of labour."

So much by way of showing that English art at the mid-century would not have wholly lost touch with nature but for the organised effort of the Pre-Raphaelite Brethren. We can now proceed to consider what other progress was made after the mid-century, or, in some respects, it might be said, how the art marked time. What, for example, to turn abruptly from Realism to Classicism, shall we account the life-work of Frederick, Lord Leighton, who was the most conspicuous representative of classical art in England during the latter half of the nineteenth century? Was it advance, halt, or retrogression?

His first picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1855, and he died, President of the Academy and a peer of the realm, in 1896. He was born in 1830 at Scarborough, where his father practised as a doctor. He early showed inclination and capacity for art, and his father, acting on the advice of Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, decided that an artist the boy should be. He taught him Latin and Greek, and also anatomy. Being taken to live abroad at an early age on account of his mother's health, he was thirty years of age before he returned to live in England. Before he entered on his teens he could speak French, Italian, and German; and subsequently he added Spanish to the list. He studied in Rome, Dresden, Berlin, Frankfort, and Brussels. He was thus a child of the academies and the

galleries. He travelled also both in many countries in Europe and in the near East. In any event, he was probably unsuited by temperament to be either a pioneer or a revolutionary; and the study of so many schools of art might well have sapped the energy of one gifted with much greater originative powers. As it was, Leighton did but develop an eclectic style devoid of intensity both in the treatment of the subject and in purely æsthetic qualities. He became highly accomplished in both painting and sculpture; but it is the accomplishment that impresses us; there is nothing deeper to make us forget it. This is even more true, perhaps, of his painting than of his sculpture; and it is with the former we are concerned here.

He declared his artistic faith in the addresses that he delivered as President of the Royal Academy. He said that while the ethos of the painter was of the utmost importance for his work, art was in its nature wholly independent of morality, and that the loftiest moral purport could add no jot or tittle to the merits of a work of art as such. This we will say is true; it is even obvious; just as an ungrammatical sentence is such even if it enunciate a great truth. We may even say that a picture is less likely to be beautiful than otherwise it might be if the painter be seeking to give some rather dry, unemotional instruction. But what if he be moved by passionate enthusiasm for something nobly human? Such enthusiasm surely cannot fail to change, if it do not increase, the purely artistic merit of his work. There is a difference between passionate expression and emotionless expression. Are we to say that this relates to the ethos of the painter, and that moral purport is something different from this? If so, Lord Leighton's dictum covers very little ground, and leaves

much more to be said. But there is moral purport that springs from deep emotion, that is the form such emotion takes, and this does certainly influence the æsthetic character of an artist's work. Given, if it may be put thus, equal æsthetic gift in two artists, but a difference in enthusiasm with regard to the subjects of their art, there will be a more intense beauty in the work of the more enthusiastic artist than in that of the other. Thus Leighton himself said: "Believe me, whatever of dignity, whatever of strength we have within us will dignify and will make strong the work of our hands; whatever littleness degrades our spirit will lessen them and drag them down. Whatever noble fire is in our hearts will burn also in our work; whatever purity is ours will chasten and exalt it."

Leighton's own works look like those of a man who has somewhat coldly selected their subjects, not like those of one who has had to paint them, because while he mused the fire burned within him. Even when he has selected his subjects he does not seem to have been carried away by them. His works have the look of deliberate arrangement; they are wholly lacking in spontaneity. We can hardly believe in the grief of his Hero, her attitude is so exactly what would be chosen for theatrical effect. Always Leighton seems to approach his subject from the outside, not from within. Does not the following passage in one of his Academy addresses suggest that this was so: "You will find that through the Association of Ideas, lines and forms and combinations of lines and forms, colours and combinations of colours, have acquired a distinct expressional significance, and, so to speak, have an *ethos* of their own, and will convey in the one province notions of strength, of repose, of solidity, of flowing motion, and of life; in the

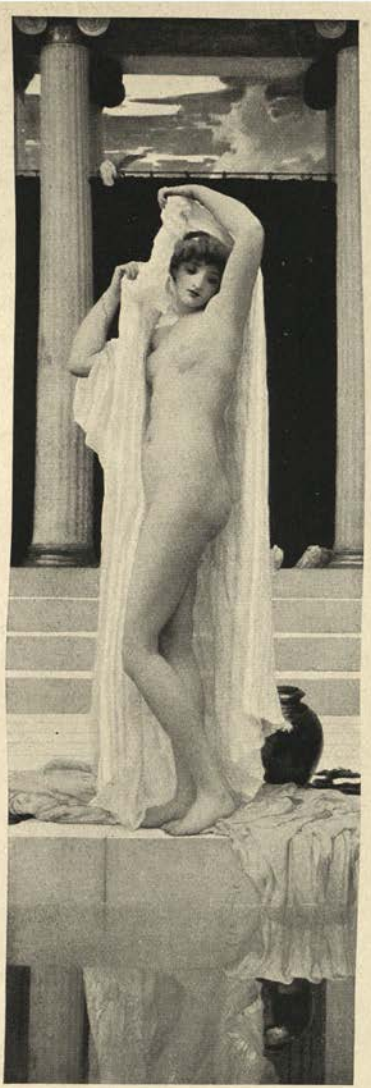
other, sensations of joy or sadness, of heat or cold, of languor or of health?" There is an air of rule and recipe about this passage. It speaks of much study in the galleries and museums rather than of the creative imagination that makes its own rules. This kind of analysis is common in his addresses; and it has a marked bearing on his art, between which and nature and life comes ever a veil composed of conventions that he has gathered for himself out of the works of the great masters of the past. Leighton was a learned, an academic, an eclectic artist; which means also that he was decorous and dull.

His first exhibited picture, *Cimabue's Madonna carried through Florence*, might by the choice of subject have seemed to promise that the painter would not merely mark time in his art. In the picture Cimabue is seen leading by the hand Giotto, the pupil who was destined to escape from the Byzantine conventions and become a naturalist painter. No more rapid advance in art has surely ever been made than that which the works of Giotto show when compared with those of Cimabue. The subject of Leighton's picture would almost have entitled him to be considered a Romantic painter, and it was pleasant in colour and piquant in incident. Rossetti thought the youth who painted it might do good things if only he could lose what was French in his work by coming to England. Leighton, however, went to Paris, and remained there for several years. This, let us recollect, was the Paris in which Ingres and Delacroix were still living; in which painters like Millet and Corot were held of little account, and in which the stirrings of Impressionism had not yet been felt. There was nothing here to inspire Leighton so that he would eventually return to England, if not to join the Pre-Raphaelites, yet at least to

move forward alongside them on a way of his own. He remained an eclectic to the end of his days. Never again, I think, did he paint anything so delightfully, naturally human as his Cimabue and Giotto walking along hand in hand. Ever afterwards the stylist in him seemed to freeze up his emotions. His subject-pictures are excellent tableaux, but they are not the thing itself. Hercules in his picture is not wrestling with Death, he is only standing in the position of a wrestler; and so it is all through Leighton's work: there are lines and colours and combinations of them by which we know he has meant to represent human beings as doing certain things, or as being in certain states of feeling, but he has not been able to endue these forms with active, passionate life.

His colour is no more than a pleasant arrangement of various hues and shades; it never fuses into a whole, and comes upon the eye like organ-music on the ear. The small sketches for his large pictures often have this latter quality. Always while looking at the *Captive Andromache*, in which the colour of the maidens' dress is varied as a skilful draper's assistant might vary colours in the window, I recall a small oil-sketch for the picture, the rich glow of which has left an indelible impression on the brain.

What strikes one most in Leighton's works is their decorative quality. Such pictures as *The Daphnephoria* and *Captive Andromache* would be better as panels enclosed in an architectural setting than as framed pictures. A hall decorated by Leighton would be exceedingly restful. The pictures would not excite us; they would gently remind us of myths and legends, and set us quietly thinking. The South Kensington lunettes and the panel he did for the Royal Exchange, London, show how admirably his work



THE BATH OF PSYCHE LEIGHTON

was adapted for this purpose. The panels may not be the best of their kind, but Leighton's art is best suited to that kind of picture. There was this quality in the collection of his life-work at Burlington House; the rooms were restful. It was otherwise with the Millais exhibition, in which not only were there strong contrasts in the colour-schemes of different pictures, so that one had fresh sensations at nearly every step, but the greater spontaneity and more telling dramatic interest of the pictures constantly challenged alert attention. The strenuous rarely enters into Leighton's pictures. His Greek girls play at ball in garments that must greatly impede their movements. And the smooth finish of his painting and the waxen complexions of the figures in the pictures add to the feeling of almost anæmic listlessness. Above all things no zeal, these people say to us. Their mission is to exist beautifully.

Hence when Leighton tried to represent vigorous action he failed, as in the Hercules wrestling with Death already referred to. He failed also in the region of imagination, as in *The Spirit of the Peak*, where, to apply a test already used, the picture would lose nothing if imitated in a tableau. Life has in all these pictures been subordinated to beauty, and the beauty itself is cold and superficial; there radiate no light and heat from inward fires. Refined, stylistic beauty is the note of Leighton's art. In this kind of art his contribution was a very considerable one. It was not a new kind. He only produced a variation of the old.

With Lord Leighton we inevitably associate Sir Edward John Poynter, who succeeded him as President of the Royal Academy after Millais' brief, intervening occupancy of the position. In 1853, when he was only seventeen years of age, he was working in Leighton's studio in Rome, so that

the association of the two men is first and last a close one. Three years later he was studying in Paris under Gleyre, everything in his student-days thus tending to prepare him to be the classical painter he actually became, although Du Maurier and Whistler were among his fellow-students in Paris, and they went widely different ways from him in art. Sir Edward is a Classicist through and through in his art and in his teaching. Subjects from Biblical or Classical sources requiring treatment of a classical nature—that is to say, the introduction of nude or classically draped figures—are what he says he has always given out to his students for practice, "because I consider that practice in that form of art, demanding as it does the highest sense of beauty and involving the greatest difficulties in drawing and design, is the best preparation for any style which the student's natural tendencies will lead him ultimately to adopt." The educational mould cannot make the man. It must influence him, however, and it may help to mar him; and it may well be questioned whether one plan is good for all students. In the case of Sir Edward Poynter himself we find carefully studied nude figures which only lack life; and life is not an unimportant matter. Just as the Hercules in Leighton's picture is not wrestling, but is only in the attitude of wrestling, so the runner, Milanion, in Sir Edward's *Atalanta's Race*, is not running, but is only in the attitude of running. His subjects, no more than Leighton's, are passionately felt and dramatically realised. His *Visit to Æsculapius* is generally regarded as his most successful work. It may well be so, for the subject makes no demand on the imagination, and on the power to express action and emotion. It is the kind of thing that can be coldly built up out of archæological learning and painstaking study of the nude.

Sir Laurens Alma Tadema is an importation into English art. He is Dutch both by parentage and birth, a native of the little village of Dronryp, near Leeuevarden, in Frisia, where he was born in 1836. His father was a notary, and he himself was first trained for the law; but he was too strongly inclined towards art for the original intention to be carried out. He received his training at the Antwerp Academy under Baron Wappers and in the studio of Baron Leys. In 1863 he went to Rome, the city of which, in the days of its imperial splendour, he was to be the pictorial restorer. In 1869 he settled in London, and four years later became naturalised as a British subject. He was from the first an historical painter, but his earliest pictures dealt with the Merovingian period of history, whereas afterwards he went back to classical Rome. The essentials of his art had been determined when he came to this country. He owes nothing to its earlier art, though he may well have been confirmed in the choice he had made by the companionship in this country of Leighton and Poynter. Under Wappers and Leys he would receive an entirely adequate technical training, well adapted for the kind of work to which he afterwards devoted himself. Then he himself has added an immense apparatus of archæological learning. It has been said that his work is an accurate illustration of Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities*, and ought to delight the minds of archæologists. This is true, but perhaps not quite the whole truth; there is some life in his pictures; they are not merely beautifully designed and coloured diagrams. This very point of the life in his figures has often been in dispute. They have been called puppets, not individually and psychologically interesting. Such interest is perhaps not necessary to the purpose of most of his pictures. He

is not a genre painter, nor a painter of dramatic moments in history. He has for the most part sought only to realise the ordinary look of life in imperial Rome, and for this purpose close psychological study is not needed. The pictures surely do what the painter has set himself to do. It is not an achievement that appeals to the emotions, and therefore we are not moved. He has not on the artistic side made the beauty of the total result the first consideration, but its truth to fact as far as by searching and by imagination he could get at the fact; we are often, therefore, left æsthetically cold. We are interested, we are instructed; we admire the skill with which all kinds of objects and materials are imitated and gathered not unharmoniously together. When we read Roman history we have a more vividly particular mental picture of the stage upon which the drama was enacted than we should have had without the painter's help; and we can believe that the picture is not widely distant from the truth.

The people in these pictures are certainly more *living* than those in the pictures of Leighton and Poynter. Is this recognised when these two are called classical painters and Alma Tadema an historical painter? And does the difference show the limitation of the classical point of view and the classical training? Madox Brown, a pupil like Alma Tadema of Wappers, painted historical subjects with great dramatic intensity. Alma Tadema, choosing to see his people under more ordinary conditions, still makes them live. The figures of the classical painters do not live. Rossetti, in a playfully or earnestly sarcastic rhyme, called one classical painter "of well-jointed dummies the jointer." It is in this want of life that we find the weakness of

classical art, and, as a rule, the drawing of the figure being put first, the colour is weak also.

In Albert Moore, brother of Henry Moore, the sea painter, who has been mentioned in connexion with the Pre-Raphaelites, we find again the influence of Japanese art. It has softened the dignity of the classical ideal into delicate grace and loveliness. He was born at York in 1841. His father was a painter, and three of his brothers, besides Henry, were painters. He was for a short time in the Academy Schools, and after this there came a most important preparation for the kind of art he was to produce, in his engagement by the architect, W. Eden Nesfield, to design mural and ceiling paintings. He visited Rome in 1862, tried his hand at a Biblical subject, but soon turned to the decorative art which was the chief, indeed almost the only work of his life.

We may sum up his art by saying that the form is the form of Greece, but the colour is the colour of Japan. The female figures of the Parthenon sculptures and the Venus of Milo have been clothed in garments of delicately harmonised colour, and bidden to do nothing but exist gracefully. He was entirely of the opinion of Mr. George Moore, already quoted, that subject is out of place in art. It militates against decorative quality. That is to say, art should always be decorative, never expressive. Above all things there must be no zeal. Nobody must seem even so much as capable of dreaming that there might ever be anything to be done that would require energetic action. The utmost that the maidens in these pictures seem to be able to do is to stand; and they take the first opportunity not merely of sitting, but of reclining on soft cushions. There is no suggestion that their idleness is merely temporary,

that it is rest after toil. They are too weak in the back ever to do any work. They could not even join Leighton's Greek girls in a game of ball. Of course this is a dreamland of the painter's imagining. We may accept it as such, though it is a dreamland that is not very flattering to human nature. The male sex may congratulate itself upon having no representatives in this lazy company. One may doubt whether the attitudes—the sprawling attitudes—of some of the maidens are really beautiful. It does not follow that because activity may not always be graceful idleness always is so. Yet it may be said that one is dragging in subject here; that the artist is not concerned with attitudes, but with rhythm of lines and harmony of colour, and that the human figure is only introduced in order that it may be subordinated to the praise of decorative beauty which thereby receives honour almost divine. These maidens are indeed cloistered nuns, expressionless because emotionless, dedicated, it might almost be said sacrificed, not to the contemplative worship of God, but to the worship of merely sensuous beauty. Such art as this ought surely, in its intention at least, to please M. de la Sizeranne, who, in warning his fellow-countrymen against being led astray by English art with its insistence on the subject in painting, says: "Let us beware, above all, of theories which pretend to ennoble the mission of art by making it the mere interpreter of ideas and feelings, of affirmations or doubts, and which give the artist another function than the expression of the Beautiful, the Beautiful alone free from figures of speech, from purpose, from preaching; as if there were anything in the world that could deserve to have the Beautiful for its servant, its interpreter, or its herald. Let us beware of the error of believing that art can be widened

by wandering, deepened by the overthrow of foundations, ennobled by servitude." Albert Moore did not commit these alleged crimes against art—or, to be really accurate, against beauty. The correction is necessary; for M. de la Sizeranne takes up a position which has the support neither of history nor of reason when he makes beauty the sole end of art. So does Mr. Swinburne when he says that "Mr. Albert Moore's painting is to artists what the verse of Théophile Gautier is to poets: the faultless and secure expression of an exclusive worship of things formally beautiful. That contents them; they leave to others the labours and the joys of thought or passion." Some artists and poets may have been content with the exclusive worship of things formally beautiful, but certainly the great majority have not unless, of course, we are to say that any one not so content is not artist or poet. M. de la Sizeranne thinks that it is the peculiar sin of English artists not exclusively to worship beauty. Were none but such worshippers among the painters of his own country accounted artists, the ranks would be sadly thinned out.

Albert Moore's art is beautiful; but the painters who have cared for other things than beauty, even those who have put other things to the front, such men as Madox Brown and Watts, have in the course of their work produced splendid rhythm of line and form and rich harmony of colour in comparison with which his pictures are little more than prettiness. The same superiority is evident in the art of Rossetti—who, as we have seen, would not accept art for art's sake as a religion—and Burne-Jones and many others. One has to think of beauty as having lower and higher degrees; and the highest degrees have not been reached only, if ever, by those who in their art have made

beauty their one and only aim. Happily, therefore, for the sake of beauty itself, artists as a body show no sign of limiting themselves as Albert Moore limited himself, and according to the law that M. de la Sizeranne lays down. These matters are determined by temperament, not by rules imposed from without, and those who feel impelled to use the human form to other ends besides that of formal beauty will continue to do so, however loudly the idolaters of beauty may cry out against them. For idolaters do not rightly worship their own gods.

It is here, perhaps, immediately after commenting on the work of a painter who made beauty the exclusive end of his art, that we can with most advantage consider the work of G. F. Watts, who said that his own aim was rather to teach great truths than to paint pictures that would please the eye. It may be that the pictures please the eye despite the priority given by the artist himself to the teaching. I should maintain that even if this were not so, if beauty were sacrificed to the success of the teaching, the sacrifice would be justified if the teaching went home. There are those, of course, who say that words are the proper media for teaching; that if painting attempts it there has only been an invasion of the province of oratory or literature. But if the teaching of a picture does get home, it is clear that painting is on its own ground.

Can it be said that Watts succeeds as a teacher? Happily I am not reduced to the statement that he succeeds for me. I can bring in M. de la Sizeranne as a witness. He tells us that he "held the conviction, common to many, that mythological painting was a false, decadent, commonplace style; that out of such impersonal figures as Death, Justice, Time, and Love, nothing more could nowadays be

made than a spiritless decoration for the ceilings of a public building or of a confectioner's shop," but that Watts's *Love and Life* and *Love and Death* convinced him to the contrary; and of Watts's pictures generally he says: "And yet you linger, for whilst Watts's colour distracts the eye, his ideas penetrate to the depths of the soul, and slowly arouse something that was sleeping there."

I have said that Watts's pictures may please the eye even though they chiefly aim to teach great truths. They do not please the eye of M. de la Sizeranne, who denies to Watts all picturesque feeling. Mr. George Clausen, on the other hand, who is not unacquainted with French painting, who has, indeed, been much influenced by it, says that although Watts did not primarily wish his pictures to have beauty, yet "he was so fine an artist that he could not help himself in this." A good deal of the French writer's criticism of English painting suggests his having merely concluded that what was strange to him must be wrong. He says that Watts's colours are out of tune and his pictures colour-discords. Mr. Clausen says that colour was certainly one of his strong points, and he mentions Watts's landscapes, in connexion with the statement that "he had the whole range of colour in nature, and what it means or suggests, at his command, and used it in his pictures as Turner did in his landscapes . . . treating his figures as if they were subject to all variations of light; and almost, at times, making the play of light and shadow on figures to suggest the play of light and shadow on a mountain side, so that one instinctively feels the figure to be of larger than ordinary human stature: something colossal." The French writer boldly says that Watts painted no landscapes, because landscapes prove nothing; yet Watts actually painted land-

scapes not a few, and some of those who will have none of him as a teacher find his landscapes very beautiful. Are we to think, as some of these critics would have us, that his colour-sense availed him in his landscapes and failed him in his imaginative subject-pictures?

Born in London in 1817, Watts was by four years the senior of Madox Brown, who was so much older than Holman Hunt, Millais, and their companions of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood as almost, if not quite, to be disqualified by age alone from joining in a movement originating in youthful enthusiasm. Watts was, in fact, ten years older than Holman Hunt; and when the Brotherhood was formed was nearly thirty-three years of age, and already a painter of some repute. He was sixteen years older than Manet; and by the time the Impressionist movement was fully developed and was beginning to excite derision in Paris, he was between fifty and sixty years old. But his life and his productivity were so prolonged—he outlived Manet by over twenty years—that one occasionally suspects writers of forgetting to what generation he really belonged, and of blaming him because when past middle life he did not throw himself into movements initiated by men who were children when he was maturing his art. Yet Watts was consciously an Impressionist—consciously and avowedly. "I must produce an effect," he said, "and so I must ignore something, and accentuate something else. Thus only can I make the representation." He pointed out that though the photographer, in rendering material truth, could beat the greatest of artists, yet his object twenty yards away was not the same as his object close to. Watts did not, of course, go as far as the Impressionists in giving to his pictures an illusive appearance of reality; he had other aims which

had become fixed before such zeal for atmospheric effect had been aroused. Yet there is more even of this quality to be found in his later work than in that of many younger men who had not the excuse of age for their not learning the lesson taught by Monet and his companions in France. Watts, in fact, dried most of the oil out of the pigments he used, in order that the crumbly texture of the paint might give the effect of atmospheric vibration.

He began as a student of classical art. He tried the Academy Schools, but soon left them. The most fruitful part of his early training was the study of the Elgin marbles. He also used to watch the sculptor William Behnes at work; indeed, but for a physical infirmity that prevented him from working with the wet clay, it is as likely as not that he would have become a sculptor, instead of a painter who also did work in sculpture. His art owes much to the art of Pheidias. He made the Parthenon figures to live. *Time*, in his picture *Time, Death, and Judgment*, is the *Theseus* of the Parthenon, up and striding along, and there is a recollection at least of the same figure in others of his pictures. His Ariadne is sister to the seated female figures of the Parthenon. Yet although we are reminded again and again in his paintings of the masterpieces of the idealist school of Greek sculpture, his paintings are by no means sculpturesque.

In 1843, when he was twenty-six years of age, he obtained a prize for a cartoon, *Caractacus led in triumph through the streets of Rome*, which he had submitted in a competition for designs for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament. This enabled him to visit Italy, and through the kindness of Lord Holland, who was then British Minister at the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany,

he was enabled to remain there for four years. The chief result of his stay was, perhaps, the admiration he acquired for the colour of the Venetian painters. He would never have become a classical painter, basing his design upon form. His earliest paintings show a strong sense of colour. Those that were painted before he went to Italy—his *Aurora*, for example—are strongly reminiscent of Etty. His study of the Venetian masters merely added to the resources of one who was already a colourist, and made it sure that each picture would have its complete colour-scheme, and not be a mere congeries of local colours. Would it be correct, then, to describe Watts as an imitator of Greek form and Venetian colour? I think not. He learned from them, but he did not become their slave and echo. His form was at need, and often at need, less severe than that of the Parthenon marbles; his colour had a wider range than that of the Venetians. He was a debtor, but not a bondsman to the past.

While yet quite young he had set before himself a two-fold aim: to paint an epic of human life, and also to paint, and to give to the nation, the portraits of many of the most eminent men of his own time. Both these aims were realised, but the former not in the manner he had wished. Adequately to carry it out he required a building of which his epic pictures would be the decoration, and this was denied to him. We have seen that he proposed to the directors of the London and North-Western Railway Company that he should, at his own expense, paint his epic on the walls of the waiting-hall at Euston Station, and that the offer was refused. One opportunity for such work he sought and obtained: the painting of *The School of Legislature* or *Justice: a Hemicycle of Law-givers*, on the end

wall of the Hall of Lincoln's Inn. For the rest he had to be content with easel-pictures, and it is in this form, as little more than a fragment, that his epic now exists. Reference has already been made to the better fortune in this respect of such an artist as Puvis de Chavannes in France.

Watts was, of course, much older than even Leighton, the eldest of the four painters mentioned before him. He has been taken after them because thereby we are better able to bring out the richer content of his art. Albert Moore aimed at nothing more than decorative effect. He put the female figures of the Parthenon pediments to decorative use. It is easy, as we have said, to see the influence of those figures in Watts's work. But whereas Albert Moore's reclining maidens are merely idle, Watts's Ariadne half lies upon the rock in the listlessness of despair. In form and feature she is sister to the others; but whereas they merely exist, she is living. No trouble comes nigh them; her heart is full of sorrow, which finds expression in her face and in the drooping body and limb; she is like a plant that fades for want of water. In the paintings of Leighton and Poynter there is not the entire absence of subject that marks those of Albert Moore. But even here there is a wide difference from the work of Watts. It has been said already that they seem to approach their subject from the outside. And, beginning there, they do not penetrate to the heart of it. With them it seems only a means to an end. In Alma Tadema's pictures the figures have, on the whole, more vitality. Watts's figures are entirely vital. And the reason of this is not far to seek.

His aim, we have seen, as stated by himself, was to teach great truths. The phrase is not adequate. Perhaps no

single, simple phrase could adequately describe his aim, but it would certainly be nearer the mark to say that he sought to express deep emotions. He was concerned not with science or philosophy, not with morals or political economy, but with Love. The subject that above all others engaged Watts's thought, that almost engrossed his art, was the charity that is the greatest of all. His art was controlled not by thought, but by feeling. He only painted that which he deeply felt. He did not approach his subject from the outside. The man had reached the heart of it before the artist began to give form to it. Hence, we may say, the form itself vibrates with emotion.

The reader may wonder why it should have been said above that Watts was not concerned with political economy. To speak paradoxically, this was said because, in the deepest sense, he was concerned with it: he felt deeply the loveless-ness that makes possible, that makes inevitable, our existing competitive methods. We do not believe in love as a motive strong enough to ensure steady social activity in the ordinary work of the world. Hence we have a panic struggle to escape from poverty. We are always in a condition of panic, which at times becomes disastrously acute. Watts felt this, and painted the oak, the symbol of England, weighed down by a heavy, golden pall; and the lurid hues of the picture prove it to be a work of emotion, not of cold analysis. This is true also of *Peace and Goodwill*, the outcast mother and child. The former, wearied with much wandering, has sunk to the earth and is looking at a light on the horizon, wondering if it be a peaceful dawn or but a new conflagration of war. In *Labour and Greed*, the contrast between the stalwart, open-faced workman and the shrivelled-up miser grasping his money-bags may seem to

many plain preaching merely; but this can only be because they are emotionally dead where Watts was emotionally alive. So it is also with *Mammon* and with *The Minotaur*, those horrible personifications of evil. Another appeal to love against lovelessness is *A Dedication*, an angel weeping over birds' feathers lying upon an altar: a lament over the heedless cruelty that sacrifices life to vanity. What I want at the moment to say about these pictures is independent of the question of the fitness of such subjects for treatment in painting, though even there the final question with me is, "Do they strike home?" They are, perhaps, from the art for beauty's sake standpoint, among the worst of Watts's pictures, though they are far from wanting in æsthetic quality. Mr. Clausen, for example, says, with reference to Watts's pictures generally, and in particular to the one showing England's oak weighed down under a pall of gold: "Every tone, every suggestion has its meaning; take, for instance, the dark and threatening sky in the picture 'Can these Bones live?' But these artifices are not at first apparent. They are used so splendidly that the pictures are in themselves beautiful as decorations, were there no meaning in them at all." The pictures do not lack beauty; only they insist so on our feeling other than merely sensuous emotions that those who will have nothing else from art inevitably grow angry with them. What, however, I want to lay stress upon at the moment is that such subjects as these were chosen by Watts not because he "set himself up" as a teacher, but because a deep sympathy with the oppressed and the suffering, pure love for his kind, must needs find expression in the only way possible to him.

Watts was a man of quick and generous feeling and of lofty imagination. He could dramatise the evolution of the

human race, and yet keenly sympathise with the individual, and even play with the children; and the whole man is revealed in his art. Probably the work of no other painter has been a more complete self-revelation. What we can learn of him apart from his pictures adds nothing of essential importance.

Watts was singularly fortunate in that at no period of his life did he find himself under the necessity of painting to order. He was always able to paint what he liked as he liked. If any exception can be made to this statement it is that he won this independence by portrait painting, which could not therefore be entirely a matter of choice; though even here, probably, the compulsion did not mean that he had to do anything that he would not otherwise have been glad to do. Apart from this, he was not limited by commissions; we can never think of him, as we have to think of Millais, as falling below his best in order to please his public. There is much self-revelation in Millais' works. We can learn from them much about his likes, and we can infer his dislikes. But Millais did not work as independently of his public as did Watts, who always could, or did, afford to please himself whether others were pleased or not; and others were pleased. He could have had his own price for paintings that he kept in order to give them to the nation. He gave pictures to public bodies whose offers to buy he had refused. He chose the men whose portraits he would paint, so that he might by gift enrich the national collection of portraits. We may put it that he had not to impose himself upon his contemporaries; he was accepted on his own terms. That is why his art could be and was a self-revelation.

At one time or another, in one picture or another, he

covered a wide range of subject. And always, just because he could be entirely true to his own self, could fearlessly set forth his thought and feeling, his work is always sincere in the strongest sense of the word; it tells not merely nothing that is untrue, but it hides nothing of what he held to be true. The whole man, one repeats, is revealed in his work.

He took many subjects from Greek mythology. One of these was the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. M. de la Sizeranne objects to the figure of Orpheus, because the trunk turns whilst the legs remain stationary in their first position. This is an objection to truth. Orpheus, continuing to walk, has turned his body and head to assure himself that Eurydice is following him. Because of this disobedience to the god's command, she fades from his sight, and he seeks to grasp her. The awkward action of Orpheus is exactly true to what would happen, and in no other way could Watts have so vividly conveyed to us a sense of his sudden agony. The action is similar to that of Romeo in Madox Brown's *Romeo and Juliet*, where one leg is already astride the balcony, for the dawn has broken and he must depart. His outstretched arm also seems to say that he must be gone. But he has turned for a last kiss, and the momentary position tells of the lover's agony: he fain would stay, but he knows it is death to linger.

In expressiveness of this kind Watts comes close to the Pre-Raphaelites. Mr. Holman Hunt thought that, at the time of the movement, he could see it of influence on Watts's work; that there was evidence in its closer attention to detail. Certainly Watts never became a Pre-Raphaelite in this sense, whether or not his practice was modified for a time to a minor extent. But if he had a story to tell, he told it as dramatically as possible; and his story-telling was none the

worse because he never brought in irrelevant detail. The staging of the piece never distracts our attention from the action, and yet it is never bald; it is simple but sufficient. This follows from what has been said before: that the man had got to the heart of the subject before the painter gave form to it. How true this is of *Love and Death.* He had actually been the sorrowing witness of love vainly striving to keep death away from the house of life. He had seen a young nobleman of great promise, whose portrait he was painting, gradually fail, despite all that could be done for him, until the end came. The picture represents the reaction of Watts's spirit against the crushing sense of irreparable loss. It shows Love to be wrong—one hesitates to say foolish—in looking upon Death as an enemy. That grand, grey figure with the bowed head does but hide the light for a moment, that the splendour of its shining may be the more intensely realised. This the picture says with the utmost impressiveness; and precisely because, still to refer to it in terms of speech, not a word is wasted in the telling. It is exactly the same with the picture reproduced here, *Love and Life.* At once, as soon as he has seen her plight, Love has sped down to where dim-sighted Life is straying near the perilous edge of the precipice, and he is now gently leading her from darkness and danger up to safety and the light. Here also there is nothing too little and nothing too much, that either way the story should fail of its desired effect upon us.

Of course, Watts was not always at his best. Some of the subjects he treated were less easily than others to be dealt with by pictorial art. Even in respect to the purely artistic side of his work he was not always at the same level of accomplishment. He ventured too much for that. His

LOVE AND LIFE G. F. WATTS

life-work as a whole leaves us with a feeling of inequality, of incompleteness, much more so than does the work of many who have never gained the heights that he did. His reach exceeded his grasp. He would not limit himself to that which he could say with perfect utterance. The man shows himself in his work to have been greater than his work.

To follow him in detail through his work is impossible here; and besides, I have attempted it elsewhere. The burden of his pictures, it has already been said, is Love, and the few that have been mentioned testify to this. He has shown us much of healthy and beautiful life. He was not blind to the splendour of the universe in which we live, nor to the beauty of the world in which one scene in the drama of our life is being played. He faced the great twin-tragedy of sin and death, and proclaimed that only against lovelessness could Time and Death and Judgment prevail; while Love would spring up triumphant when they were for ever laid low. There is nothing sensational, nothing abstruse, nothing even esoteric or mystical in this "teaching" of Watts's. There is merely the variously but always intensely felt and uttered belief, that, to vary only slightly the words of his friend Tennyson—

> God is love indeed,
> And love Creation's final law.

Thus he accomplished one of the tasks he set himself: the painting of a human epic. It is not to be found on the walls of a great building erected for its reception; for he conceived his epic when even less than now was there much chance of one who had a gift for mural painting getting facilities for the exercise of his gift. Much of his epic,

however, is, through his generosity, in one of the rooms of the National Gallery. In the National Portrait Gallery we can see how he accomplished the other task he set himself: that of painting the portraits of the most eminent of his contemporaries. Here, again, is nothing but what is necessary for the achievement of his aim, which was to find and subtly render the expression that most revealed the spirit within. Whatever may be said about some or many of his subject-pictures, there are few to say that he did not almost, if not wholly without exception, give a profound interpretation of those whose portraits he painted. If at times there is over-statement with regard to certain characteristics of his subject, it is never more than emphasis of the qualities for which he is chiefly known or remembered. We must not particularise; but the future will be Watts's debtor for such portraits as those of Stuart Mill, Manning, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Rossetti, William Morris, and many another. It will be known how these men looked to one who desired to paint, and did paint, their portraits, because of his great admiration for them and the work they did.

After mentioning Mrs. Swynnerton as an imaginative painter we may well link the men just discussed with the Pre-Raphaelite leaders. Watts was the oldest of them all. Then came Madox Brown. Holman Hunt, Millais, and Rossetti were a few years younger again. Poynter, Alma Tadema, and Burne-Jones were almost a generation later still. Together they show us what we have seen in other countries, Classicism, Romanticism, and Realism flourishing side by side; and we have the Realists going now to history and now to contemporary life for their subjects.

Watts, Holman Hunt, Millais, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones owed nothing to contemporary art abroad. Madox Brown

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON G. F. WATTS

owed to his Flemish teachers rather the technique than the spirit of his art. Foreign influence, doubtless, accounted for much in the art of Leighton; and Poynter was the pupil of Gleyre. Albert Moore took his form from the Greeks and his colour from the Japanese. Alma Tadema brought over from Holland an art to which our own art was already akin. Rossetti was more an Italian than an Englishman. Burne-Jones learned from him, and was greatly influenced by the work of the earlier Italian masters. Watts, we have just seen, was a child of Greece and of Venice. Holman Hunt and Millais seem the only two among them all who were anything approaching a purely English breed in art; and while Millais was early an admirer of Etty, the admirer in his turn of the Venetians, we should, of course, find other foreign influences at work if we pushed our inquiry further back in the history of English art.

Sir Hubert Herkomer said once that his school at Bushey, which was founded in 1883, was intended to keep students from rushing abroad, "only perhaps to lose their English feeling, without being able to grasp the foreign style and thought in art." But he who said this was a German, who learned the art of painting in this country. Notwithstanding the foundation of his school, English students have rushed, or at least have gone abroad; and, as we shall see later, one of the most vigorous of our unofficial art institutions, the New English Art Club, was founded in 1886 as a rallying-ground for those artists who had received their training in Paris, and who felt that their work did not receive adequate recognition in official quarters. We may not be able to agree with Whistler that there is no such thing as nationality in art; but what we have just seen with respect to some of the chief English painters who

reached their maturity during the earlier part of the last half-century, proves that the art of our own nation at that time was largely indebted to the influence of foreign art, contemporary or of earlier date. Only the extreme Pre-Raphaelite literalism of Holman Hunt and Millais was a purely indigenous growth; and this was rather a matter of scientific record than of art.

Of the painters who, coming later than those just mentioned, have also drawn their inspiration from myth and legend, Mr. J. W. Waterhouse should perhaps be mentioned first. His work at once invites comparison with that of Burne-Jones, because he chose much the same kind of subjects, such as the Greek myths and the Arthurian legend. There is a marked difference, however, in the spirit in which the two men have approached such subjects. With Burne-Jones we are clearly in dreamland; Mr. Waterhouse takes us among flesh-and-blood realities. If he were painting scenes from contemporary life he could hardly make them more realistic. The people who believed the mythical and legendary stories must, we think, have thought of them in this way. The figures are realistic, and so are their surroundings. The landscape of his *Hylas and the Nymphs* has been studied on the spot, and is realised with only less than Pre-Raphaelite literalness. Hylas, and the nymphs who are casting their spell over him, are equally real. The story is being enacted before our eyes. It is so with his *Lady of Shalott*, both where the curse comes upon her and where she is drifting down the river in her boat, and, indeed, with all his pictures. Leighton's formal compositions, with their decorative colour, and Burne-Jones's elaborate designs, the figures in which are intended only to be types, keep us far away from naturalism. In Mr. Water-

house's work there is less formality in the design, and though the same face may appear again and again to play many different parts, the expression is always varied to suit the parts. Mr. Waterhouse is the son of a painter. He was born in Rome in 1849, and though he was brought to England when only five years old, he was an impressionable child, and the early years spent in the land of romance were probably not the least important in determining his career and the particular direction his art-work would take. That he could look back to treasuring a bit of Pompeian fresco when he was hardly beyond infancy, must have helped to draw him towards the old-time stories he has retold with a naturalism that might almost be called simple.

Sir William B. Richmond was closely allied to the Rossetti and Burne-Jones group in his early days; but afterwards he turned more towards Classicism, and has painted pictures of classical subjects more animated than those of Leighton and Poynter, but lacking both in design and colour. His brush-work also is smooth and uninteresting. He has painted numerous portraits which show the same technical limitations.

Mr. Frank Dicksee comes of a family of painters. Born in 1853, he studied in the Academy Schools, and his picture *Harmony*, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1877, created little less than a sensation in academic circles, and was purchased for the nation under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. His style might perhaps be most fitly described, taking a hint from Gothic architecture, as the decorated academic; and the quality suggested by the first adjective is even more prominent in his later than in his early work. Some of his canvases are an almost barbaric display of gorgeous stuffs and jewels; but all the splendour does not

result in really fine colour, while the interpretation of his subjects is quite commonplace.

Mr. Arthur Hacker belongs to this group. He was a student in the Academy Schools, and then studied in Paris under Bonnat, the French influence being evident in his leaning towards tone rather than colour. He was one of the first members of the New English Art Club, but his membership soon terminated, as did that of others who had joined it at the commencement, when its standpoint became something more definite than that of a rallying-ground for painters who had been trained in France. Mr. Hacker has painted the nude without offence, except to those who place upon it an absolute ban; and as one thinks of him there come to mind a *Syrinx*, a charming picture, but hardly an interpretation of a Greek myth, an *Annunciation* that betrays no sign of spiritual imagination, a knight almost but not quite overcome by a temptress, and similar pictures, each of them a capable academic exercise. Still later—we have passed from the forties, through the fifties to the sixties in point of birth—we come to Mr. Herbert Draper, an Academy-trained painter who has taken Lord Leighton for his model. He retells the Greek myths and legends without freshness of interpretation; once more they prove good material for academic picture-making. There is somewhat more animation in his pictures than in those of Leighton; in fact, they may be said to halt between two opinions: they fall short of the dignity and reserve of the purely classical, and they are not sufficiently realistic to make the story-telling anything like convincing. In another direction, he is completely outside Burne-Jones's dreamland.

We go back a little in mentioning Mr. T. C. Gotch, whose romantic pictures of childhood are most fittingly referred to

here. The chief scenes of his art training were Antwerp and Paris; for a time he was a pupil of Laurens; and afterwards he visited Italy. The Flemish and Italian influences are the most obvious ones in his work. In virtue of having been in Paris he joined the New English Art Club, but he was at home neither there nor, afterwards, with the Newlyn Realists. He has made an idealised childhood in a romantic world his theme; and before his pictures we cannot but think of the charming processional scenes of the Florentine masters. Such a picture as *Alleluia*, in the Tate Gallery, is surely what Mr. Berenson calls, with reference to the work of Fra Lippo Lippi, religious genre. Sometimes we find ourselves vaguely wishing that all children, even elementary school-children, could be as nice and as nicely dressed and in such a beautiful world as are Mr. Gotch's children; and then disillusionment comes, for we cannot, in our æsthetically unregenerate condition, think of such children as being not tainted with priggish self-consciousness. Fancy children marching to judgment a culprit who has broken a costly china bowl!

Mr. C. H. Shannon and Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen should also be mentioned here. Mr. Shannon may remind us of Watts, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones, but the fact that we can mention three names in this manner—and, doubtless, they might be added to—suggests that he has individuality of his own; for it is not successively that we dimly think of these other painters, of one of them before one of his pictures, and of another before another picture, but they all flit before us when we look at any one of his works. But his design, sometimes too obviously worked out, and his colour are his own despite what they may recall. And so is his treatment of mythical and legendary subjects. We do not think of

primitive man in connexion with the paintings of the three older artists; but it is to a time when man was naked and not ashamed that Mr. Shannon takes us back. He idealises the Stone Age—shall we say? Or, perhaps, this is too definite, it is the far-off Golden Age which he does not idealise, but merely realises, and precisely because it never was real. Once, at least, Watts did go back to primitive man when he painted the picture of that great leap in the dark, the first eating of an oyster! But his gods and goddesses and his nymphs are usually civilised people for all their unclothedness. Mr. Shannon, even when he finds his way into the full civilisation of the Renaissance, does not get far away from the elemental and so often uncontrolled passions of mankind. Mr. Greiffenhagen's *The Sons of God looked upon the Daughters of Men* is so powerful that the sonorousness of the Biblical language, and its mystic significance, seem to have been merely transposed from sound into colour. Here it is impossible not to think of Watts, but by no means as if there had been mere imitation or plagiarism. His *Idyl* in the Liverpool Art Gallery, strong in colour and fine in draughtsmanship, is as elemental—is an as simply profound interpretation of the passionate love of youth and maiden—as Madox Brown's *Romeo and Juliet*. We have got far away now from the cold Classicism of Leighton and Poynter, further still from the merely decorative loveliness of Albert Moore; and there is warmer blood here than that which courses along the veins of Mr. Waterhouse's people.

We must now pass to the historical and genre painters who, if many of them are academic, are yet not, like Alma Tadema, classical painters, and who have taken their subjects, like the Romanticists, from comparatively recent history or modern times.

That the average Englishman likes a picture to tell a story has become a commonplace. He thinks none the worse of the story if it have a moral. The print-seller knows well the kind of picture that will keep a crowd in front of his window. Just before writing these lines I have seen a crowd before a window in which was displayed Mr. Frith's *Hogarth arrested as a Spy and taken before the Governor of Calais.* The painter of this picture is a link between the present and the Pre-Raphaelite past; for he was born in 1819, and was elected A.R.A. in 1844. He passed into full membership in 1852, taking the place made vacant by the death of Turner. He had thus reached the height of the ambition of many an artist, while Holman Hunt and Millais were in the throes of their struggle for a realism such as Frith himself had never attempted. Without comparing the two as artists, we can still say that Frith is, in his subjects such as *The Derby Day*, *The Railway Station*, *The Road to Ruin*, and *The Race for Wealth*, a lineal descendant of Hogarth.

But it is only as a link in the chain that he is mentioned here. Along with him we think, of course, of Maclise, C. R. Leslie, E. M. Ward, Mulready, T. Webster, J. C. Horsley, P. F. Poole, and others, men who, if they lived on into the second half of the century, merely brought over with them an earlier tradition. One thing the Pre-Raphaelites set themselves to do was to get to a higher level of historical and genre painting than these men had reached, to put more thought and passion into their work. What a wide difference there is in this respect between a Shakespeare picture even by Maclise and one by Holman Hunt or Madox Brown!

But a younger race of historical and genre pictures has

followed the earlier one, and that quite outside the ranks of the Pre-Raphaelites and their successors. Their name is almost legion, and one hardly knows where to begin, how to continue, and where to end. Their very number shows how popular is the kind of work they do. Was not the picture of pictures, from this standpoint, at the last Academy Exhibition, one showing how the Devil, disguised as a troubadour, and having been hospitably entertained by some nuns, in gratitude sang to them a song of love? And is not the painter of this picture now an Associate of the Academy? It is so. The people will have it so; and the Academy lets it be so. If they be wrong, they are only wrong at one extreme; while the people who will have the painter only paint beautiful things that don't matter merely for the sake of painting them beautifully, are wrong at the other extreme. Let us bravely push our way into the crowd of historical and genre painters.

Here, to begin with, is Mr. Yeames, who has painted *Arthur and Hubert*, *The Death of Amy Robsart*, and *When did you last see your father?* that pathetic picture of the young Royalist being questioned by the Parliamentarians in his father's house. The painter, beyond the skill of his craftsmanship, has invested such subjects as these with human interest. And the time is far off, if ever it is to come, when painters as well as writers will not wish to picture the past.

But before Mr. Yeames—if we had not been pushing our way into a crowd—ought to have come the Scotch painter, John Pettie, with respect to whom there is more to be said. One of the strong influences at the back of some of the Scotch painting of our time was the colourist John Phillip; another was Robert Scott Lauder, who became

teacher at the Royal Scottish Academy in 1850. He had travelled abroad, and had studied the Italian painters, Velasquez, and Rubens. In Paris he had seen the work of Delacroix. Among his pupils at Edinburgh were Pettie, Mr. Orchardson, and Mr. Peter Graham. He trained his pupils to see—to see the model or the subject as a whole, in all its relations of colour and light and shade and form. He had seen that there was pictorial unity in the works of the great masters. Pettie learned the lesson well. His pictures impress us by their fulness of tone, and by the fine colour-sense they reveal. The blue ribbon of the garter or a crimson flower or handkerchief will be used to give value to sober yet rich browns, and to complete the colour-harmony. Indeed, Whistler's phraseology might be applied to Pettie's pictures, and we might not only speak of their harmony, but of them as harmonies. Though he painted historical pictures with dramatic subjects, he was always the artist—the word being taken to mean one who knows how to get a fine sensuous effect out of his pigments. There is atmospheric unity also in his pictures. His figures never become mere puppets, and to take but two or three examples, his James II spurning the grovelling Monmouth, and his Prince Charles, are both good studies of character; and if the bearer of the challenge of Laertes to Hamlet were such a gaily-apparelled and fatuous-looking dandy as we see in Pettie's *Water-fly*, Hamlet could certainly have chosen no better nickname for him.

Mr. Seymour Lucas received his training in the Royal Academy schools. He saw and was attracted by Sir Richard Wallace's Meissoniers, so familiar now to visitors to the Hertford House collections, and he was also greatly impressed by the work of Pettie. He shows himself a clever

academic painter of historical incident in *The Armada in Sight*, *After Culloden*, *Rebel Hunting*, *The Surrender of Don Pedro de Valdez to Drake on Board the Revenge*, and other pictures; and he has also painted subjects that are on the borderland between history and genre. This is the province of Mr. Dendy Sadler also, in such pictures as *Thursday* and *A Good Story* in the Tate Gallery, and *In the Camp of the Amalekites*, now at Manchester. Historical, principally military, subjects have occupied Mr. Eyre Crowe, Mr. A. C. Gow, and Mr. Ernest Crofts, the work of Mr. Gow being often reminiscent of that of Meissonier. The battle pictures of Lady Butler should also be mentioned here. Mr. F. D. Millet, an American by birth, and trained in Antwerp, has painted subjects in historical genre, of which the best known is the picture in the Tate Gallery, *Between Two Fires*, where a Puritan is being raked fore and aft by the merry wit of two pretty serving-maids.

Mr. E. A. Abbey is another American painter, but by accepting membership in the Royal Academy he has definitely attached himself to the English school of painting, and has strongly influenced some of our younger painters. He began as an illustrator, and it was to find material for illustrations to Herrick's poems that he first came to England. There is much affinity between his oil paintings and the mural painting of the Flemish masters, and he often calls to mind Madox Brown and the realistic side of pre-Raphaelitism. He is a daring colourist, or, it might be better to say, he uses colour daringly, in masses that stand out separately from each other, so that if we had to seek for a parallel in the sister art of music it would not be of harmony or sympathy that we should think, as with his fellow-countryman Whistler, but, say, of a fanfare

of trumpets. Such use of colour is quite in keeping with the subjects of his pictures, which are, for the most part, intensely dramatic scenes from history in the days when costume was nothing less than brilliant. Such are *Richard III and Lady Anne*, *The Penance of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester*, *The Trial of Queen Katherine*, *The Crusaders*, and *Columbus in the New World*. He is a vivid story-teller; and if his art be at times bizarre, it is art none the less.

These, with some of the artists already referred to as belonging to the pre-Raphaelite succession, and, above all, Ford Madox Brown, are the chief historical painters of our period. Whatever differences there may be between them they are united in one respect, quite characteristic of the time, namely, carefulness with regard to accuracy in details. Architecture, furniture, dress, weapons, etc., are studied with the zest of an antiquary. Art must now go hand-in-hand with science, and need not cease to be art in so doing. These painters are the immediate successors of Dyce, Maclise, Goodall, Frith, Sir John Gilbert, and others; successors, even though some of the older men have outlived some of the younger ones. Mr. Frith should strictly, perhaps, be placed among the genre painters, to whom we now come, the successors of such painters as Sir David Wilkie, Mulready, the elder Leslie, and Thomas Webster.

First among these we will take George Mason and Frederick Walker, who were close kinsmen in art. It is difficult, indeed, not to think of them as being just about the same age; yet the former was born in 1818, and the latter in 1840; they died, however, within three years of each other, Mason in 1872 and Walker in 1875. Neither of them was robust, and this may largely account for the

almost pathetically idyllic character of their art. They both treated the same kind of subject, and in much the same way: they read their own feelings into the life of the common folk.

Mason was greatly influenced by Leighton. He was a native of Wetley, in Staffordshire, and was intended for the medical profession, in preparation for which he walked the hospitals at Birmingham. He was in Italy, having decided to leave medicine for art, when he heard that his father had lost all his money, and he at once began to work hard at painting. He was now twenty-seven years old. Thrown upon his own resources he suffered great privations which told on his health. A Staffordshire friend whom he met in Italy bought pictures from him, and he was also much encouraged by Leighton, whom he met in Rome. In 1855 he returned to England, married, and went to live at the old house of the family, Wetley Abbey. Once more he had a hard struggle; he was almost in poverty, and there was a family to keep. Leighton came to his help again, by visiting him, and pointing out to him the beauty and pictorial possibilities of his immediate surroundings. The results of this influence are often evident in his pictures, in which the figures at times look as if they had stepped from Leighton's classical scenes into an English countryside. Leighton also helped him with commissions, some for himself, and others that he had obtained from friends, and on account of which he managed to persuade Mason to accept money in advance.

Thus helped, both in the practice of his art and financially, Mason set to work courageously. The landscape in his pictures shows how successful Leighton had been as an interpreter. The country about Wetley has no special

beauty, but there are wide vistas on the higher lands, there are commons and pools and scanty woods with gnarled and twisted trees, and there are the sun and the moon, and the sweet mystery, touched always with sadness, of the twilight. When Mason saw and felt all this, and painted the labouring folk and the children amidst it, and gave them a grace and refinement they did not actually possess, he was not cheaply idealising, he was only expressing his sense of the beauty of human life lived face to face with nature.

And, of course, the beauty is there. Mason's idealism is only an impassioned statement of the truth. At times there is no exaggeration, as in *The Cast Shoe* and *The End of the Day*. The maidens in *The Evening Hymn* may be too idyllic; and yet that hymn, when deeply felt, almost seems to transform both face and figure. The exaltation of the moment is expressed by the grace of the maidens singing as they cross the common. Perhaps we are a little too much reminded of Greek heroes and the most graceful Tanagra figures in *The Harvest Moon*. Yet, doubtless, many, like the writer, having Mr. Macbeth's etching of the picture, and nature, with its changing seasons, always near them, have felt the truth, the beautiful truth, of the picture utterly to outweigh any difficulty occasioned by the ideal character of the harvesters.

The colour in Mason's pictures is beautifully modulated and harmonised, and has nature's glow and vibration in it. *The Harvest Moon* is perhaps less satisfying in this respect than most, if not all, of the others.

In 1868 he was elected A.R.A.; but the struggle of earlier years had undermined his constitution, and four years later he died of heart disease.

Frederick Walker first exhibited a picture at the Academy

in 1867, the year before Mason was elected to an associateship. It was *The Bathers;* and it is impossible not to see in the figures of these boys upon the river-bank the result of his study of the Greek marbles in the British Museum. It is as if the youths of the Parthenon frieze had escaped and gone to bathe in an English river. Before this time he had been making drawings for wood-engraving. After *The Bathers* came *The Vagrants;* and again there is something too much of the heroic in the figures. In *The Plough* the ploughman is a lithe, graceful athlete, striding out vigorously, as if he were helping the horses in their work as well as doing his own work of guidance. Probably by this time all who care for Walker's art have agreed to accept this overstatement which appears in all his work. It may not correspond with the facts, but it did correspond with his feeling. It is far removed from the mere shepherd's crook pastoral. Life has been felt, if not literally seen, like this; and the departure from the literal truth is not a wide one. We come to the same conclusion about him as about George Mason.

His best-known picture is, of course, *The Harbour of Refuge.* It is an idyll of the close of life contrasted with life in its strength, and the man who is mowing the grass of the almshouse court may well have been intended as a symbol. Ruskin had little that was good to say of Walker's art. He disliked his grey skies. He would make no excuse for the idealised figures, which he described as "got up for the stage," and this particular mower he called ridiculous, and "galvanised Elgin marble in his attitude, and the sweep of the scythe utterly out of drawing by the way." As already said, Walker died in 1875 a victim to consumption. He was only thirty-five years of age.

The work of these two painters still retains its hold upon us. In one sense Millet and Josef Israels may have been more true. They are at least more literal. But there is a deeper than the literal truth. What is artificial, borrowed, in the idealism of Mason and Walker, is a weakness, and there is perhaps more of this in the art of the latter than in that of the former. But what is the outcome of feeling is a strength, and this far outweighs the other.

Such art as that of Mason and Walker, beautiful as art, and gently playing on the minor chords of feeling, was bound to influence other painters; and it is not only the work itself that lives in general esteem, but its influence continues in our art.

George H. Boughton has been called a follower of Frederick Walker; and with many differences there is this general resemblance between them that they gave an idyllic account of ordinary life. Born in 1834, he was an Englishman who, as his parents took him to America when he was only three years old, and as his early training was received there, is sometimes regarded as an American artist. He had little regular teaching. The sale of a picture to the Albany Art Union enabled him to visit England when he was only seventeen, and a little later he went to Paris. There he got help from various painters, particularly Edouard Frère, and, after working for a time in Normandy and Brittany, he migrated to London, where he spent the rest of his life. Mr. Isham, in the book already quoted, says that although Boughton was born in England, and returned here while young, he belonged more to America than mere dates suggest. He exhibited in American exhibitions, found patrons there, the spirit of his art was formed there, many of his subjects were taken from the life of the early colonists.

"Even his Holland pictures, when they came," says Mr. Isham, "seemed to be a reversion to the old Dutch traditions of Albany and knickerbocker New York. It is a pity that a still stronger plea for his Americanism cannot be made, for Boughton's art is of a sort so sweet and wholesome that one would willingly annex it if one could." The impossibility of such annexation can only be cause for rejoicing on this side of the Atlantic, for there was great charm in Boughton's work, both in his landscape and in his figure-subjects. It was the personal note in it that allied him to Mason and Walker; yet it was not, as with them, a pathetic note, but one of delicacy and daintiness. There was distinction in his cool colour-harmonies, and in his composition and draughtsmanship. As the bee extracts the sweetness from the flower, so he gathered from nature and from life every suggestion they gave him of tender beauty and grace.

Mr. Marcus Stone, born in 1840, belongs to this generation. He received his instruction in art from his father, Frank Stone, the subject-painter. After painting historical pictures for a time, he turned to the particular form of genre that he has made his own. He has been called the painter of sweethearts. Lovers' joys and lovers' hopes and fears and sorrows and little quarrels are the chief subject of his pictures, the scene of which is almost invariably laid in old-fashioned gardens, while the lovers are dressed in what now look to us quaint costumes. These expedients aid the sentimental effect. The colour of the pictures also is dainty; there are plenty of green garden seats and pink flowers in vases. Everything looks as if the requirements of the most elementary taste, and the necessities of reproduction in colour, had never been overlooked. He is superficial where Boughton was subtle.

Mr. William Quiller Orchardson must be counted amongst the genre painters; though one of his best-known works, *Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon*, is a fine example of imaginative historical painting; and he has also distinguished himself as a portrait painter. Born in Edinburgh in 1835, he was a fellow-student of John Pettie and Mr. Peter Graham under Robert Scott Lauder at the Trustees' Academy. The character of Lauder's teaching, his insistence upon seeing a subject as a whole, has already been alluded to; and its influence is obvious in the breadth of treatment, the unity of tone and harmony of colour, that mark all Mr. Orchardson's work. He settled in London in 1862, he and Pettie living together for a time; and his pictures have for all these years been regularly-expected items in the Royal Academy exhibitions.

A picture by him is recognised in an exhibition almost before it is seen; its pervading golden tone tells us it is there before we have actually reached and looked at it. Because of the broad treatment of colour to which they lend themselves, he has chosen for many of his subject-pictures the dress, furniture, and decoration of the period of the French Directoire; and even when his subject belongs to another time, and also in his portraiture, he has only modified, not changed, his general colour-scheme.

In his choice of subjects he has limited himself almost entirely to the spoiled children of civilisation. Elegantly dressed people, amid luxurious surroundings, are the staple of his art. Of such is the young girl timorously essaying her first dance, under the eyes of friends, and perhaps rivals, who are following her every movement with interest. Under the archway of unsheathed weapons the queen of swords walks with due stateliness, the other ladies following

in her train. The young duke hears with self-complacent smile the noisy applause of his guests as they drink to his health. The ruined card-player pauses at the door, as if he would fain reverse his fate, while the winners almost wear the air of culprits as they watch his departure. Voltaire returning to the dinner-table of the Duc de Sully, after being thrashed by the lackeys of the Duc de Rohan, who thus took vengeance for Voltaire's bitter sarcasms, is the subject of another picture; and in another we see Madame Récamier doing the honours of her *salon*. The *Mariage de Convenance*, *The First Cloud*, and *Alone* are refined, up-to-date versions of Hogarth. *Her Mother's Voice* is an elegant, after-dinner account of the widower's dream which Longfellow tells of the village blacksmith; for the deepest joys, and the tenderest regrets and hopes, are confined to no one class of society, but are the human endowment of rich and poor alike. And this thought makes it possible to regret that Mr. Orchardson should have taken no cognisance of any world but one into which the blacksmith could only come, cap in hand, and after very carefully wiping his boots on the mat. He comes perilously near to a confusion of taste and refinement with mere expensiveness. The upholsterer, the tailor, and the dressmaker are too much in evidence; and this is not without bearing on his art, which achieves success within very narrow limits of light and colour. He ventures nothing, but remains content with a formula that we are inclined to call a recipe.

Now, perhaps, we should come to Frank Holl and Sir Luke Fildes, both of whom have also been portrait painters, the former almost challenging comparison with the best in his fine characterisation of such men as Gladstone, Earl Spencer, Lord Dufferin, Samuel Cousins the engraver, and

others. His genre pictures are quite of the popularly pathetic kind, to which Millais said he had not stooped. *The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord* shows a family, from whom the mother has been taken, seated or kneeling at the table, while the clergyman stands and prays. *No News from the Sea*, *Hush*, and *Hushed*, in the Tate Gallery, *Leaving Home* and *Ordered to the Front*, as their titles will suggest to those who have seen neither the originals nor reproductions of them, are of the same kind. They are competently painted pathetic incidents.

Holl, who was born in 1845, died at the early age of forty-three. Sir Luke Fildes, who was born in 1844—they were both trained in the Academy Schools—has struck the same note as Holl in his well-known picture *The Doctor*. In other pictures, such as *An al fresco Toilet*, *Venetians*, and *The Village Wedding*, he is in a lighter vein. Mr. George Moore pours scorn on Manchester for purchasing *Venetians*, when it had managed to do so well as to acquire Cecil Lawson's landscape *The Minister's Garden*, and describes *The Doctor* as "bald illustration." Others have seen in the picture intense realism and yet high imagination, and have regarded it as "a symbol of the struggle between Science and Death." Mr. Moore calls Rossetti's *Dante's Dream* imaginative interpretation; but he will have nothing to do with a plain representation of a doctor intently watching a sick child just at the crisis of its illness, while the mother buries her head in her arms, and the father, standing with one hand laid affectionately on her shoulder, looks anxiously towards the doctor and the child. "Rossetti is a painter we admire," says Mr. Moore, "and we place him above Mr. Fildes, because his interpretations are more imaginative."

The Doctor was not intended to be bald illustration; the artist's idea was, quoting his own words, "to put on record the status of the doctor of our own time," than whom "no more noble figure could be imagined—the grave anxiety, supported by calm assurance in his own knowledge and skill, not put forward in any self-sufficient way, but with dignity and patience, following out the course his experience tells him is correct; the implicit faith of the parents, who, although deeply moved and almost overcome with terrible dread, stand in the background trusting the doctor even while their hearts fail."

We are intended to think, so the painter has also said, that the child is going to recover, that the doctor's skill will triumph. But the picture itself does not suggest this; there is in it only the anguish of uncertainty; for we know that often the doctor's skill is unavailing. That is to say, we know that this doctor may have to tell the father and mother that the child cannot recover. The real subject of the picture, that which moves us in it, is the pathos of love face to face with death. It is to the man and his wife in the background, not to the doctor in the foreground, that our thought and sympathy go. The painter says that no more noble figure can be imagined than the doctor of our time. We need not discuss this statement. It is sufficient to note that, in the picture, the doctor and his skill, and the nobility that attaches to them, have to compete for our interest with the love of a father and a mother for their child, and utterly fail to hold their own against it. Technically the picture is a competent piece of matter-of-fact realism, making no appeal to the sense of beauty, and leaving nothing to the imagination.

Mr. Frank Bramley is a much younger painter than Sir

Luke Fildes, and than others we shall have to mention, but his Tate Gallery picture, *A Hopeless Dawn*, is called to mind by the things we have just been discussing. Here, again, we have what may be styled a bald illustration, a realistic picture of the cottage to which the fisherman for whom the supper has been prepared, and for whose help the light has been put in the window, will never return; while the aged mother seeks to console the young wife, and the Bible lies open in the window-seat. The picture is a direct appeal to the simplest yet most profound emotions, and the skill with which the appeal is made could hardly be bettered. Consolation is suggested, and of the kind such people will seek and find. There is the open Bible; on the wall is a print of Raphael's cartoon of Christ delivering His charge to St. Peter. This picture had a literary origin. The subject, its title, and the print on the wall were all suggested by one of Ruskin's eloquent passages in the *Harbours of England*, in which he turns from the joy and beauty of the beach and the fishing-boats, to storm, and suspense, and death; "and still at the helm of every lonely boat, through starless night and hopeless dawn, His hand, who spread the fisher's net over the dust of the Sidonian palaces, and gave into the fisher's hand the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven." In later years Mr. Bramley has chosen less sorrowful themes.

By this time we ought to be finding Sir Hubert Herkomer in the crowd. He has already been mentioned as a German who learned his art in this country. He was born in 1849 at Waal, near Landsberg, in Bavaria, where his father was a master-joiner. He was only two years old when the family migrated to America; six years later they came to England, making their home at Southampton. The

father had intended his son to be an artist; but it was only by the most rigid economy that he could achieve his purpose. After a visit to Bavaria, in connexion with some wood-carving the father was commissioned to do, the family returned to England, made their home at Wandsworth, and the youth studied art in the South Kensington schools. He only managed to get along by selling drawings to the *Graphic* and *Fun*, and by stencilling a frieze in the South Kensington Museum for a wage of ninepence an hour. Gradually he began to sell his water-colour drawings, and, in 1873, his oil painting, *After the Toil of the Day*, was hung on the line at the Academy and found a purchaser at £500. Success was now assured. In the following year he exhibited *The Last Muster*, which received an ovation from the Hanging Committee at the Academy, and was a great popular success. The old pensioners are at service in their chapel. One of them is suddenly taken ill. A comrade touches him on the arm and looks anxiously at him. The anxiety is well-founded. The veteran has joined his comrades for the last time.

Not for once only, in this picture, has Sir Herkomer struck the pathetic note. Again and again he has done so, taking sickness, poverty, or old age as the subject-matter of his pictures. We have sickness in the *Convalescent*, poverty in *Hard Times*, old age in *Charterhouse Chapel*, *Der Bittgang*, and other pictures. There is pathos even in *The Guards' Cheer*. In this he shows the influence of Fred Walker, which was particularly marked in his earlier work. Subsequently, when his canvases have become more fully occupied with figures, which, though playing their part in a drama, have assumed the character and importance of portraiture, the resemblance in the work of the two artists has

diminished; while from portraiture in subject-pictures, as notably in *Charterhouse Chapel*, Sir Herkomer has easily passed to portraiture pure and simple. His versatile accomplishment, which has led to excursions into many arts and crafts, needs no more than mention here. In painting, with which alone we are concerned here, he is an able craftsman, who has placed considerable gifts of design, colour, and characterisation at the service of realistic interpretation of life.

It must suffice merely to mention here the refined charm of the art of Mr. G. D. Leslie and the Venetian studies of Mr. Henry Woods; while Mr. G. A. Storey should not go unnamed. The Hon. John Collier's genre pictures, drawn from different periods, their dramatic interest not seldom bordering on the sensational, while their academic accomplishment is always to be relied upon, also are too familiar to require more than mention. Mr. J. R. Reid, born in Edinburgh in 1851, has mingled landscape and figure in his pictures of open-air life, chiefly by the sea. He is a vigorous painter, who bravely faces the problems of brilliant light and strong colour. Mr. E. J. Gregory, born in 1850, is a fastidious craftsman, who has applied remarkable powers of realistic painting largely to boating scenes on the Thames, with, in the end, it must be said, a somewhat commonplace result. It is not possible to be interested in his holiday makers, and his treatment of landscape is without imagination.

A few years later comes Mr. Stanhope Forbes, a prominent member of the little company of artists who settled at Newlyn in Cornwall, there to work in the open air. Born in Dublin in 1857, Mr. Forbes studied at Dulwich, in the Lambeth School of Art and the Academy Schools, and

subsequently under Bonnat in Paris. He joined the Newlyn painters in 1884, Mr. Walter Langley being the first of those who had preceded him there. It is not possible to suggest a regret, as in the case of Mr. Orchardson, that Mr. Forbes has limited himself to a social sphere in which the blacksmith would not feel at home; for it is chiefly into the company of people in whose society the blacksmith would be quite comfortable that Mr. Forbes takes us. It is distinctly a prose version of their life that he gives, whether he paints fishermen, village musicians, a village wedding, an auction-sale, or what else. His colour also is usually very sober, not to say dull. The equable grey climate of Cornwall, allowing the study of the model in diffused daylight, is said to have been one thing that attracted the painters to Newlyn. There is an excess of equable greyness in Mr. Forbes's pictures. The open air has become a roofless studio, but it is still a studio.

Mr. H. S. Tuke is also one of the Newlyn group; though he has painted much at Falmouth, and no charge of greyness can be brought against his bright pictures of yachting and bathing scenes. He was born at York in 1858, and studied at the Slade School, and subsequently under Laurens in Paris. He was one of the founders of the New English Art Club, of which more will be said hereafter. While Mr. Frank Bramley, who also went to Newlyn, and Mr. Forbes, have taken the work-a-day world for their subject, Mr. Tuke has, in the main, shown us English youth making holiday on and by the sea.

We return to the work-a-day world with Mr. George Clausen and Mr. H. H. La Thangue. They have both often been compared to Bastien-Lepage; and the comparison is certainly a fair one, particularly with regard to their earlier

work, such as Mr. Clausen's *The Girl at the Gate*, and Mr. La Thangue's *The Man with the Scythe*, both of which are in the Tate Gallery.

Mr. Clausen, who is of Danish descent, was born in London in 1852, and, during the time that he was working as a draughtsman and designer for a firm of builders and decorators, he attended evening classes at South Kensington. One thinks with difficulty of his having worked in the studio of Edwin Long. He was one of the first members of the New English Art Club, the promoters of which were much encouraged by his support. A strong opponent at one time of the Royal Academy, he is now one of its associates, and has held the position of Professor of Painting. Until quite recently he has lived in the country, at Widdington, in Essex, amid the agriculturists, who, and whose work and surroundings, have been the subject of his pictures.

If his early work reminds us of Bastien-Lepage, in his later work he is like a Millet possessed with the Impressionist zeal for light and atmosphere. Like Millet he has been content to portray the peasantry amid whom he has lived, engaged in their ordinary work, apart from any special incident. Digging, ploughing, sowing, reaping, binding the corn into sheaves, building the stack, threshing —in short, all the varied work of the farm as it is carried on through the seasons of the year has been his subject; and occasionally he has painted the portraits of those whose lives are passed in the performance of these fundamental human tasks. He has not idealised the work of the fields. Some of it is laborious, monotonous, mechanical, and he has shown it thus. In one picture of harvesters at work in an upland field, under a blazing sun, one of the men,

after binding up a sheaf, is moving forward to gather the corn for another one. He is staring vacantly before him, his thoughts evidently far from his work; but already his arms and hands are instinctively bent, as they need to be, to gather the corn for the next sheaf. But farm-work is by no means all like this; it is more varied than much town-work, and has the interest of dealing with plant- and animal life, so that the mere representation of it without idealism or the fevered townsman's exaggeration of its "slowness" is a worthy task for art.

Taking a cheerier view of such life than Millet did, Mr. Clausen has also added the interest of keen enjoyment of the beauty of light and atmospheric effect. Indeed, these have counted for so much in his art as to bring him at least close to the border-line that divides genre from landscape. Many things are suggested in these days to make the life of the agriculturist more interesting, and so to reduce the exodus from the country to the town. Better housing, small holdings, reading-rooms, and billiard tables: some of us have urged these things, perhaps helped to provide them. Have we ventured the attempt to get the agriculturist to see himself and his surroundings as the artist sees them? It is a task from which even the brave may shrink. Would the ploughman be a happier, a nobler being, if, when he paused for a moment at the headland, he could see that his fellow-ploughman in the next field made, with his surroundings, under certain conditions of light and shade, a beautiful picture? We cannot answer such a question in the negative without giving the lie to our own experience. We cannot answer it in the affirmative without making our own experience more authentic. One hopes that some of the people among whom Mr. Clausen lived for years are now enjoying

THE BUILDING OF THE RICK — G. CLAUSEN

life more because they have learned, through him, to see themselves and their surroundings as he saw them. The point is, of course, that Mr. Clausen's pictures do not tell a story like Sir Luke Fildes's *Doctor* and *Village Wedding;* they only reveal the beauty of ordinary scenes, the harmonies of light and colour and form, the visible music, which the mere facts present, or to which they at least approximate. Sunlight peeping through the chinks in a barn, suffusing the misty morning air when the hoar frost glistens on the earth and the trees, blazing behind the rick and its builders, or down on the harvesters while a dull heat-haze lies on the horizon; the warm after-glow in the wintry sky with the snow lying, cold grey in hue, in the shady places: such are the quite ordinary, yet beautiful effects which to those who have learned to see them convert the most common-place countryside into a beautiful paradise. These are the things that Mr. Clausen has seen and interpreted; and, seeing them, what need has he had of more in the way of story-telling than that of the great story of human toil?

Mr. La Thangue, born in 1860, studied art at South Kensington, the Lambeth School of Art, and later in the Academy Schools. Subsequently he worked for three years in Paris in the studio of Gérôme, and painted for a time in France. Devoting himself, like Mr. Clausen, to the painting of workers in the country, he has found his subjects abroad as well as at home. His methods approximate to those of the Impressionists, light and atmospheric vibration being chief considerations with him; yet, on the whole, not as much so as with Mr. Clausen; and his figures occupy a larger part of the canvas, are more individualised, and the landscape becomes a mere setting for them. Like Mr.

Clausen he is generally content with ordinary doings and happenings, with the tending of cattle, the driving home of the plough-horses, the feeding of poultry, the gathering of fruit, the working of the cider-press. So far as he can he realises such things in the full strength of nature's light and colour. Not as imaginative as that of Mr. Clausen, his work is still a revelation of beauty.

Here must end for the present our account of the genre painters; though something more will have to be said of them in the next chapter. But this is a convenient place to look at their work from a particular point of view. To what extent has the work of our genre painters of the latter half of the nineteenth century been a chronicle of their time? Have they been comprehensive in their seeing and recording, or have they merely picked and chosen here and there? The answer seems to be that they have shrunk from the recording of a large part of modern life; much more so than have many of their foreign brethren. The French painters, as we have seen, have found material for their art in the ordinary scenes of town and country alike. Some of the Belgians have made the record of such scenes a part of social propaganda. The life that the majority of us live in Britain has been almost passed over in the serious art of our time. The art galleries of London do not interpret London. The last thing we expect to find in any city is the pictorial representation of its contemporary life. The toilers of Lancashire and Yorkshire, the factory and mine workers, the Staffordshire potters, the metal workers of Birmingham, the men of the railways and the ship-yards, at their work and their play, and in their homes, have hardly attracted attention; nor have the modern shop, warehouse, and office. Yet they all afford the finest

material for art; for it is surely too late in the day to need to say that the artist can use to artistic ends that which is not in itself, in its entirety, beautiful. And beyond beauty there is life, always significant for the living.

Glasgow, indeed, in its municipal buildings, has ventured on the representation of its great shipbuilding industry. In the London Royal Exchange we are taken into the past. Manchester, in its Town Hall, let Madox Brown bring its history to the time of John Dalton; and, hitherto, has stopped short there. G. F. Watts, in his huge picture of the brewer's drayman with his horses, gave a pretty broad hint of what art might do in the way of a record of ordinary contemporary life. In *Work*—which is in Manchester, but surely ought to have been in London—Madox Brown crowded into one picture enough of town-incident to serve for a dozen. Frith's *Derby Day* and *Railway Station* might have suggested to later artists the treatment of similar subjects in their own way. There is inexhaustible material. Of course it has been used, but casually; the work of the town has not been as systematically dealt with as the work of the country and the sea.

If it be argued that the kind of life most people live to-day does not provide good material for art, it must be said in reply that this is a terrible criticism of our civilisation; and, indeed, a candid pictorial statement as to a large part of our life would be its condemnation. There would be some misgivings surely, on the private view day at the Royal Academy, if the pictures on the walls set forth the conditions of life of vast numbers of people in this country. As it is, there is little but elegant trifling and sentiment. What criticisms of the wrongs and inequalities of life there may be too often takes the form of a sensationalism that

defeats its own ends. Our genre painters have yet to see life steadily and to see it whole. Perhaps the people for whom chiefly they have to work do not want them to do this. Anyhow, it is not done.

In his inaugural lecture as Slade Professor at Oxford, Ruskin, when enumerating the directions of effort in which he thought English artists were liable to failure, and those in which he thought that past experience had shown them to be sure of success, said: "Our first great gift is in the portraiture of living people—a power already so accomplished in both Reynolds and Gainsborough, that nothing is left for future masters but to add the calm of perfect workmanship to their vigour and felicity of perception." Whether or not portrait painting in the latter half of the nineteenth century has followed the course thus marked out for it by Ruskin, it is certain that both in intention and accomplishment our portrait painters, during that time, have been worthy of a great tradition. To name only some of the chief among them—Watts, Millais, Holl, Orchardson, Herkomer, Ouless, Sir George Reid, and, among painters to be mentioned in the next chapter, such men as Whistler, Sargent, Lavery, and Sir James Guthrie, will have left a record of many of the most notable people of their own time that the future will value as we value the records of the past.

In the same lecture, after claiming for us intense power of invention and expression in domestic drama, Ruskin went on to say: "In connection with our simplicity and good humour, and partly with that very love of the grotesque which debases our ideal, we have a sympathy with the lower animals which is peculiarly our own; and which, though it has already found some exquisite expression in the works of Bewick and Landseer, is yet quite undeveloped." Redgrave

had already associated the demand for pictures of horses with the love of hunting and racing, as a preliminary to writing of such early animal painters as Wootton, Stubbs, Sawrey Gilpin and Morland. He does not forget Bewick, and also James Ward; and, coming to artists of a later period, he mentions Richard Ansdell along with Landseer. Prominent among the animal painters of our time are Mr. Briton Riviere, J. T. Nettleship, and J. M. Swan; but animal life has been sympathetically rendered, and none the less so because incidentally, by many of our subject painters. Millais' affection for animals is evinced over and over again in his works. Even Mr. Holman Hunt has given us the sheep of *The Hireling Shepherd* and *Strayed Sheep*. Sidney Cooper has had successors not a few whose work at times we hardly know whether to describe as cattle and landscape or landscape and cattle.

Turning to the two painters singled out above, we find some difficulty in placing Mr. Briton Riviere. He is above all things an animal painter, but a painter of animals in association with man, and in this respect he has been both an historical and a genre painter. We have historical painting in his pictures of Daniel in the lions' den, of lions prowling among the ruins of Persepolis, of the herd of swine running down the steep place into the sea, of the Christian knight holding up his cross-hilted sword as he rides into the forest gloom from which horse and hounds shrink back in fear, of the dog that, at the cost of its life, has sought to protect the Royalist home against the enemy. We have genre painting when he shows us navvies playing with a puppy, a navvy asleep with his dog beside him, the poacher and his dog, the terrier sympathising with his little mistress in her disgrace. He takes us completely into the animal world when

he paints the lion followed by a troop of jackals. Mr. Riviere cannot be charged with a fault that was too often evident in Landseer's work: he does not endow his animals with a nature higher than their own; he does not read human nature into them. Nor had Nettleship and Swan Landseer's fault; they were the less likely to make the mistake because they painted almost exclusively, not the animals that man has tamed for use and companionship, but the wild denizens of the forest.

The last class of painters to whom we have to refer, the landscape painters, are perhaps not the least important; certainly they are not the least numerous. It is surely not lack of modesty that makes us think well of our landscape painting. We have seen that twice, in the cases of Constable and the Barbizon painters, and of Turner and the Impressionists, our landscape painters have greatly influenced the art of France, and through France that of other countries. Our painters have been the pioneers of modern landscape art. We think that the great variety of scenery within the narrow limits of our islands, and the variability of our climate, producing within short spaces of time great differences of effect in the same scene, have had much to do with this. These variations helped to quicken the sensibility of Monet and Pissarro to atmospheric effects when they were in this country in 1871. The air is more visible here, counts for more in the general look of things than it does in drier climates.

In writing of recent English art, M. de la Sizeranne says little about our landscape painters, on the ground that there is no longer an English school of landscape, but only contemporary landscape painting! On his own showing we have gone far to teach Europe the art, and therefore, he

argues, we have no longer a school of our own! We might almost imitate M. de la Sizeranne's patriotism, and claim all contemporary landscape painting as a province of English art. French Impressionism is perhaps the chief obstacle to our doing so; and even Impressionism has been undergoing changes that bring it nearer to our own art, while not a few of our younger painters have learned from the Impressionists without sacrificing their own individuality. Our landscape painting is rich enough to be able to rely mainly on its own resources, and yet not to be afraid wisely to borrow.

It is not within our scope to attempt a statement of the various sources of interest in landscape. Beauty of light, colour, tone, form; movement and life; appearances and effects that awaken within us feelings sometimes joyous and sometimes pensive—such are, at any rate, among the chief of such sources, and they are infinite in variety and in the ways in which they combine with each other. And our landscape painting has been and still is marked by a wide use of the material that nature has placed at the disposal of art.

We have seen the great importance that was attached by one side of the Pre-Raphaelite movement to presentment of the detailed truth of nature, and that quite a succession of painters has subsequently done the same thing. Millais, as we have seen, abandoned this method, substituting the suggestion of detail for its actual rendering; and many of our later landscape painters have treated landscape in this way; but many if not most of the landscapes of the latter half of the century have been more realistic, have made us feel more as if nature were before us, than did most of the landscapes, particularly the oil paintings, of the immediately preceding period. More recently, classical and decorative

landscape, neither of which depends for its interest on illusion of reality, have asserted themselves again.

We need not concern ourselves with the painters who merely lasted on into our period. One of them, however, may be mentioned, as much of his best work was done on our side of the half-century. This is John Linnell, who was born in London in 1792, and lived to the advanced age of eighty-nine years. Though it is by his landscapes that he is best known, he worked also as a portrait painter and engraver, and himself would speak of Biblical study as the serious work of his life, and of landscape painting as a recreation. He was the friend of William Blake, whose line—

In England's green and pleasant land,

shows him to have seen his own country as the landscape painter sees it. Linnell's pictures of English scenery are strongly painted, with much truth of detail and local colour, and he was also observant of effects of light. There was an epic feeling in his art; he would paint the blackness of the coming storm, hiding the sun in the heavens, as if the prophet Micah's description of one were in his mind. His work has a more modern look than that of many of his younger contemporaries. His sons, J. T. and William Linnell, whose art bears considerable resemblance to his, belonging wholly, in their work, to the latter half of the century.

To most people J. C. Hook is known as having been a painter of the sea and fisher-folk. Some may also know him to have been in earlier days a painter of pastoral subjects. Going further back again we find him commencing as a painter of figure-subjects. He was born in 1819, and his early love for art was encouraged by no less a master

than Constable, and, like so many other English painters, he carefully studied the Elgin marbles. Then he became a pupil in the Academy Schools, and it was with a picture, *The Finding of the Body of Harold*, that he won the gold medal of the Academy, and with *Rizpah Watching the Dead Sons of Saul* that he won the travelling studentship. He went to Italy, and on his return to this country painted Venetian figure-subjects. One of these, a representation of the trial scene in "The Merchant of Venice," with which the writer has long been familiar, is, in its colour, closely allied to the work of Carpaccio, the Italian master by whom the young English artist was particularly attracted.

It was love of outdoor life that drew him away from the painting of figure-subjects, and led him to become a painter first of pastoral subjects, and then of the sea. His pictures of rural England, which he began to paint just about the time that Holman Hunt and Millais were fighting for realism, were intimate enough to win the enthusiastic praise of Ruskin, as also were his sea-pieces. The youth who had been encouraged by Constable might be cited as another proof that more than the Pre-Raphaelite Brethren stood in the way of the fulfilment of Constable's prediction of the decay of English art. It is curious to note that the house he had built for himself on Campden Hill, and which he left to go and live in Surrey, was afterwards occupied by Holman Hunt and A. W. Hunt. Something of Constable's spirit might have entered into him, for freshness, the sense of atmosphere, sea-breeze and salt spray is in his work; and his colour is strong and true. He was himself full of vigour, could farm with the farmer, work with the farm-labourer, sail and fish with the fisherman; he did not merely see, but lived and worked amongst the scenes and the people that

he painted, and his interpretation of nature and life has the brightness that comes of health and good spirits.

Mr. B. W. Leader is one of the most conspicuous examples of the artist who, having made a reputation for a particular kind of work, finds himself able to repeat it year after year, even though manner becomes mannerism, and art, artificiality. He was born at Worcester in 1831, and received his art teaching in the School of Design there and in the Royal Academy Schools. His pleasantly composed and agreeably coloured landscapes have long made him one of the most popular of our landscape painters. He is a dexterously rapid worker, with an eye for the picturesque view. There is no sign in his works of a deep love of nature. He records something of her superficial beauty, but interprets little or nothing of her innermost spirit. His earlier work was much more subtle than his later work has been, and it was stronger in colour and fuller in tone.

About eleven years the junior of Mr. Leader is Mr. J. W. North, whose landscapes have just the sympathetic, intimate interpretation of the truth and beauty of nature that is lacking in those of the older painter. He was the fellow-student of Fred Walker and the friend of Richard Jefferies. The former owed not a little to Mr. North, who, in his intimate love of nature, comes close to the latter. It is not for the painter to attempt to rival the writer in minute description of nature, though Mr. Holman Hunt, and Millais in his early time, may almost be said to have done this. Mr. North has endeavoured to suggest nature's infinity of detail without losing breadth; for, having lived with nature, mere general statements about her life and beauty could not content him. To achieve his end he has spent much time on his work, so that his output has been

comparatively small as to mere number of pictures. One of his works, with which the writer happens to be very familiar, bears the title *The Flower and the Leaf*, and the painter's effort, and successful effort, has been to portray the effect of palpitating, summer sunlight playing upon the infinite intricacy of detail in a luxuriant Devonshire or Somersetshire coomb. If he paints the winter woodland, he will lovingly trace the slender gracefulness of the young tree-shoots, the more distant ones becoming faint in the misty air. The freshness of spring and the ripeness of autumn—cider orchards with the grass beneath the trees strewn with apples—he has recorded also, for, like a true nature lover, he will miss nothing of the whole cycle of the changing year. If now and again his colour be somewhat crude, it is because of his desire to keep as far from mere conventionality as possible; and time may be trusted to mellow the harshness that now and again, but only now and again, we feel. Many of our landscape painters have entirely or almost confined themselves to one locality, and Mr. North has strayed but little from the two counties named above.

Mr. Peter Graham has already been mentioned as a fellow-student of Pettie and Mr. Orchardson at the Trustees' Academy, Edinburgh, under Robert Scott Lauder; but whereas they began and ended as painters of figure-subjects, he abandoned that side of art for landscape. His vigorous, realistic pictures of the moors and glens of the Scottish Highlands, and the shaggy cattle that inhabit them, and of the haunts of the wild fowl on the rock-bound northern coasts, have become very familiar, even to the man in the street, through the reproductions so often exhibited in the print-sellers' windows. Grey misty skies, with, perhaps,

fitful gleams of sunlight breaking through the clouds, and lighting up the otherwise cold green grass, grey rock, or grey-green sea, have been painted by him with minor variations year after year until we have been ready to take them as looked at.

George Vicat Cole, born at Portsmouth in 1833, might almost be described, with regard to his art, as having one foot on land and one foot on sea. At least he loved to paint both English pastoral scenes and the River Thames, from its upper reaches down to where, as it merges in the sea, the great ships pass along it. Speaking of him at the Academy Banquet after his death, Leighton said: "English landscape painting has lost in Vicat Cole one of its most honoured names. Typically English were the scenes on which he loved to dwell—the coppice, the glade, the rolling pasture fading from green to distant blue, summer slumbering on brown-tipped corn. But most of all our English Thames had won his heart and occupied his hands. He had followed its stream with faithful brush throughout its length, from where its first sweet gurgle is heard within the grass, to where, far away, salt and sullied, it rocks on turbid tide the carriers of the commerce of the world."

Vicat Cole may well lead up to two of the most conspicuous painters in our time of the sea and seafaring folk, the late Colin Hunter and Mr. C. Napier Hemy, who were born in the same year, 1841. Both of them were originally intended for careers other than that which they eventually adopted. Colin Hunter was the son of a Glasgow bookseller, was for several years a commercial clerk, and did not take seriously to painting until he was twenty years of age. He may be said to have been self-taught, for sketching expeditions with an old landscape painter, and a

few weeks in the studio of Bonnat in Paris, were all that he received in the way of regular teaching. After a few years of varied work he settled down to sea-painting, and his fresh and vigorous renderings of the neighbourhood of the Scottish sea-lochs and islands were regularly seen in our exhibitions for many years, and some of them have found places in our public collections.

Mr. Hemy, who was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, had experience in the Australian gold-fields, and in helping to work the ship in which he returned to England, before he became an art student. After this he had intervals of travel and monastic life. The reading of Ruskin's *Modern Painters* led to his adoption for a time of Pre-Raphaelite methods, and he afterwards studied figure-painting at Antwerp under Baron Leys. Like Hook and Colin Hunter, he only finally devoted himself to sea-painting after working for a time at other subjects. He has covered a much wider range of scene and subject than Hunter; he has gone out upon the ocean as well as the narrow seas; he has visited the ports of other countries besides our own; craft of many kinds, including the modern man-of-war, appear in his pictures, which by no means shrink from the incident that ensures a certain popularity.

Ten years later than the two painters last-named comes Mr. W. L. Wyllie, and he and his brother, Mr. C. W. Wyllie, have carried on the English tradition of the painting of sea and river-estuary and the shipping that enlivens them. To the number of these painters, whose work is so proper to an island country, may be added Mr. W. H. Bartlett and H. H. Maccallum. Mr. H. S. Tuke, whom we have placed among the genre painters, might almost as well have been included here. These and other

painters are the successors of Turner and—of somewhat later time—Clarkson Stanfield, and E. W. Cooke.

Two Scottish painters of the same name, but not of the same family, David Farquharson and Joseph Farquharson, should be mentioned here. The former was born at Perth in 1843, and received his education in art in the classes of the Edinburgh Royal Institution. The latter was born in Edinburgh in 1846, and studied under Mr. Peter Graham, and also at the Edinburgh School of Art; while, afterwards, he worked in the studio of Carolus Duran in Paris. Both of them close observers of nature, and realists in their treatment of landscape, there is something more of self-revelation, of the expression of mood and feeling, in the work of David than in that of Joseph, who often gives what is little more than a vivid transcript of nature, without a clue as to his own feeling about it, except that he has been arrested by the scene, and thought it worth recording.

Few landscape painters are more in evidence in our exhibition galleries than Mr. David Murray, who was born in 1849, and began life in a Glasgow business-house. While thus engaged, however, he found time for the pursuit of art, and eventually devoted himself to it. His work has been done chiefly in English pastoral country, or in the southern Highlands of Scotland; and he has recorded the varying beauty, at different seasons of the year, and under many conditions of light and shade, of the lowlands, with their level landscape broken by lofty and wide-spreading trees, and of the country where hill and dale abound.

Sir Ernest A. Waterlow is another painter of our more softly beautiful scenery. He was born in 1850, and, after studying at Carey's school and travelling in Germany and

Switzerland, he became a student in the schools of the Royal Academy. He is now President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. He chooses places picturesque in themselves, or made so by some temporary condition of light, and treats them in a realistic spirit, though with much feeling for atmospheric effect. Mr. R. Thorne Waite comes to mind here, for he and Sir Ernest Waterlow have painted the same scenes together. Often, inevitably, our later painters remind us of some of the earlier ones. With many differences, of course, Mr. David Murray at times makes us think of Constable; Sir Ernest Waterlow also reminds us of him, and of David Cox as well; and perhaps more than to any other painter Mr. Thorne Waite takes us back to De Wint. Breadth and freshness are conspicuous qualities in his work.

Another realistic landscape painter who may be named in this company is Mr. Alfred Parsons, a native of Somersetshire, where he was born in 1847. While occupied in the General Post Office, London, he gave his evenings to the study of art, at South Kensington and elsewhere. In many of his pictures he comes near to the Pre-Raphaelitism of Holman Hunt, so close is his observation, and so careful his rendering, of nature's wealth of intricate detail.

To this generation, and, generally, to this type of landscape painters, belong two Scottish artists, Mr. Leslie Thomson, born in Aberdeen in 1881, and Mr. Robert W. Allan, born in Glasgow in 1852. Mr. Thomson has an especial affection for luminous skies over wide-spreading landscapes; while prior to, and ever since, recent travels in foreign lands, both near and far, we have chiefly associated Mr. Allan with the rock-bound Scottish coasts, and

the harbours of their fishing villages, which he has painted with vigour and broad truthfulness.

The landscape painters mentioned hitherto may be classed together as realists. What strikes us first—and often last—in their work, is resemblance to the fact as we have seen it. There is never, of course, mere transcript without selection and composition; the artist is always more or less in evidence; but the external fact is more in evidence. We may put it that the artist says to us, "This is what I have seen; how does it appeal to you?" rather than, "This is how I myself have felt." Yet many of the pictures do also say this to us, especially in the case of some of the painters, and that they have all been grouped together by no means implies that they do not differ considerably in this respect.

The list might, of course, be extended. Mr. Arnesby Brown, for example, would bring us nearly a generation later than the youngest of the painters already considered. One more name must be mentioned, that of Mr. Alfred East. Born at Kettering in 1849, he studied at the Glasgow School of Art, and in Paris under Bouguereau and Tony Fleury. Afterwards he painted at Barbizon, and enlarged his experience subsequently by visiting Japan. He was one of the first members of the New English Art Club, but retired from it within two or three years. Though there has always been a strong element of realism in his work, yet picture-making, in the sense of formal composition and design, has also always been present; and, under Japanese influence, there has been a marked decorative element as well. His work, indeed, has often seemed to halt between various opinions. We have not known quite what chiefly we were intended to enjoy. Latterly, however, he has declared himself more plainly. He has elected to put

LAKE BOURGET FROM MONT REVARD — ALFRED EAST

design, formal design, upon the plane of the canvas, in the forefront of his art, so that, in principle, his work now approximates closely to the point of view of Claude. He has become a classicist, and his erstwhile membership of the New English Art Club must seem to him now one of the strange things that happen in the whirligig of time. But both he and the club have changed. In his case the change is interesting as illustrating what has already been said, namely, that because much has been added in recent years to the resources of art, and new pleasures have been provided for us, it is not necessary to renounce the older pleasures because they are not new.

We turn now to a number of landscape painters in whose work there is more self-revelation than in that of the painters already considered.

In this connexion it is interesting to note how slight has been the following of Turner in his own country. He did more than merely modify the natural world in his art; he transformed it into a world of his own imagining. Resemblance to the fact is not what strikes us first in his pictures, but rather the subtle departures from resemblance that convert the whole into something new and strange. Nature is the starting-point, not the goal of his art. Among English landscape painters one only thinks of such men as Mr. Clarence Whaite, the veteran painter of the Welsh mountains, Mr. Albert Goodwin, and, in a measure, Mr. A. W. Hunt, as having thus subordinated nature to the ends of art. There is no question here, of course, of comparison in detail, but only as to general principle. Some of the Scottish painters, to be mentioned in the next chapter, have also ventured to create a world of their own. Turner's influence on the French Impressionists also was only in one

particular; they were impressed by his successful quest of light. The creative element in his art did not appeal to them.

First among the painters who, more than the majority, reveal their own temperament and moods to us, we may take Cecil Lawson, the story of whose life is that of a career of great promise all too early closed. He was born in 1851 and died in 1882, at the age of thirty-one. He received his training in art from his father, William Lawson, an Edinburgh portrait painter. He drew in black and white for magazine illustrations before devoting himself to landscape painting. His best known works are *The August Moon*, in the Tate Gallery, and *The Minister's Garden*, in the Manchester City Art Gallery, which also possesses a smaller landscape *'Twixt Sun and Moon*, a subtle rendering of the time that is neither night nor day, when the waning light of the sun and the growing light of the moon are contending for mastery, and, as the cattle go homewards across the water-meadows, a thin veil of mist begins to obscure the distance.

The August Moon shows the ruler of the night at full strength, and yet but partially defeating the darkness which lurks like an ambushed foe behind each and every hiding-place. The painter told a friend that he should try in this picture to do what had not yet been done: to show how much colour there was in a moonlighted landscape. In both this picture and *The Minister's Garden* there is something of the abundantly satisfying strength of Rubens. The latter picture is simply the vista, from a little garden on a low hillside, over a wide stretch of fertile country. The title lends a touch of poetry to a scene already poetic. It was suggested by Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and it is

pleasant to think of a good-hearted, earnest man as being the gardener here, and, as he gardens, pondering over the needs of the parishioners, some of whom we can see in the little valley below. But the thought is not necessary to the enjoyment of the picture, and could easily be banished by any one who would prefer to be without it. To the left of the picture are the stem and the lower branches of a Scots pine, under which are the beehives, with trailing nasturtiums on the ground before them, and a fine group of hollyhocks on the farther side of them. To the right are roses, growing over a low fence; and the kitchen-garden is beyond again on the slope of the hill. There is no lack of detail, but it is subordinated to the general impression, and the foreground, the wide-reaching distance, and the narrow space of sky seen above it, are combined into singular richness of colour and depth of tone.

We may perhaps also bring Mr. James Aumonier among the more imaginative painters, for although there is a strong element of realism in his art, the fact is largely impregnated with feeling. Indeed, the objects in the picture seem often the mere occasion for tones of light and colour that appeal to our emotions. He is a native of London, was self-taught in art, which, in his youth, he pursued in the leisure he could obtain from the work of designing for printed calicoes.

Thomas Hope McLachlan, born at Darlington in 1845, is a painter who deserves to be mentioned here, though he did but little work, and his reputation is chiefly among his fellow-artists. He was educated at Cambridge, and became, and practised as, a barrister, but eventually devoted himself entirely to painting. He died suddenly in 1897. His landscapes are full of tender, mysterious charm. A shep-

herdess, silhouetted against the evening sky, while the sheep fed about her, would be sufficient subject for him. He stayed his hand when he had expressed the feeling nature had awakened in him, so that all his pictures have a personal note. They communicate what he had felt; they are very far from recording everything that he might have seen had he examined the landscape carefully bit by bit. To say that his work recalls that of Millet, and, in a measure, that of George Mason and Fred Walker, is not to accuse him of lack of originality, for his expression is unmistakably his own, but is to affirm the true poetic quality of his work.

M. Ridley Corbet, a pupil of Signor Costa, was a true poet-painter, sensitive to subtle qualities of light and colour; and his landscapes make that appeal to the emotions which seems to come to us mysteriously from the painter himself. We are brought into touch with a human personality. As his two pictures in the Tate Gallery show, nature anywhere could arouse his feeling. The Severn Valley would suffice as well as Val d'Arno. The poetic landscapes of George Mason—he and Fred Walker should both be remembered here—were painted, as we saw, in Staffordshire. The sun, the moon, and the stars, and the earth they lighten, brightly or dimly or leave dark, under and upon which the countless generations of men have lived, are anywhere commonplace only to those who are devoid of feeling.

Edward Stott is the poet-painter of the twilight. To say this is to state a limitation. One would be glad if, now and again, Mr. Stott showed that he could feel and express the poetry of other times of day. But his one main theme has many variations, and these he has rendered with rare subtlety. William Stott, who called himself 'of Oldham,' to distinguish himself from his namesake who is of Roch-

dale, was, to the present writer at least, above all else the poet-painter of the Alps, whose vast massiveness, appalling precipices, high-towering pinnacles and wide fields of snow he transformed into visions of majesty, splendour, and solemnity. There is in many of his paintings, even in his pastel studies, a wonderful sense of the vast solitudes upon which man enters at his peril. We seem to be where first the gods might step when they come to visit the earth. Stott was a master of subtle tones, which gave fine quality to all his landscapes. As a figure painter, with myths and idylls for subjects, he did not reach the same distinction.

Mr. Adrian Stokes and Mr. Moffat Lindner, both of whom have been members of the New English Art Club, as well as of the Newlyn group of painters, should also be mentioned here, together with Mr. Julius Olsson. Mr. Adrian Stokes has found true lyric poetry in bright light and colour; nature is glad and gay in his pictures. Mr. Moffat Lindner is moved by the intense colour that often invests great spaces of water beneath the infinite vastness of the sky. Mr. Olsson loves the delicate harmonies played by the moonlight air.

Other landscape painters will be mentioned in the next chapter, in which we shall discuss the art of Whistler and certain Scottish painters, and of Sargent and the painters who perhaps best represent the chief aims of the New English Art Club. The landscape painters already mentioned have, for the most part, either always belonged to, or found their way into, the orthodox ranks. They have been welcome at the Royal Academy. We must not forget that many painters who have been included in other categories have also made important contributions to landscape painting. Mr. Clausen and Mr. La Thangue may be instanced.

George Mason and Fred Walker have already been mentioned in the same sense.

In this chapter the endeavour has been made to give the main features of painting in Great Britain during the last half-century, apart from the work of a number of painters reserved for separate discussion. When this also has been done, our task will be completed.

CHAPTER VIII

PAINTING IN GREAT BRITAIN

(Continued)

IN this chapter we have to consider the work of two American artists who have become English artists by adoption—Whistler and Sargent; of a number of Scottish artists, who are often and appropriately linked with Whistler; of certain members, past and present, of the New English Art Club, of which Mr. Sargent has been a member since its foundation; and then to say what seems desirable in the way of summary and conclusion.

It was a saying of Whistler's, already quoted, that there is no such thing as nationality in art. The truth in the saying is that art is ever transcending the limits of nationality. No nation lives unto itself. Yet there remain national differences. Even in these dull days, when local differences in dress are dying out, when Paris fashions are discussed in the newspapers of remote towns in the Canadian Far West, and when Paris is only a seven hours' journey from London, there are marked differences in the dress of both sexes, and of all sections of the community, in these two cities. And dress is a form of art.

Whistler, as Mr. George Moore points out, needed the saying to account for himself. He was an American by birth. To go back further still, he was Irish by ancestry no

more remote, indeed, than his grandparents. He himself was born at Lowell, in Massachusetts, in 1834, and was educated at the United States Military School at West Point. He was there for three years, during which period he acquired so little knowledge of chemistry as to call silica an elastic gas or a "saponifiable fat!" Thereupon West Point decided that it had no further need of him. He then obtained employment in the United States Coast Survey, but soon found the necessary topographical work so irksome that he frequently absented himself without leave, and again he received his dismissal. He then went to London, and shortly afterwards to Paris, where he became a pupil of Gleyre. He had always shown skill in drawing, and now, at last, he had found his vocation. Among his fellow-students were Degas, Fantin-Latour, and Legros. As we have already seen, he is one of those who, in Fantin-Latour's *Hommage à Delacroix*, are grouped before the portrait of the apostle of Romanticism. Delacroix died in 1863; the picture is dated 1864.

The portrait of Whistler in this picture is thoroughly characteristic. He stands, leaning on his cane, and half turns his head to look at the spectator out of the corner of his eye, with an expression that may be described as a quizzical note of interrogation. It was thus that he used to watch fresh visitors to his studio, keen to discover if they knew anything about art as he understood it, and whether or not, according to the result of the scrutiny, they were worth consideration.

From 1874 he made London his head-quarters, but he flitted about between London, Paris, Venice, and his native country. It cannot be said that, even yet, his art has found general acceptance in this country, though one of his

nocturnes is now to be seen in the National Gallery of British Art. A Pre-Raphaelite leader recently would not so much as look at a fine example of Whistler's art when it was pointed out to him. Whistler had only been in London about three years when Ruskin wrote, in *Fors Clavigera*, apropos of an exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery: "For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen, and heard, much of Cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." It was Ruskin, however, that was the Cockney, as elsewhere he has self-critically remarked, saying of himself as a boy: "I began to lead a very small, perky, contented, conceited, Cock-Robinson-Crusoe sort of life, in the central point which it appeared to me (as it must naturally appear to geometrical animals) that I occupied in the universe."

As is well known, Whistler brought a libel action against Ruskin on account of the *Fors Clavigera* criticism, and obtained a farthing damages. He insisted on having the farthing, and wore it as a pendant to his watch-chain.

The adverse criticism of Whistler in *Fors* followed a eulogy of Burne-Jones; and, to the regret of the latter, Ruskin asked him to give evidence at the trial—a request that friendship made it impossible to refuse. His evidence was no help to Ruskin's case. It did nothing to justify such a savage attack, though it would have justified, at any rate as not being libellous, more measured adverse criticism. "I think," he said, "that nothing but perfect

finish ought to be allowed by artists; that they should not be content with anything that falls short of what the age acknowledges as essential to perfect work. I have seen the pictures by Mr. Whistler which were produced yesterday in this court, and I think the *Nocturne in Blue and Silver* is a work of art, but a very incomplete one; an admirable beginning, but that it in no sense whatever shows the finish of a complete work of art. I am led to the conclusion because while I think the picture has many good qualities—in colour, for instance, it is beautiful—it is deficient in form, and form is as essential as colour." This is but faint damnation. It is really praise, almost remarkable as coming from such a man at such a time. How uncertain was the ground of what was adverse in his statement will be seen from a mere quotation of the phrase, "what the age acknowledges as essential to perfect work." He said himself that he wished Whistler knew that the trial made him sorry. Lady Burne-Jones says, in her biography of her husband: "Whistler, who was quoted to him sometimes, he placed far above any of his followers; his technique he called perfect, and his colour always good."

The Ruskin-Whistler incident is not a pleasant one to think about, especially for those who hold Ruskin in high esteem on many grounds. But it is too instructive for us to pass it over here; and the part played in it by Burne-Jones, and his estimate of Whistler's art, are of great interest as showing that a *rapprochement* was not impossible between the second generation of the romantic side of Pre-Raphaelitism and this so different art, so differently derived. Whistler, indeed, has been said to have come under the influence of Rossetti, by whom Burne-Jones was inspired; there were resemblances as well as differences between the two schools.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST IN HIS STUDIO J. McNEILL WHISTLER

Neither of them was realistic; both sought beauty. Only Whistler was content with beauty alone, desiring not at all that, as in Rossetti and Burne-Jones's work, there should be a "literary" element as well. Also, he entirely subordinated form to colour, regarding the latter as the main objective of painting; though his paintings show the beauty of line which he pursued in another art, that of etching, from which, in his work, colour is excluded.

Though Whistler was the pupil of Gleyre, he was not to become a classical painter. Probably he would not in any event have done so; but he met Courbet in the studio of Fantin-Latour, saw much of him subsequently, and any slight chance that he could become a Classicist was thereby doubtless swept away. On the other hand, he was as little likely to become a follower of Courbet. There was too great a difference in the physique and temperament of the two men. Courbet was strength itself; Whistler was frail and nervous. But he would at least be prevented by Courbet from going to history and to myth for his subjects; he was bound, if he came under the influence of the champion of Realism, to concern himself with what he could see round about him. But Fantin-Latour, the student of tone and atmosphere, was his fellow-pupil; and he also became acquainted with Manet, who was feeling his way in the same direction; and the work of these young painters would, if nothing else would, reveal to him where his own strength lay. He was sensitive and impressionable; hence he became, in a broad sense, an Impressionist. He was not destined to give clear accounts of external facts, after the manner of Courbet, but to record only the impressions that the facts made upon him, impressions of colour, tone, and light. The substantial external fact was not entirely suppressed, but

it was entirely subordinated to the sensuous emotion it aroused in him. Anything that produced visible harmony was sufficient for his purpose, and to obtain such harmony he was willing to sacrifice much else—even to sacrifice truth. For example, he painted a full-length portrait of M. Duret, and in order to get over the stiffness of legs cased in modern trousers, he threw a lady's domino over the arm of his subject, so that it hung down and partly hid the legs, in addition to providing material for a colour-scheme. When M. Duret's friends saw the portrait they exclaimed that they did not know he was such a lady's man! Nor was he. The domino was not specially appropriate to the man himself; it was useful pictorially, which was enough for Whistler, and also for M. Duret. A portrait painter who once remarked to the present writer that the practice of his art was not an agreeable thing in a certain provincial city, because the people there expected portraits to be good likenesses, was surely, in this at least, a good Whistlerian! Yet there was no essential untruth in the domino. It is surely quite characteristic of a Parisian gentleman that he should have the courtesy to relieve a lady of the weight of a garment she is not wearing.

It was to emphasise his point of view that Whistler called his pictures Harmonies, Symphonies, Arrangements, and Nocturnes. The portraits of his mother and Thomas Carlyle received the sub-title *Arrangement in Black and Grey*. *Symphony in White, Number I: The White Girl*, is the title of one of his earliest exhibited pictures. Yet although it might seem as if Whistler regretted having to mingle any record of fact with colour-music, subtle interpretation of facts is obvious in his pictures. Those who care little for tone and colour may feel the pathos of the two

portraits just mentioned. They are deeply sympathetic records of old age, of the time when the fire of life is burning low. They are not only sympathetic, they are reverent. In all his portraits, far removed though they be from illusion of corporeity, there are character and expression, in gesture and attitude as well as in the face. Whether there be detailed likeness or not we may not know; but the artist referred to in the preceding paragraph as contemptuous of mere likeness is not a true Whistlerian if he be not solicitous of interpreting the mental and emotional nature of his subjects. The spirit of Whistler's men, women, and children seems to have been exhaled on the canvas and to have become visible there. Was the etcher with marvellous sense of line, the painter who put foremost subtlety of tone and colour, so sensitive also to the outward visible signs of the spirit within that he instinctively selected and recorded them?

In his landscapes also Whistler may be said to have distilled the essence of the scene he painted, or at least to have distilled *one* essence *from* the scene. No one painter, no single method of art, can achieve everything. Whistler could not give what others had to give, but what he did give was valuable. He separated from what else in nature was beautiful or significant, that to which he was most sensitive, tone, delicate gradations of colour, and significant and beautiful line. A strong adherent of the Pre-Raphaelites recently sought to belittle Whistler's pictures of the night-time by saying that he himself had appreciated the beauty of lights shining out against the blue blackness of the night long before Whistler sought to fix it upon the canvas. Doubtless many a beautiful thing has been recognised as beautiful before it has been set down by the artist. Its

beauty, indeed, must be seen before it can be recognised as a fit subject for art. Whistler, however, was not the first who sought to render in art the beauty of the night-time. He might, indeed, have been led to do so by the example of Holman Hunt, who in the Holy Land had done this before Whistler had completed his studentship in Paris, and not as part of a subject-picture, but with the beauty of the night and the lights shining out in it, for the subject of the picture. His painting *The Ship*, in which the steamer's lights, the red glow from the funnel, and the moon and stars in the blue-black sky, are the pictorial subject, was painted in 1875, two years before Whistler exhibited the Nocturne that roused Ruskin's ire. But in these studies of Holman Hunt's there was still much form and even incident. Whistler eliminated everything, as nearly as might be, but the tone and colour and light.

Time has its revenges. The painter who made sport for lawyers and public, and whom artists were called upon to declare hardly to be an artist, is now acclaimed as one of the foremost artists of his time.

He was not an Impressionist in the same sense as Monet and Pissarro. He did not use their methods, for he did not seek their ends. He was allied rather to Manet in his earlier style, to Degas and to Fantin-Latour. It must not be overlooked also, that for much of the charm and decorative quality of his art he was, as were his fellow-artists in Paris, indebted to the Japanese.

There is good reason for associating Whistler with the Scottish painters who have become known as the Glasgow school. Pictures by him would look more at home in an exhibition of their works than in any other British exhibition. In fact, almost anywhere else, they would be out of

place. And this is due to the fact that these painters have been influenced by Whistler and by other painters, such as Millet, Corot, Manet, and Israels and his fellow-painters in Holland, in whose work, tone, and harmonious if subdued colour are conspicuous features. No pictures—by British painters—are so easy to hang as those of the Glasgow school. They do not cry out upon the walls. Never does the sky in one of their pictures look from a short distance like a space to let. Natural fact is never allowed to override the claims of art. In this they are akin to Whistler and, as suggested in the last chapter, to Turner. Herr Muther's criticism of the school is interesting. "The art of the Continent," he says, "is deeper and more serious, and the union between temperament and nature to be found in it is more spiritual. With its decorative palette pictures this Scotch art approaches the border where painting ends and the Persian carpet begins. For all that, it has had a quickening influence upon the art of the Continent. After an epoch of 'bright-painting,' it taught the painter to feel once more the witchery of mood with its full and sonorous harmonies of colour."

The subordination of the pictorial to the decorative motive is nowhere more evident than in the work of Mr. E. A. Hornel. Some years ago, in the course of a discussion in the Liverpool City Council as to whether a picture by Mr. Hornel should be purchased for the Walker Art Gallery, one of the aldermen said: "The only motive of Mr. Hornel's picture is a mode of art, or rather artifice, in introducing a number of colours with the idea of making them harmonise; and this could be done, and had been done, by means of the palette-knife." Mr. George Moore says that he has not the least idea what this means. Surely

it means exactly what Herr Muther says about the Glasgow school. Mr. Hornel's pictures have until quite recently looked more fitted for panel decorations than for enclosing in frames. They have been above everything decorative. Recently they have become more pictorial while not ceasing to be decorative; and Liverpool has purchased one of them. Had the alderman whom Mr. George Moore failed to understand some right upon his side? At least his point was an arguable one.

Many of these Scottish painters have been members of the New English Art Club. Not a few of them were among its first members. For the most part they have left it. Whatever may have been the reason of this segregation there is fitness in it. Fitness, surely, has been the reason. The Club, as we shall see later, has come to stand chiefly for a certain phase of realism. Mr. Sargent and Mr. Wilson Steer have been dominating personalities in it. Some who used to be members have gone to the Academy. Other new groups have been formed. The Scotchmen have gone their own decorative way.

The word decorative is not wholly appropriate to describe this art. If we were allowed to speak of visible harmony as music we should call the art musical. Mr. John Lavery's portraits, for instance, are Harmonies, in the Whistlerian sense. At times he gives them titles that simply draw attention to their colour-schemes. So with the landscape painters. They do not, like most of their English brethren, think chiefly of the facts, and try to represent them truthfully, even though, unable to do everything at once, they must needs make a selection. Mr. Hornel is only an extreme instance, with his children in the woodlands, of the regarding of facts as mere raw material for beautiful designs.

SPRING JOHN LAVERY

We can think of these painters as redyeing natural objects in order to make them suit their designs. This impression is produced particularly by the work of Mr. James Paterson. If we say that he has seen what he has painted, we must understand a subtle selection of certain features, and even then we more than suspect an inward vision also. Of course this enters into all art; but here, as with Turner, it asserts itself strongly. Mr. D. Y. Cameron, etcher as well as painter, makes a similar use of colour, though with more reserve. Mr. T. Millie Dow and Mr. Mouat Loudan may be named in the same connexion.

Sir James Guthrie was a pupil of John Pettie, and afterwards studied in Paris. He is one of the leaders of the school, and is now President of the Royal Scottish Academy. Strength and fine characterisation are conspicuous in his portraits and subject-pictures, while with something more of naturalism he still maintains the unity of decorative effect. Arthur Melville achieved his vivid interpretations of town-scenes in Spain and the East by means of variation of the Impressionist methods. Mr. E. A. Walton, in portrait, subject, or landscape painting, delights at times by the pure artistry of his pictures, and at other times admits a larger measure of naturalism. The poetry of strong colour, and of the life and surroundings of working-folk, appeals to Mr. T. Austen Brown. Mr. Alexander Roche, Mr. Coutts Michie, Mr. Joseph Crawhall, and Mr. Grosvenor Thomas are other painters of the group who should be mentioned.

The movement is only some twenty years old, and is being carried on by a younger generation of painters. It is far removed from the older traditions of Scottish art. We have only to think of, among the older contemporaries of the Glasgow men, such painters as the two Faeds, Mr.

McWhirter, and most of those mentioned in the last chapter, to realise how distinct a contribution the Glasgow painters have made to the art of Scotland, and therefore to British art.

During the period covered by this book numerous societies of painters have been formed in London for the purpose of separate exhibition; but in most cases this has not been done in the way of revolt, but only to emphasise the kindred aims of painters who have also had ready access to the larger and, as they may be styled, official exhibitions. The formation of the New English Art Club, however, signified a revolt. It arose from the growing influence of French art upon that of England. English painters who had studied in Paris felt the need of a rallying-point in view of what they held to be the narrowness of the Royal Academy in not giving sufficient recognition to their work. Those who were thus aggrieved were wont to discuss the matter from time to time in Paris and in London. This went on for two or three years without anything being done, but eventually, in the first days of 1886, a meeting was held at the Gallery of Mr. Colnaghi in Pall Mall, at which an offer by him "to open an exhibition for the better representation of the younger English painters" was accepted with enthusiasm. A committee, consisting of Messrs. W. H. Bartlett, Gotch, Brown, Solomon, Hacker, and Tuke, was elected to work with Mr. Colnaghi; the name by which the club is still known was decided upon, and the first exhibition was held in the following April.

We have already seen that nonconformity is as inevitable, as necessary, we may say, in art as in religion. Academies and other official bodies, like churches, insist upon traditions which increasing knowledge is steadily

rendering not merely useless but harmful, and reform from within never accomplishes all that is necessary. We have seen how strenuously the Romanticists and the Realists opposed themselves to the classical doctrine of the French Academy at Rome. Refused admission to the Salon, the Impressionists and their allies organised separate exhibitions. To-day there are two great Salons. Only turnstiled doorways divide them, but they differ widely in character. The Pre-Raphaelite Brethren were nonconformists of art. The formation in 1868 of the Belgian *Société Libre des Beaux Arts* has already been mentioned. Munich and other places have had and still have their Secessionists. Instances need not be multiplied. Freedom in art cannot be won save with the help of men who are free from academic restraint.

On the whole the new club was well received, and there was a fair number of visitors to the exhibition. Among these was the official head of the Royal Academy, Sir Frederick Leighton, who ventured the prophecy that the second year would try the men who formed the club, and the third year probably disband them. But though not a few of those who have at one time or another been members of the club are now within the Academy, or have formed other groups, the club is still alive, has attained its majority, and is holding two exhibitions each year; while Mr. Sargent, who contributes so greatly to the success of the Academy exhibitions, remains a member of it, and one of its regular exhibitors.

The club is democratic in constitution. It dispenses with president and vice-presidents. The members elect annually an executive committee and honorary secretary and treasurer. The selecting jury and hanging committee for

its exhibitions are elected by and from the members, and by and from the exhibitors at the previous exhibition. That is to say, as artists who are not members of the club can, on the invitation of two members, submit works to the jury, and thus may become exhibitors, non-members have a voice in the determination of the standpoint of the club. Its very constitution, therefore, is a protest against that of the Royal Academy, where all power is in the hands of the forty members, even the associates being entirely without authority. What would the forty say to a proposal that the selecting and hanging committees for each of their exhibitions should be elected by themselves, the associates and the general body of exhibitors at the previous exhibition? What they would say to it we know, and this renders it unnecessary to discuss the probable effect of such a change in its working. It may be remarked, however, that there would still be need for separate exhibitions, but that, with the Academy placed on a more democratic basis, they would not need to be in the nature of revolt.

A gibe that can obviously be made at a club formed in the interest of painters who have studied in France is that the art to be seen in its exhibitions is neither new nor English. The equally obvious reply is that, while this may be true, it may also be true that the art is new to England and a valuable addition to the resources of English art. We who have been following the recent history of painting in France ought to be prepared also with the further reply that much that in recent years it has been possible to learn in France better than in England, is in part a modification of what has been learned by the French from us in England. We ought not to sneer, for example, when we see the name of M. Lucien Pissarro as an exhibitor at the New English Art

Club; for he is the son of Camille Pissarro, the companion of Monet's brief exile in England during the Franco-German war, and the interested student, with him, of Turner and other English painters. M. Lucien Pissarro's frankly Impressionist pictures at the New English Art Club may be regarded as in part the acknowledgment of a debt. The preservation of national character in art is not ensured, as we have frequently urged here, by refusal to learn from the art of other nations. The example of some of our greatest masters has been better followed abroad than at home, and we miss some of the best of their influence if we refuse to look abroad.

The mere fact of having studied in France was soon felt to be too general a mark to give the club sufficient distinction to justify its existence, and a somewhat narrower position had to be adopted. Hence, inevitably, there came selection, which also means weeding out. How this was accomplished we need not stay to inquire. It is perhaps not possible to sum up in a phrase what the club has chiefly stood for. One thing it may safely be said to stand for is the reduction to a minimum of the kind of subject in painting to which the epithet literary is often applied. The catalogues of its exhibitions show very few titles composed of quotations from poets, novelists, or historians, and little information that cannot be gathered from the picture itself, beyond mere identity of place or portrait—and this is by no means always given—can be obtained by reference to the catalogue. We do not now see in the exhibitions subject-pictures by Mr. Frank Bramley, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. T. C. Gotch, Mr. Arthur Hacker, Mr. Jacomb Hood, Mr. T. B. Kennington, and others who were among the first members and invited exhibitors, nor do we see the same kind of thing from the

hands of other painters who have more recently joined the club.

Leighton used the word Impressionist as a general description of the first exhibition held by the club, but even now, when the field has been greatly narrowed, the word, unless used in a very loose manner, would be a misnomer. We certainly do not find Realism in the sense of detail for the sake of detail, though the exhibitors as a rule do not concern themselves with things and people they cannot actually see, and so are Realists in one sense of the word. The description of art as nature seen through a temperament will be useful to us here; for if there be one thing that the selecting juries of the club do make a *sine qua non* for the acceptance of picture or drawing it is surely that it shall not merely state facts, but shall express the emotion the facts have stirred in the artist, that it shall tell not merely what the artist has seen, but what he has felt, and, the "literary" or dramatic subject being discouraged if not excluded, it is the feeling awakened by the visible aspect of quite ordinary things and happenings that is chiefly in question. To show that the common is only commonplace to the commonplace is one of the functions of the New English Art Club. The most ordinary landscape, street-scene, interior, or person or group of persons, is seen to possess qualities the selection of which by the painter results in a true work of art. This had been learned in France. In England there had been selection of a fine subject, not of what was fine in any subject. Even such a Realist as Mr. Holman Hunt has said —as quoted on an earlier page—that Millais and he enforced their æsthetic aims in the themes they treated, "selecting beautiful objects for fastidious discrimination in their portrayal." This was the "Pre-Raphaelite, English" faith; the

"New English" faith was the one the French had arrived at, with the help of Turner, Constable, Old Crome, and other English painters, that any theme can be treated æsthetically. There are conditions under which scaffolding is as beautiful as are trees or shipping; chimneys, as Whistler said, may rival campanili; warehouses may not fall behind palaces, and he must be a sorry specimen of humanity before whose portrait, if it have been intelligently and sympathetically painted, we need to say, "God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man."

The older English point of view, that what can ordinarily be seen is not a fit subject for art, really supposes that the artist cannot see more in what is around him than others see; and when he shows what he has seen, others are either blind to it or charge him with exaggeration if not untruthfulness. The writer stood recently with a fellow-countryman before a painting by Degas of a woman ironing, and was asked, "What was the use of painting that?" One could not but think of George Herbert's saying, that a servant who swept a room as for God's laws made drudgery divine, for, though one could hardly take Degas for a moralist in paint, he has so faithfully pictured the woman at her work, entirely occupied with it, intent on putting the best gloss on the shirt-front she is ironing, that the picture may certainly be called wholesome, even if we do not attribute to it a moral. It may be that Degas, along with fine drawing of the figure and its action, was concerned with no more than the diffused light coming through the curtained window from a narrow street and the subdued colour-harmonies that it occasioned. By this light and colour the Englishman, narrowly adherent to an older tradition of painting, was entirely unmoved. At the New English Art Club we shall find Mr. Walter Sickert

revealing subtle beauties of light, tone, and colour in a mere corner of a dingy London room, or in its reflection in a mirror, and one seems to recollect having seen Mr. Sickert's work summed up as everything that the average Englishman detests, or something to that effect.

The name of Mr. Wilson Steer is much honoured at the New English Art Club. He was one of its original members, and, whether or not he has been tempted to go elsewhere, he has remained faithful to it. Mr. C. J. Holmes, himself a member of the club, has said, "Had Claude Monet never lived, even Mr. Mark Fisher might not have painted as he does, while Mr. Clausen, Mr. Stott, and Mr. Steer would have lost their best teacher." We have already spoken of Mr. Clausen and Mr. Stott, and shall shortly come to Mr. Fisher. What Mr. Holmes says of Mr. Steer is obviously true; but he follows his Monet with a difference, and the difference is an English one. If we are to think of any one but Mr. Steer when we are looking at his landscape painting, we can as readily think of Constable as of Monet; for his art remains English, modified only by French influence, which also has resulted chiefly in Mr. Steer's carrying further the treatment of the effects of light of which Constable was the first investigator. Monet interested himself mainly in tranquil effects of light under unclouded skies. Mr. Steer is a true son of the land of cloud and mist. The alternate light and shadow on a landscape overhung by slowly moving, detached masses of cloud, the blaze of light in clear or misty air, when the spectator faces the sun, trees brilliantly illuminated by the sun and intensifying the solemn blue-blackness of a thunder-cloud behind them, such are the visual memories that remain of Mr. Steer's pictures. There is mere suggestion, yet abundant suggestion, of nature's

VIEW OF CHEPSTOW CASTLE — WILSON STEER

infinite detail, and the broken, crumbly colour ensures the sense of atmospheric vibration. The pictures do not lack composition, but it is not so much a design traced on the surface of the canvas, which it is the artist's purpose to make us forget, as such an arrangement of forms subordinated to the subtle rendering of varied tones as will convey to the eye a sense of luminous atmosphere stretching far away behind the frame that encloses the picture.

Mr. Steer has applied the same method of painting to portraiture. We may say, and in so saying we go a long way towards summarising the standpoint of the New English Art Club, that he insists upon light—colour becoming variety of light—truth, which is also beauty, of atmospheric tones and vibration, the suggestion everywhere of movement, either of objects or of light upon objects, and only so much statement of form and detail as is necessary for essential expressiveness under the actual conditions of seeing.

Mr. Steer was a pupil of Cabanel in Paris; Mr. Mark Fisher, an American by birth, was a pupil of Gleyre. They both learned much from painters who were not thus definitely their teachers. Mr. Fisher, after his return to America, found so little encouragement there that he came over to England and settled here. His landscapes, taken usually from cattle-pastures by lowland rivers, show, in the difference between early and later examples, that he consciously set himself to render above everything else the effect of vibrating light. In so doing, however, he confines himself to a narrower range of atmospheric subject than Mr. Steer. Mr. J. Buxton Knight only appears after the earliest lists of the club's membership, and this is perhaps significant of the club's specialising on ways of seeing and

painting, rather than, as at first, upon the place of training; for Mr. Knight was a pupil in the Royal Academy Schools. Again, it is the quality of light in his forcible landscapes that chiefly arrests us. James Charles, one of the first members of the club, but early leaving it, put the realisation of light in the very front of his art.

An original member of the club who still belongs to it is Mr. Frederick Brown, the Slade Professor at University College; and not only is he an exponent of the kind of seeing and record sketched above, but he has the training of numerous pupils, whose work plainly declares his influence and that of the group of painters with which he is associated. Mr. J. L. Henry, a painter of landscapes marked by breadth and tone and atmospheric feeling, has also been a member from the first, as also has Mr. W. W. Russell.

This is not the place to chronicle its membership throughout, but Mr. George Henry, who floods his portraits and subject-pictures with light and gleaming colour, and Mr. Bertram Priestman should be mentioned. There is also Mr. A. D. Peppercorn, who has put his own interpretation upon Impressionism. British art would be sorely impoverished if those who at one time or another have been connected with the club could be removed from our annals. Among the younger painters who are now members Mr. William Orpen, who in his portraits and figure-subjects may almost be called a magician of the brush, rendering tone and light and significant form, and the character of those whose portraits he paints, with subtle penetration, deserves to be mentioned first. The fine quality of Mr. William Rothenstein's portraits of his co-religionists has been officially recognised by the acceptance of one of his paintings for the Tate Gallery. The club counts among its members that

ERRATUM

Page 375, first line, for Mr. W. A. Conder,
read Mr. Charles Conder.

painter of delicate colour fantasies, Mr. W. A. Conder; and Mr. A. McEvoy's interiors, pervaded with atmosphere, are always a welcome feature of its exhibitions. Mr. Francis Dodd should also be mentioned; and it is interesting to note that Mr. D. S. MacColl, Mr. Roger E. Fry, Mr. C. J. Holmes, and Mr. A. L. Baldry, all of them painters who are still better known as art administrators or as writers upon art, are members of the club.

Mr. Sargent has been kept to the last, as his name appears in the title of this book to mark the point at which we are to halt. No one else, perhaps, could be so appropriately taken as a typical exponent in this country of the movement that, since the days of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, has done more than anything else to vivify the art of painting. At least the century's close found him, and he still is, much in evidence. We have dated our special period from the time when the French painter Corot reached his artistic maturity; and we end with an American painter who, like Whistler, was trained in France and made England the country of his adoption. To Corot light was so much exquisite poetry, sweetly or pensively idyllic. The gentle temperament of the man dominated his art. He was content with a world of exquisite, warm or pearly greys and quiet, restful greens. Some of those who, in various countries, beginning with his own, have, like him and like others who were immediately influenced by him, sought light, if not above all things, yet as an essential, have almost challenged the sun in his splendour. No period in art can be arbitrarily detached from what has preceded it; and the influence of Turner and Constable upon this modern movement has been sufficiently emphasised here. Yet it would at once seem wrong to say "From Constable to Sargent,"

or "From Turner to Sargent." The line of advance has not been continuous in this country. The Pre-Raphaelite movement was a protest against a dull formalism that had invaded English art, and if this break were ignored, we still could not get to Mr. Sargent by beginning with Mr. Holman Hunt; but we can get to him, right from Constable and Turner, by way of Corot and Courbet and their successors, who were also their younger contemporaries, the French Impressionists; for though Mr. Sargent cannot strictly be affiliated to the Impressionist group, the art he learned in Paris was a similar advance to that which they made on what we may call the poetic realism of Corot and the prose realism of Courbet.

Mr. Sargent, it has been said, is by parentage an American. I have already given reasons for not including him in the sketch of American painting given in an earlier chapter. The same thing has had to be done in the case of Whistler and of other painters who are American by parentage. As an artist Mr. Sargent belongs first to France and then to England. He was not even born in America, but at Florence, in 1856. His father was a doctor of medicine who had practised in Philadelphia, but had retired at the time of the birth of his son. The future artist first studied in the Academy at Florence, and then, at the age of seventeen, became the pupil of Carolus Duran in Paris. The drawings that he presented, to show what he could already do, won the approval—with reserves—of his master and the enthusiasm of his fellow-pupils. He was a facile worker, direct in his methods; and this quality was confirmed in him by the teacher he had chosen, who was nothing if not economical of labour, which, be it said, the phrase being interpreted, is not the same thing as being

economical of work. The method he acquired was, by vigorous, direct, sweeping brushwork, to map out the various planes of his subject, and to add what was necessary to give the illusion of reality with as little labour as possible. He has done this, chiefly in portraiture but also in subject-pictures and landscape, with success, to express which the adjective astonishing, commonly used for the purpose, is quite justifiable. Though his technique differs widely from that of Monet, the general result is the same: that which when closely looked at is a mere daub or smear, as Monet's paint when thus looked at becomes mere meaningless dabs, seems, when seen from a certain distance, to put it briefly, whatever it is desired to seem. There are form and movement and texture, as well as enveloping atmosphere; in a word, there is a strong illusion of actuality.

Is the result superficial, mere brilliant sketching? Some of his admirers are so much at pains to prove that it is not so as to make us almost have doubts upon the subject. One critic of his art, a fellow-painter, more than a generation his senior, said that his portraits existed but did not live. By this was probably meant that all we learn from them of their subjects is only what a very brief interview would reveal to us. There is no sense of the understanding and sympathy that come with longer acquaintance. One of his fellow-countrymen, Mr. Charles H. Caffin, while contending that "to say his characterisation is slap-dash and superficial is surely going too far," can yet say that Sargent is a picture-maker before he is a portraitist, and that his work, notwithstanding its actuality, "has not the permanence of feeling, either in its characterisation or method; that suggestion of perennial, stable truth which, so far as we can judge from the past, would ensure it a place among

the great old masters of the future." Another of his fellow-countrymen, Mr. Samuel Isham, whose book on American painting has already been quoted, says his portraits suggest that he does not care at all "for the people he paints, either for their past or future, or for anything except the moment that they stand before him twiddling their watch-chains or spreading their fans," but that of this moment we have an absolute, and sometimes a terrible record, "for the artist, without illusions himself, is pitiless for those of his sitters."

But is a portrait painter justified in being pitiless on the strength of little more than a momentary impression? One can well understand that a fashionable painter may condemn himself to take as subjects persons in whose character he can feel no interest, and whose weaknesses he may cynically emphasise. Thus Mr. Caffin can say, "The elegant shallowness of so many of his portraits is true enough in a general way, and very likely in the individual case." But it often seems as if the habit of not getting into intimate personal sympathy with his subjects had become so fixed that even where there is something worth recording he has failed to give more than the expression of his sitter at what may easily not be a self-revealing moment, that, namely, of the sitting. Two of the old masters of portrait-painting, Velasquez and Frans Hals, are often mentioned in connexion with Sargent. Actuality, though arrived at by different methods, is a quality of the work of both of them. Yet we do not think of them as not caring for their sitters, their past and their future, or as being pitiless towards them. Were they more fortunate in their sitters than Mr. Sargent, or were their sitters more fortunate in having them as their interpreters? Tennyson, in well-known lines written after a

talk with Watts, describes the portrait painter as poring on a face until he—

> Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man
> Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
> The shape and colour of a mind and life,
> Lives for his children, ever at its best
> And fullest.

One does not find even Mr. Sargent's admirers claiming such truth as this for his art. Where sympathetic truthfulness is unhesitatingly affirmed of his work is in his portraits of children, and here there is no room for pitilessness or cynicism. If we may not call his portraits superficial, we certainly cannot call them profound. Their vivid actuality nothing but the ravages of time can take from them, and this and their piquant *mise en scène* may well win admiration for them so long as they endure; but with this may there not go the regret that as characterisation they are not to be trusted, indeed are to be suspected? For, to many people, they are even more than suspect already. It is not in this way that we think of any other of our chief portrait painters.

Mr. Sargent's landscapes have little importance in comparison with his portraits. They are in the nature of recreation. But they are akin to the portraits. They are not the work of one who has lived with the scenes painted. They are records of a traveller's hasty glimpses, and they are brilliant things of their kind. What a complete contrast there is between them and the landscapes of the Pre-Raphaelite realists! Mr. Holman Hunt went to Syria and laboriously painted the gullies and defiles of the mountains of Moab beyond the Dead Sea in his picture *The Scapegoat*. Mr. Sargent goes to Syria, and his picture of the same

mountains is a wonderful rendering mainly of quivering light and heat. John Brett went, on Ruskin's recommendation, to the Val d'Aosta, and painted it, as Ruskin said, so as to give "the power of visiting a place, reasoning about it, and knowing it, just as if we were there, except only that we cannot stir from our place nor look behind us." Mr. Sargent goes to the Alps, and paints a picture of them which makes us feel, even when we see it in a London exhibition, as if we were before the scene itself. His record, also, tells us much about the past, and also about the future, of the Alps: it shows that slowly, if surely, they are crumbling to decay. But having told us what a glimpse would reveal, it tells us no more. The New English Art Club Exhibitions contain many such brilliant glimpses by him at natural scenery and at architecture of the towns to which he has gone holiday-making. His portraits go chiefly to the Academy, because that institution enjoys social prestige; and people who can afford to pay large sums for their portraits do not want them to be exhibited in a little room up a Bond Street yard. But whatever Mr. Sargent paints and wherever he exhibits, he keeps us very near to, if not upon the surface of, both things and people. He is not an interpreter. We need not complain of this. We can accept him for what he is: a brilliant recorder of swift impressions. Apart from other considerations, his dexterous craftsmanship, his instinct for what is telling in light and colour, are fit things for our delight and admiration. If only we could be sure that indifference in his portraiture does not at least come perilously near to cynicism!

With Mr. Sargent we ought to end. But place must be found to praise the intense actuality, the largeness, vigour and freshness, the subtle draughtsmanship and the sense of

colour, and the sympathetic characterisation that marked the portraits and portrait groups of the late Charles W. Furse.

We have come to the end of our survey of the painting of the latter half of the nineteenth century. What has it shown us? We have seen that there have been some positive gains. The realistic side of the Pre-Raphaelite movement has given us the close study of the marvellous detail of nature, which has at least quickened our sight and added to our means of enjoyment. And, as we have contended, this literalness, though not essential to art, is not necessarily alien to it, but can exist along with beauty. It has been said that Pre-Raphaelitism could only have risen among a Teutonic people. If this be so, still the Teutons have their rights; and were truth, and expressiveness of face and gesture—which the movement also secured for us—incompatible with beauty, some of us, at least, would not wish to see them banished from art.

We need not labour the contention that Impressionism, giving effects of light and colour and atmosphere as they had never been given before, has not only already accomplished much, but has also added largely to the resources of the art of the future. Again our sight has been quickened, and the visible world, not in exceptional places and under unusual conditions alone, but everywhere and under quite ordinary conditions, has for us a beauty it had not for those who knew not Monet and his friends.

Such are our chief gains. They have value for us. What use the future will make of them, how it will employ them in art, we do not know; nor can we say how the use made of them by those who first discovered and used them will be estimated in the future. Art has certainly been brought into closer touch with nature and life by means of them.

Has art itself suffered in the process? It might be so, and yet we might not need to be cast down. In no sphere of life and thought do new discoveries at once find their proper place.

But, as we have seen, the new has not made the continuance of the old, with such inevitable change as the years must bring, impossible. We found that Classicism struggled in vain for monopoly when Romanticism demanded a place. The demand was enforced, but classical art was not thereby refused a place; and, though modified, it has held on, alongside Romanticism and the later Realism and Impressionism. In all these things we are the heirs of the ages. We have what we ourselves have gained; and none the less we have, or we may have, what the past has bequeathed to us, though inevitably, be it said again, with a difference.

What has been said of the art of our own country attests its vitality and the width of its range, both in subject and in all that can be covered by the word technique. We have our classical, our romantic, our realistic and our impressionist painters. Ruskin, in the Oxford lecture more than once referred to already, maintained that our painters could never be successful in the higher fields of ideal or theological art. But surely such men as Watts, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones have at least gone far to bring this prophecy to naught. It might even be urged that they had anticipated its disproof. May we not also congratulate ourselves on having at least made a beginning of enjoying art for art's sake? And surely we can do this and yet also enjoy the subject in art.

In one respect our art has failed adequately to develop during the half-century. We have little to show of mural painting; and much of what we have to show is not good,

is only easel painting on a large scale. It is lamentable that it can be seriously urged that the attempt should not be made to add to the mural paintings in the Houses of Parliament because we have not artists capable of doing such work. The reply has been made, and rightly so, that we cannot succeed unless we try. The question must not be discussed here. But some of our painters have shown themselves to be fitted for such work; and it is to be hoped that the next fifty years will see this reproach removed from our art. Reference to this subject reminds one that no mention has hitherto been made here of an artist who is a master of decorative art, Mr. Frank Brangwyn.

It is perhaps not out of place to mention the great increase in the number of art galleries during the half-century. Not only is there now a National Gallery of British Art in London, but the provincial cities that have long had galleries have been adding to them or building new ones; and no town that sufficiently respects itself now thinks it can do without an art gallery. This cannot be without effect upon our art. For one thing, it must bring it into closer touch with the people. We may hope that the municipalities will in the future do much to encourage mural painting. We have plenty of examples in foreign countries, and, at home, such instances as the work of Ford Madox Brown in the Manchester Town Hall and the paintings in the Glasgow Municipal Buildings. Painting with us is too much a matter of exhibitions of easel-pictures destined for private houses or for public collections of pictures hung more or less promiscuously on the walls of otherwise empty rooms. The closer alliance of the art with architecture is desirable both in its own interest and for the expressiveness which is thereby given to public build-

ings. There is abundant opportunity in town-halls, libraries, concert-halls, and other buildings; and mural paintings might well be more frequently introduced into art galleries also, as in the case of those by Puvis de Chavannes in some of the provincial art galleries of France. Beyond municipal buildings there are also, of course, the national buildings and the churches; and it is interesting to note the growing tendency to decorate the more important commercial buildings with both painting and sculpture.

It has not been possible to say anything here about the art of water-colour painting, or the related arts of drawing in black-and-white, etching, and engraving. We may just note the tendency there has been for water-colourists to seek almost to rival the strength of oil-painting, with inevitable loss of much of the delicate charm of the art as it used to be practised. Still, no deductions can surely forbid us to affirm that, during the half-century, our art has not been unworthy of its earlier history, has kept well abreast at least of the art of other countries, has accomplished some things that can be called great, and gives us now no reason to fear for its future.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

INDEX

Abbey, E. A., 270, 316
Alexander, J. W., 274
Alexandre, Arsène, 207–8
Allan, Robert W., 347
Allingham, William, 174
Anglada, Hermen, 264
Anquetin, 210
Arnold, Matthew, 6, 116
Aumonier, James, 351

Baldry, A. L., 375
Baron, Théodore, 250
Bartlett, W. H., 345, 366
Baskirtscheff, Marie, 195
Bastida, Sorolla y, 264
Bastien-Lepage, 194–5
Bate, Percy, 162, 184
Baudry, Paul, 215, 216
Bayet, C., 8
Beaumont, Sir George, 3
Benson, F. W., 273
Besnard, Paul Albert, 202–3
Bidault, Xavier, 9, 61
Bischopp, Christoffel, 241
Blake, William, 218, 340
Blum, Robert, 274
Boecklin, Arnold, 208
Boldini, Giovanni, 232, 265
Bonheur, Rosa, 212
Bonington, R. P., 61, 62, 82
Bonnat, Léon, 230
Bonvin, François, 230
Boucher, François, 9
Boudin, L. E., 4, 73 *et seq.*, 78, 80
Boughton, G. H., 321
Bouguereau, W. A., 215
Boulanger, Hippolyte, 229, 249
Bouvier, Arthur, 250
Braekeleer, Henri de, 246
Bramley, Frank, 326
Brangwyn, Frank, 383
Bréhan, 230
Breton, Jules, 193 *et seq.*
Brett, John, 163 *et seq.*
Brickdale, Eleanor F., 186
Bridgman, F. A., 272
Brown, Arnesby, 348
Brown, Prof. Frederick, 366, 374
Brown, Ford Madox, 13, 14, 17 *et seq.*, 28, 35, 41, 48, 51, 129 *et seq.*, 137, 146 *et seq.*, 155 *et seq.*, 161, 163, 167–8, 180, 183–4, 186–7, 191, 200, 280, 303, 306, 335
Brown, T. Austen, 365
Browning, Robert, 112, 150, 154, 172
Brush, G. de Forest, 273
Buchanan, Robert, 171
Burne-Jones, Sir Edward, 78, 93 *et seq.*, 138, 144, 173 *et seq.*, 177 *et seq.*, 184, 185, 188, 191, 306, 307, 357
Burne-Jones, Lady, 358
Burroughs, Bryson, 273
Burton, W. S., 157 *et seq.*
Butin, Ulysse, 198
Butler, Lady, 316

Cabanel, Alexandre, 215
Caffin, Charles H., 275, 377, 378
Calderon, P. H., 163
Cameron, D. Y., 365

Carlyle, Thomas, 149
Carrière, Eugène, 202 *et seq.*
Carstens, A. J., 257
Casado del Alisal, 264
Cassatt, Mary, 121, 206, 271
Cazin, Charles, 230
Cézanne, Paul, 97, 101–2
Chantrey, Sir Francis L., 3, 155
Chaplin, Charles, 230
Chardin, J. S., 9
Charles, James, 374
Chase, William M., 272
Chintreuil, Antoine, 212
Chodowiecki, Daniel, 251
Claude, 75, 82
Claus, Emile, 250
Clausen, George, 295, 330 *et seq.*, 353
Clays, P. J., 250
Cogniet, Léon, 229
Cole, George Vicat, 344
Cole, Thomas, 267
Collier, The Hon. John, 329
Collins, Charles Alston, 157
Collinson, James, 28, 41, 184
Conder, W. A., 375
Constable, John, 2, 55, 61 *et seq.*, 72, 75 *et seq.*, 82, 89, 237, 279
Cooper, T. Sidney, 337
Copley, J. S., 266, 267
Corbet, M. Ridley, 352
Cornelius, Peter, 17, 252
Corot, Camille, 4, 62, 64, 67 *et seq.*, 77 *et seq.*, 96, 268
Cottet, Charles, 197
Courbet, Gustave, 58, 59, 66, 114, 121, 193, 229–30
Couture, Thomas, 58, 108, 109
Cox, David, 76, 86, 164, 165
Cox, Kenyon, 273
Crane, Walter, 182
Crawhall, Joseph, 365
Crofts, Ernest, 316
Crome, John, 77, 82
Crowe, Eyre, 316

Dagnan-Bouveret, 196
Dannatt, William L., 272
Dante, 168, 172
Daubigny, Charles François, 212
Daumier, Honoré, 60, 227
David, Jacques Louis, 10, 54 *et seq.*, 231
Davies, A. B., 273
Davis, H. W. B., 161, 163
Decamps, Alexandre, 227
D'Espagnat, Georges, 210
Defregger, Franz, 255
Degas, Edgard, 119 *et seq.*, 128, 371
De Groux, Charles, 248
De Jonghe, Gustave, 247
Delacroix, Eugène, 55 *et seq.*, 237
Delaroche, Paul, 57, 169
Delaunay, Elie, 216
De Morgan, Mrs. Evelyn, 184
Desbrosses, Jean, 212
Detaille, Edouard, 213, 223
Deverell, Walter Howell, 184
Dewhurst, Wynford, 208
Dewing, Thomas W., 273
Diaz, Narcisse V., 62, 64
Dickens, Charles, 44–5
Dicksee, Frank, 309
Didier-Pouget, 209
Dodd, Francis, 375
Domingo, Francisco, 264
Dou, Gerard, 38
Doughty, Thomas, 267
Dow, T. Millie, 365
Draper, Herbert, 310
Du Maurier, George, 60
Dubois, 232, 246
Dupré, Jules, 64
Duran, Carolus, 232
Durand, A. B., 267
Durand-Ruel, 82, 120
Duranty, 229
Duret, Théodore, 61, 76, 81, 97, 101, 102, 119, 360
Duveneck, F., 272

East, Alfred, 348
Eaton, Wyatt, 272
Elliott, Charles Loring, 268
Etty, William, 120, 135

Fantin-Latour, Henri, 118, 233
Farquharson, David, 346
Farquharson, Joseph, 346

Feuerbach, 258
Fielding, Copley, 61
Fildes, Sir Luke, 324–5
Fisher, Mark, 373
Flandrin, Hippolyte, 216
Forbes, Stanhope, 329
Fortuny, Mariano, 264
Fragonard, J. H., 9
Frith, W. P., 313, 317, 335
Fromentin, Eugène, 228
Fry, Roger E., 375
Führich, Joseph, 252
Furse, Charles W., 381

Gaillard, Ferdinand, 232
Gainsborough, Thomas, 87
Gallait, Louis, 245
Gauguin, 210
Gay, Walter, 272
Gérard, François, 55
Géricault, Théodore, 55
Gérôme, Léon, 229
Girodet, 55
Gleyre, Charles, 215
Goodwin, Albert, 349
Gotch, T. C., 310, 366
Gow, A. C., 316
Goya, Francisco, 264
Graham, Peter, 315, 343
Gregory, E. J., 329
Greiffenhagen, Maurice, 311–12
Greuze, J. B., 9, 39
Gros, A. J., 55, 213
Guérin, Pierre, 55
Guillaumet, Gustave, 228
Guillaumin, 107, 210
Gurney, Mrs. Russell, 183
Guthrie, Sir James, 365

Hacker, Arthur, 310, 366
Hals, Frans, 108–9, 114, 233
Hamerton, Philip Gilbert, 31, 33
Harding, Chester, 267
Harpignies, Henri, 64–5
Harrison, Alexander, 272
Hassam, Childe, 275
Healy, G. P. A., 268
Hébert, Ernest, 223
Hemy, C. Napier, 344–5
Henner, Charles, 215
Henry, George, 374
Henry, J. L., 374
Herbert, George, 371
Herkomer, Sir Hubert, 307, 327–9
Hermans, Charles, 247
Heymans, Joseph, 250
Hildebrandt, Theodor, 253
Hinton, James, 90–3, 96
Hitchcock, George, 272
Hogarth, William, 9, 21, 151, 169, 170
Holl, Frank, 324–5
Holmes, C. J., 372, 375
Homer, Winslow, 270
Hook, J. C., 340
Hornel, E. A., 363
Horsley, J. C., 313
Hueffer, Ford Madox, 21, 149
Hughes, Arthur, 159
Humbert, Ferdinand, 225
Hunt, A. W., 349
Hunt, W. Holman, 14, 17 *et seq.*, 21 *et seq.*, 34 *et seq.*, 40 *et seq.*, 45, 47–8, 50, 70, 72, 77, 95, 129 *et seq.*, 146–7, 156, 163, 166–7, 173, 177–8, 184, 188, 191, 195, 280, 306, 307, 362, 379
Hunt, William Morris, 269
Hunter, Colin, 344
Huntingdon, Daniel, 268

Inchbold, J. W., 166
Ingres, Jean-Auguste Dominique, 57
Inman, Henry, 267
Inness, George, 267
Isham, Samuel, 269, 275, 321, 322, 378
Israels, Josef, 238 *et seq.*

Japanese Art, 125 *et seq.*
Jefferies, Richard, 194
Jongkind, J. B., 4, 73–4, 78

Keats, John, 179
Keene, Charles, 60
Keyser, Nicaise de, 245
Khnopff, Fernand, 248

Klinger, Max, 260
Knaus, Louis, 255
Knight, J. Buxton, 373
Knight, J. Ridgway, 272
Kuyff, Alfred de, 249

La Farge, John, 269
La Gandara, 264
La Thangue, H. H., 330, 333, 353
Landseer, Sir Edwin, 337, 338
Lang, Andrew, 142
Langley, Walter, 330
Lathrop, Francis, 270
Lauder, Robert Scott, 314
Laurens, J. P., 230
Lavery, John, 336, 364
Lawless, M. J., 161
Lawson, Cecil, 350
Lawson, William, 350
Le Sidaner, 208
Leader, B. W., 342
Lefèbvre, Jules, 215
Legros, Alphonse, 229
Leighton, Frederick, Lord, 282 *et seq.*, 299, 307, 367
Lenbach, Franz, 257
Leslie, C. R., 267, 313
Leslie, G. D., 163, 329
Leutze, Emanuel, 268
Lewis, J. F., 163, 281–2
Leys, Henri, 245
L'Hermitte, Léon, 195
Liebermann, Max, 261
Lindner, Moffat, 353
Linnell, John, 340
Linnell, J. T., 340
Linnell, William, 340
Lippi, Lippo, 112
Lockwood, Wilton, 274
Loti, Pierre, 197
Loudan. Mouat, 365
Low, Will H., 273
Lowell, J. Russell, 12
Lucas, Seymour, 315
Luminais, 230

Maccallum, H. H., 345
MacColl, D. S., 375
Maclise, Daniel, 313
McEvoy, A., 375
McEwen, Walter, 272
McLachlan, T. H., 351
McWhirter, J., 366
Madrazo, Federico, 264
Makart, Hans, 255
Manet, Edouard, 58, 80, 81, 83, 90, 106, 108 *et seq.*, 128, 148
Marilhat, Prosper, 227
Maris, James, 242
Maris, Matthew, 242
Maris, William, 242
Martin, Henri, 225
Martin, Homer D., 268
Martineau, Robert, 161, 162
Mason, George, 193, 317 *et seq.*, 321
Maufra, Maxime, 207
Mauve, Anton, 241
May, Edward Harrison, 269
Meissonier, Ernest, 213 *et seq.*, 268
Melchers, Gari, 272
Melville, Arthur, 365
Ménard, Emile René, 226
Mengs, Anton Rafael, 251
Menzel, Adolf, 256
Mesdag, H. W., 243
Meunier, Constantin, 59, 66, 193, 245 *et seq.*
Michel, Georges, 9, 61
Michie, Coutts, 365
Millais, Sir J. E., 17, 18, 27, 28, 34 *et seq.*, 40 *et seq.*, 70, 77, 95, 117, 120, 129 *et seq.*, 134 *et seq.*, 145 *et seq.*, 156 *et seq.*, 163, 166–7, 177–8, 182, 184 *et seq.*, 188, 280, 306–7.
Millais, Sir J. G., 135
Millet, F. D., 270, 316
Millet, Jean François, 60, 62, 65 *et seq.*, 71, 97, 143, 193 *et seq.*, 239
Monet, Claude Oscar, 77, 80 *et seq.*, 94 *et seq.*, 107, 115, 116, 128, 207 *et seq.*
Monticelli, Adolphe, 229
Moore, Albert, 291, 293, 299, 307
Moore, George, 36 *et seq.*, 90, 111–12, 122, 325, 355, 364

Moore, Henry, 165
Moreau Gustave, 110, 217–18, 225
Morelli, Domenico, 265
Morisot, Berthe, 106, 234
Morot, Aimé, 213
Morris, William, 156, 168, 173, 175–6, 180, 199
Müller, Victor, 75
Müller, W. J., 280
Mulready, William, 313
Munkacsy, Michael, 260
Murray, David, 346, 347
Muther, Richard, 116, 123, 187, 363

Navez, François, 244
Neagle, John, 267
Nettleship, J. T., 337–8
Neuhuys, Albert, 244
Neuville, Alphonse de, 213
Newton, G. S., 267
Nittis, Giuseppe de, 202
Nordau, Max, 224
North, J. W., 342

Olsson, Julius, 353
Orchardson, W. Quiller, 315, 323–4
Orpen, William, 374
Overbeck, Friedrich, 17, 252

Parsons, Alfred, 347
Paterson, James, 365
Paton, Sir J. Noel, 184
Peppercorn, A. D., 374
Pettie, John, 314
Phillip, John, 314
Piloty, Karl, 255
Pissarro, Camille, 77, 79 *et seq.*, 96 *et seq.*, 208
Pissarro, Lucien, 368
Pointelin, A. E., 209
Poole, P. F., 313
Pope, Alexander, 214
Powers, Hiram, 282
Poynter, Sir E. J., 287, 299, 307
Pradilla, Francisco, 264
Priestman, Bertram, 374
Prinsep, Valentine, 168, 178
Prudhon, Pierre-Paul, 55
Puvis de Chavannes, 180, 217, 220 *et seq.*

Raffaëlli, Jean François, 198 *et seq.*
Raffet, A. M., 213
Ranger, H. W., 275
Redgrave, 33, 87, 336
Regnault, Henri, 55, 230
Reid, J. R., 329
Reid, R., 273
Renoir, Pierre-Auguste, 103 *et seq.*, 121, 128, 143
Rethel, Alfred, 253
Ribot, Théodule, 230
Ricard, Gustave, 232
Richmond, Sir William B., 309
Richter, Ludwig, 255
Rico, Martin, 264
Riviere, Briton, 337–8
Robert-Fleury, Nicolas, 229
Robinson, Cayley, 186
Robson, 61
Roche, Alexander, 365
Rochegrosse, Georges, 230
Rodin, Auguste, 233
Roll, Alfred, 198
Rooke, T. M., 184
Rops, Félicien, 248
Rossetti, Dante G., 17, 18, 28, 29, 35 *et seq.*, 40 *et seq.*, 47 *et seq.*, 129 *et seq.*, 138–9, 163, 167 *et seq.*, 177–8, 181–2, 184, 186, 191, 280, 306, 307
Rossetti, W. M., 28, 41, 42, 43, 186
Rothenstein, William, 374
Rousseau, Théodore, 62 *et seq.*
Roybet, Ferdinand, 230
Rubens, P. P., 124
Ruskin, John, 23, 26, 29 *et seq.*, 35, 47, 48–9, 64, 66, 76, 136, 159 *et seq.*, 162 *et seq.*, 176 *et seq.*, 214, 281, 336, 357, 382
Russell, W. W., 374

Sadler, W. Dendy, 316
Sandys, Frederic, 181

Sargent, J. S., 270, 274, 365, 367, 375 *et seq.*
Scheffer, Ary, 216
Schlegel, Frederick, 252
Schnorr, Julius, 252
Schrader, Julius, 255
Schwind, Moritz, 254
Scott, William Bell, 163
Segantini, Giovanni, 265
Seurat, 210
Shannon, C. H., 311
Sharp, William, 168
Shaw, Byam, 186
Shields, Frederic, 182
Sickert, Walter, 371
Signac, Paul, 210
Sisley, Alfred, 99, 100
Sizeranne, Robert de la, 8, 13, 19, 39, 53, 117, 140, 186, 191, 236, 237, 278–9, 292–3, 294, 338
Smallfield, Frederick, 161
Solomon, S. J., 366
Spencer, Herbert, 188
Stanhope, Spencer, 173, 181
Steer, P. Wilson, 364, 372
Steinbruck, Eduard, 253
Steinle, Edward, 252
Stephens, F. G., 28, 41–2
Stevens, Alfred, 246–7
Stewart, Julius L., 271
Stillman, Mrs. M. S., 184
Stobbaerts, Jan, 246
Stokes, Adrian, 353
Stone, Marcus, 322
Storey, G. A., 163, 329
Story, Julian, 272
Stott, Edward, 352
Stott, William, 353
Strudwick, J. M., 182, 188
Stuart, C. G., 267
Stuck, Franz, 260
Swan, J. M., 337–8
Swinburne, A. G., 293
Swynnerton, Mrs. A. L., 306

Tadema, Sir Laurens Alma, 289, 299, 307
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, 132, 140, 150, 161, 305, 379
Thaulow, Fritz, 263
Thayer, A. H., 273
Thoma, Hans, 259
Thomas, Grosvenor, 365
Thomson, Leslie, 347
Tissot, James, 201
Titian, 124, 169, 215
Toulouse-Lautrec, 210
Troyon, Constant, 63, 65
Trumbull, John, 267
Tryon, Dwight, W., 275
Tuke, H. S., 330, 345, 366
Turner, J. M. W., 2, 3, 7, 30, 31 *et seq.*, 67, 75, 77, 82, 191, 204, 237, 279

Udhe, Fritz Von, 260

Van Eyck, 126
Van Eycken, 245
Van Gogh, 210
Van Rysselberghe, Theo, 210
Varley, John, 61
Vautier, Benjamin, 255
Vedder, Elihu, 269
Velasquez, 87, 109
Vernet, Horace, 213
Vincent, George, 55
Vignon, 97
Vollon, Antoine, 230
Vuillard, 210

Wackenroder, 252
Waite, R. Thorne, 347
Walker, Frederick, 193, 317, 319 *et seq.*
Walker, Horatio, 274
Wallis, Henry, 162
Walton, E. A., 365
Wappers, Baron, 156, 244
Ward, E. M., 313
Ward, James, 337
Watelet, 61
Waterhouse, J. W., 308
Waterlow, Sir E. A., 346
Watteau, 9
Watts, G. F., 77, 294 *et seq.*, 335
Wauters, Emile, 248
Webbe, W. J., 161
Webster, T., 313
Weekes, Edwin Lord, 272

Weir, J. Alden, 273
West, Sir Benjamin, 56, 266, 267
Whaite, H. Clarence, 349
Whistler, J. McNeill, 68, 270, 355 *et seq.*
Wiles, Irving R., 274
Wilkie, Sir David, 169
Windus, W. L., 159 *et seq.*
Woods, Henry, 329
Woolner, Thomas, 28, 41
Wyant, A. H., 268
Wyllie, C. W., 345
Wyllie, W. L., 345

Yeames, W. F., 314

Zorn, Anders, 263
Zuloaga, Ignacio, 264–5

WILLIAM BRENDON AND SON, LTD.
PRINTERS, PLYMOUTH

00063763

Digitized with financial assistance from
Observer Research Foundation
on 17 May, 2019